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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

X'MAS NUMBER

1917

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"The Passing of the Christmas Ghost" by **Stephen Leacock.** *See Page 5.*

DECEMBER
1917

Continental Publishing Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada

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FIFTEEN
CENTS

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(REGISTERED)

L 859

For War Time

Christmas Giving

IN these days when even Christmas gifts should be useful and not wasteful, nothing is more suitable for father, mother, brother or sister than half-a-dozen pairs of "Monarch Knit" Hose, or a "Monarch Knit" pure Australian wool sweater coat.

You'll be proud of your gift if it bears the "Monarch Knit" Trade Mark.

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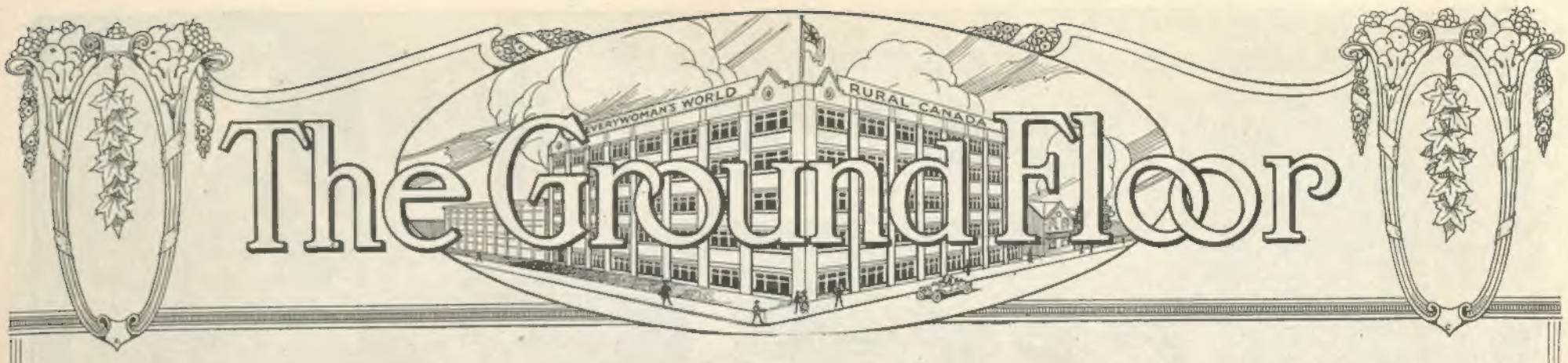

The Ground Floor

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you. As we write, we realize that we have open to us only one way to make Christmas merrier for our readers—that is to give them a better "Everywoman's World."

This, in all earnestness we strive to do.

You know we are still very young. This is just the fifth time we have been able to say "Merry Christmas" to our readers. But how kind everyone has been to us in our efforts to make a great, truly Canadian, woman's magazine! How generous has been the encouragement to us to build up a journal devoted wholly to Canadian Home interests!

If then, our Christmas number is the best "Everywoman's World" you have ever received you may thank yourself, for, your part of it has been as important as ours.

"Canada Ahead"

WE cannot help but think that our readers are as ambitious for "Everywoman's World" as we are. Now that Canadian women have united in the support of a great magazine of their own, many of our ambitions—theirs and ours— will be realized.

Next month's number—the "Canada Ahead" edition—will be not only an intensely Canadian issue, but the best magazine we have ever published.

And so on through 1918, each succeeding issue will be better than the one before. This is our plan of progress and we call all our good friends to witness, as the months pass by, how surely it will be carried into effect.

Mark, then, our first step in January, in the "Canada Ahead" number. And, lest you should miss receiving a copy we call attention to our little reminder—the coupon on the outside aisle at the very back of the Ground Floor.

Canadian Art and Music

THEY say it pays to advertise. Did you ever think, however, that advertising might be a duty to the public? No? Well, what do you know about our great artists in Canada? Did you think we had none?

Some people—we fear too many—believe that art does not flourish in Canada. And why? Simply because we Canadians have not done our duty in advertising to ourselves and to the world the achievements of our artists.

Katherine Hale, who writes authoritatively on art subjects in many American and Canadian publications, will contribute a page on Canadian Art and Music to January "Everywoman's World." You will feel a glow of pride in our Canadian artists as you read this clever Canadian's interesting article.

Scientific Selection of Husbands

EVERYBODY knows something about the sort of husband not to choose. But how to sort the desirables in order of merit is not so easily ascertained. True, we could bring our young men one by one to Professor Farmer and let him "read their heads" to see if the bumps placed thereon by nature were such as to insure a peaceful conjugal future for all concerned. For the bumps before marriage determine the necessity or otherwise of administering bumps to the beloved one after the knot is tied.

Professor Farmer's fees for phrenological reports on all of one's suitors at the usual $15 per reading would, in some cases we know of, be prohibitive. But, in an article, "Whom should THIS Girl Marry?" in January's "Everywoman's World" he gives enough cranial tests to enable one to become her own selector of husbands. Let no one marry before reading this article.

Who Marks the Spot

LAST month, the Bell Memorial Monument was unveiled at Brantford. There, was tangible evidence of the interesting activities of a fine organization—the Ontario Historical Society.

Canada has many, many spots made famous by the achievements of great Canadians. Some are endeared to us forever by the memory of heroic sacrifices made in Canada's early struggles for freedom. How interesting the study of Canada's historic landmarks can be is best told by one of the oldest members of the O.H.S., Mrs. J. B. Simpson, who has contributed an article on the subject to the January Number.

And Now, It's Mountains

EVER onward, ever upward, woman ascends to her true sphere, politically, socially, commercially—and in every way.

"Then why not do more mountain climbing?" asks Frank Yeigh, official outdoor inspector of Canada. Next month he tells about this fascinating new sport for women.

All Aboard

NEXT month, we take the readers of "Everywoman's World"—the whole 125,000—on the first of several big excursions—imaginary excursions, of course, on a train of thought.

The first stop is Montreal, admitted by all to be Canada's greatest Metropolis, and unquestionably, the headquarters for Canadian Romance.

Those who have commercial business in Montreal will not find time to attend to it on this trip. For there are so many really interesting things to see. We will be tourists and visit the places all have read about in history—the scenes of the early exploits of our illustrious forebears—the historic monuments in which Montreal abounds.

Come along. We start in the January issue.

Leading Fiction by Leading Authors

THOSE of our friends who read the stories first, as, indeed, some do—will feel a pleasant thrill when they see what a list we present this month. Stephen Leacock, Peter McArthur, Victor Rousseau!

Doesn't it seem good to have in our own woman's Magazine the works of our famous Canadian authors? And doesn't it make us just a little proud to think that these writers of ours are also among the most popular in the United States? Strange as it may seem, some of them are better known there than here.

Next month, our fiction will be just as entertaining. Perhaps, you will like it even better. Our plans for 1918 will include stories by the leading literateurs of the day. We simply give you this month's stories as a sample of what will follow.

We promise one thing definitely, however. Our stories will be Canadian in spirit. Even in our fiction there will be a strong Canadianizing influence, something that is sadly lacking in most of the literature that finds a way into our homes.

The New Politician

WOMAN suffrage brings women face to face with new responsibilities. The first plunge into the political pool leaves one sort of shivery, does it not? There are many things we all should know about politics. We should study the affairs of Government. For now we are the "new politicians."

As Canada's greatest Woman's Magazine we intend to talk independent politics from now on. We will do our best to present the great issues of the day to our readers. Such deep thinkers on political subjects as H. F. Gadsby and Peter McArthur will, among others, contribute to our pages during 1918. The first articles will appear with the January issue.

For Leading Woman in all of Canada We Nominate—

AH, that's it. Whom do we nominate? When we tell you, we believe you will agree that this great question has been correctly solved. Strange as it may seem, our nominations for the provinces have been almost unanimously endorsed by our readers. This gave us courage to make the more difficult choice of the leader for the whole Dominion.

Whom would you choose? Make your own nomination and see if it agrees with ours in the January issue.

The Key To Power

THE rectangular enclosure directly south is a new-comer to this page.

Innocent as it looks, it confers great power on those who use it. When you sign it you start in motion machinery that must deliver to you 12 issues of "Everywoman's World." So by a very simple act, you can make absolutely sure that you will receive the "Canada Ahead" number.

Of course, we still intend to notify every subscriber when her subscription is about to end. But suppose the notice should not reach you! That mistake might happen. And you would miss the "Canada Ahead" number. Or, suppose one of our subscription agents should forget to call on you! She might, you know. Or, you might be out when she called.

Don't you think that putting this coupon right on the Ground Floor is the very best sort of insurance against disappointment.

We think so, too.

Make sure NOW that you will receive the "Canada Ahead" "Everywoman's World in January.

Enclosed please find $1.50 for NEW or RENEWAL *Subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.*

Name.....

Address.....

Route No...... *Town or City*.....

Cuts Costs and Colds

OUTSIDE the Schoolhouse the children are sliding in the slush and mud and wet. Little they care for damp feet and dripping shoes.

But what worries for mother. Wet-foot colds and doctor's bill; spoiled shoes and big shoe-bills.

Listen, Mother, you can't stop the winter weather. But you *can* stop buying leather shoe-soles that *drink* wet.

You *can* buy Neōlin, the modern shoe-sole. You can get the kiddies to school dry-footed. And keep them dry all day. You can save shoes from being ruined by soaking wet.

And how Neōlin does cut shoe bills. It lasts and lasts, twice, three, four times as long as leather—sometimes six times as long. Shoe-bills are easily cut in half.

Neōlin is pliant. Let little feet grow strong as they should. It grips the ground, pavement and floor, and saves tumbles.

You will want Neōlin goodness in your shoes, too. Go to your shoe merchant and ask to see his stock of Neōlin-soled shoes. He should have many styles of shoes at varying prices with Neōlin soles. Look in shoestore windows for the Neōlin price-ticket illustrated here. Merchants who sell Neōlin-soled shoes have been supplied with them.

This is the Neōlin price ticket, which you will see on shoes with Neōlin soles. Look for them in your dealer's window.

Neōlin has been a great success. Because of distinct superiorities it is replacing leather for shoe-soles. Neōlin's appearance can be imitated. But Neōlin's qualities are the result of methods and materials known only to us.

Now there *are* other soles that *look* like Neōlin. But there is only *one* Neōlin—and every pair is branded with the trademark below.

To be sure of the genuine Neōlin—mark that mark; stamp it on your memory. Ask for Neōlin with the accent on the "o"—Neōlin—the trade symbol for a quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of Canada, Limited

Neōlin soles

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is $1.50 per year, payable in advance, anywhere in Canada or the British Empire. Single copies, 15 cents. United States subscriptions, $1.75 a year; foreign subscriptions, $2.00 a year.

MONEY may be sent by Post Office Money Order, Registered Mail, Dominion Express Money Order, or Cheque to which exchange has been added.

CAUTION — CHANGE OF ADDRESS. We shall change the address of subscribers as often as required, but in ordering a change, the old address as well as the new must be given before the change can be made.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Great Home Magazine

Chas. C. Nixon, Superintending Editor
Jean Blewett, Companion Editor
Mary M. Murphy, Managing Editor
Katherine M. Caldwell, Food Editor
Ernest H. Lawson, Circulation Manager

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Vol. VIII., No. 6 — EDITORIAL — DECEMBER, 1917

Recall The Old Time Christmas Spirit

IN the days, the long past days, when Santa Claus sped of a Christmas Eve, through snowy clouds, over snowy roofs, to bring gifts to snowy little hearts, the tinkling of the bells on his reindeer and the deft swift movements of his Brownies were part and parcel of a merry Christmas. The young folks lay awake full of anticipation and their elders slept in dreams of past realization.

But to-day, we are led to believe that Santa Claus is equipped in a more modern style. His trusty reindeer and sled have been exchanged mayhap for a dirgible or an aeroplane, and the tinkling of the bells has been replaced by the whirr of the machine. Less romantic? Aye, but swifter. Less in keeping with the season? Probably, but certainly more practiable. So at least would think many a modern girl and boy when listening to the happy Christmas legend.

And therein lies the change in the Christmas spirit. Very little of the old romance is left. To a very great number its spiritual significance has become a thing of the past and materialism has taken a strong hold—too strong a hold—upon the hearts and minds of the multitude. There is even an attitude of scorn toward the old legends, the quaint customs and the simplicity of the past. Even the children have taken upon themselves what many have been pleased to call a great modern wisdom.

LONG years ago when a certain group of kings—three in number—travelled far with presents, with offerings of love for a new born King, what did they receive in return? The benediction, the heavenly love of the Infant— surely nothing material at least, nothing tangible. Yet they returned filled with a great joy, that "peace of God that passeth all understanding."

But we!—how far are we removed! What a long way have the nineteen hundred and seventeen years carried us, from the spirit of that first blessed Christmas!

To-day it is a question of giving and taking.

If Mrs. Jones' gift to Mrs. Brown is worth five dollars, then Mrs. Brown worries if her gift to Mrs. Jones may not be valued at five dollars and a half.

And yet how much ranting there is done about the "spirit of giving."

The custom has come to be an obligation in a great many cases, and obligations are seldom agreeable. What a farce, then, is a "Merry" Christmas under these circumstances!

Many of us, this year, will have little to give; some few may have much. If our resources are great, let us give with a free hand but let the *incentive* be a *free* heart. If we have little, then, indeed, should the love and goodwill be great to make up the deficit that the most optimistic of us will feel is there.

SCROOGE"—Dickens' characteristic miser—marked Christmas as a forbidding milestone on his road to the grave, a day on which his ire was aroused by the fact that he was a year older.

But Scrooge became transformed.

What a good old world is this, and what room there is in it for transformation!

Many of us have heretofore eaten our Christmas turkey with a grouch—which proved a not altogether palatable relish. The plum pudding may have stuck in our throats, because of our inability to digest the preparations of the days preceding.

Well, it isn't the turkey's fault, nor the pudding's, nor the family's, nor our neighbors'. Neither must the blame be attributed to Christmas. The "blueness," the "general grouch" is but a reflection of our own attitude. It corroborates the old saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone."

But there is no need to weep—there is too much sorrow abroad. On the battlefields our brothers will be making a mighty effort to keep cheerful. They will be expecting our co-operation. They will look to us for a message of hope and inspiration. They will want to think that over here, at least, there will be the same old Christmas spirit, the same wishes of joy and love and happiness.

THERE is no reason why the Christmas spirit should be as materialistic as the age. The beautiful old legends that made the festival so glorious still exist. They lack but the interpretation or, rather, the application. The back-ground, the setting, may not be the same. We have not the old fashioned yule log; modern kitchens may not permit of the huge copper wherein the pudding boiled; and, as we have said, old Santa likely uses an aeroplane instead of reindeer, but the hearts of the many, the good hearts and the glad hearts, must have the same capacity for radiating cheer.

Then let us go back to the old romanticism, for our Christmas spirit. Let us this year forget, if only for one day, the materialism of the age. On this Christmas morn, may there be one grand echo of "Tiny Tim's" Yuletide wish—"God bless us every one."

O Little Town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven;
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Decend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
Be born in us today.
We hear the heavenly angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

Sunlight can be kind or cruel

Strong sunlight is the real proof of your skin's beauty. At night, under soft shaded lights, you may succeed in making your skin appear attractive, but how does it look by day?

CAN you face the strong sunlight with confidence?

Is your skin so fine in texture, so soft and clear that you do not hesitate to be seen with your face bathed in sunshine? Scientists say, strong sunlight is a thousand times stronger than ordinary electric light.

No matter what artifices you use—sunlight reveals the real condition of your skin. If you have blemishes, pimples, blackheads or enlarged nose pores, sunlight reveals them conspicuously. It shows up a rough, scaly skin, a shiny nose or a pallid, sallow complexion.

You can look well in daylight, too

There is no reason why your skin should *not* be clear and lovely, *always*. Do not dread to meet your friends in the daytime. Begin now to make your complexion as lovely from nine o'clock to six as it is from six to twelve.

The Woodbury treatments are based on this fundamental fact: every day a change takes place in your skin. The old skin dies, new forms. This new skin, when treated by the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap, can be rendered delightfully clear, smooth and free from all blemishes.

The Woodbury treatments cleanse the tiny pores of the skin, bring the blood to the surface, and improve its circulation. They stimulate the small muscular fibers. As the new skin forms, you are surprised at its clearness, its smoothness, its glowing color!

Follow these directions carefully

If you want to know how beautiful your skin can be—not only at night—but in the daytime, too—just try the following treatment tonight.

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Work up a good soapy lather in your hands and rub thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. If possible, rub your skin for five minutes with *a piece of ice* and dry carefully.

In ten days, or a week even!

This Woodbury treatment, used nightly, should produce a marked improvement in a week or ten days. If kept up regularly, it will soften and beautify the very texture of your skin—and give you a complexion you will be proud of!

You can secure Woodbury's Facial Soap at your druggist's, or at any counter where toilet preparations are sold. It "lasts" remarkably well, one 25c cake being sufficient for a month or six weeks.

Send for this booklet and sample cake

We have given only one treatment here. The many Woodbury treatments for the various troubles of the skin are all given in the booklet "A skin you love to touch." This booklet is wrapped about every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 4c we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write today! Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 2612 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

For sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast

How to make your skin lovely by daylight, too

First, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water.

Next, work up a good, soapy lather in your hands, with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Rub the lather in well, always with an upward and outward movement.

After rinsing, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

Even the first treatment brings a ruddy glow, and leaves the skin smoother and clearer.

MADE IN CANADA

THE PASSING OF THE CHRISTMAS GHOST

A Farewell to the Good Old Ghost Story

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

Illustrated by FERGUS KYLE

The Christmas Thought of Yesterday

IN the good old days — which means during that bright epoch when I myself was young——Christmas Time and Christmas gatherings and the Christmas numbers of the magazines were particularly associated with Ghost Stories.

Everybody knows that there are certain times of year especially adapted for the reading of certain kinds of tales. Love stories are for the summer time, to be read in a hammock swinging under the June leaves, or in the cushioned end of a canoe, moored beneath the overhanging branches of a willow tree. Sea stories belong with the roaring winds of the equinox. Detective stories flourish best in the murky evenings of November, when the fog lies thick upon the streets, and the autumn burglaries send a chill to the heart of the householder.

But for Christmas time with its roaring fires and its bright holly and its merry gatherings, the story of stories was always, till very recently, the Ghost Story.

No doubt there was a certain reasonableness in this. The love story, as compared with the wider love of Christmas time, shrinks to a poor selfish thing. "Why can't they," exclaimed the Christmas reader, filled with roast turkey and mince pie and too somnolent to follow the elaborate intrigues of the hero and heroine, "why can't they love everybody? Why doesn't he marry both of them, all three of them, any number of them?" With which he puts the book aside and falls to thinking of the Children's Party that is to come that evening and wishing that he knew of a good ghost story to tell beside the fire.

So, too, with the detective yarn. What have crime and robbery, pursuit and burglary to do with the soft atmosphere of Christmas? Why, bless my soul, a Christmas detective couldn't pursue a Christmas burglar a hundred yards. They'd both sit down puffing for breath and burst out laughing, each of them, at the jolly red face of the other flushed with Christmas cheer and the exercise of running in the snow. My own opinion is that even Mr. Sherlock Holmes used to fatten up a bit at Christmas time, lost his haggard appearance of over-intellectuality, swore off cocaine, gave up drawing deductions, presented a pair of bedroom slippers to his friend Watson, stupefied himself for two weeks with mince pie and plum pudding, and then "came to" somewhere about the first week in January and shuddered back again, as we all do, into his everyday life.

But with Ghost Stories it is—or it was till yesterday—a very different matter. The bright eyes of children gathered round the fire, glistened brighter still with the fearful fascination of the tales of haunted houses and mysterious apparitions, of ghosts that moaned at midnight, or that clanked their chains in hollow vaults and moonlit crypts. Even the grown-up people, who professed no belief in ghosts whatever, retired to bed by the light of a flickering candle and shuddered at the gruesome shadows that it threw into the dim corners of the room.

BUT most of all was the Ghost Story a prime favorite from the story-writer's point of view. It was so easy to construct. The shuddering reader came halfway to meet it. The dark night outside supplied the background. There was no local color needed—no character to delineate—nothing. One had but to begin with an ancient and gloomy manor house—by preference a Jacobean manor house, with strange little turrets and towers clustering in its roof—with a winding staircase somewhere inside, and panels in the walls concealed behind the portraits of departed ancestors.

Into such a house one had only to put, or to suggest, the ghost of Sir Everard Digby, or Sir Chomondeley Ponsonby, in fact of Sir Anybody whose name seems to carry with it the memories of the civil war of the 17th century, and to call up pictures of cavaliers with pointed beards and long rapiers, and Roundhead soldiers with steel caps and cropped hair. In such a manor there was always — was there not? — one particular tower where Sir Everard Digby's ghost "walked" (that I think, is the phrase: these were, of course, the days before the motor) It was the loneliest of the towers with a circular, or no, an octagonal room far up in the top of it, round which the wind moaned sadly of an winter night. Even in the broad light of day few visited it, and those who did climbed up the winding stairway, dark, dim, and dust-strewn, with something of a shudder, or with the bravado of a forced gayety.

Into the tower room one might, I say, in daylight penetrate: and gaze with a sort of awe at the quaint Jacobean furniture, unchanged and undisturbed (so ran the legends of the family) since one Christmas Eve of long ago when Sir Everard sat at the little oaken table, a pen in his hand, and the thought of murder in his heart. A long quill pen, it was, and with it Sir Everard was about to sign the parchment with the terms of surrender on it, handing over the manor house to his cousin and his victor, Ronald Digby, the Roundhead general—that grim stern man who stands beside the table on the other side, with eyes of steel fixed on Sir Everard's face. The portraits of both of them, now dim with age, are in the dining-hall below. And from them the ghostly forms of the two men rise before the mind's eye as one looks at the smooth oak table, and marks the strange dark stain that still shows, deep and guilty, after the lapse of two centuries—the stain of blood.

For it was here, was it not, that Sir Everard, forgetful of the honor of his house, struck the foul blow for which his ghost must walk two hundred years. The steel-gray eyes of the Roundhead were turned a moment, let us say, from Sir Everard's face. Perhaps there was a certain sobbing in the night wind outside, moaning over a Christmas-tide of strife and blood, that made the man turn towards the casement to stare out into the dark. And in that moment the poignard leaped from Sir Everard's belt and was buried in his cousin's heart. They carried the body, so the story ran, down the winding stair—Sir Everard with never a word, the menservants as they bore it whispering together in horror, but faithful even in their fear. Somewhere below they buried it, under the flagstones of the vault beneath the tower.

And that was Christmas Eve of 1645. Since that day, so runs the legend, on every Christmas Eve at midnight you may see the light burning in the windows of the tower room; and you may catch, if you dare listen, from the darkness of the shrubberies outside, the sound of footsteps in the room and on the stairway, and the moaning of a soul in distress that comes to you in the pauses of the wind. For they say that Sir Everard's spirit every year, each Christmas Eve, is doomed to come back again to the scene of his crime. There he must walk, each Christmas night through, in the tower room and up and down the winding stair. Nor shall his soul ever know peace, so runs the legend of the family, till some one of his descendants shall buy back his rest and the broken honor of the Digbys with the price of his life.

THAT is, or used to be, the kind of background out of which the good old Christmas Ghost Story was made. With such a start as that the rest was easy. The title naturally came dripping from one's pen—*THE HONOUR OF THE DIGBYS* — or words to that effect.

Now notice how easy it is to run the story on.

At every Christmas-tide for generations the light had burned in the windows of the tower, and the footsteps had sounded on the stair.

But no one had ever dared to penetrate within the haunted room on Christmas night.

Sometimes at a Christmas gathering round the great fire in the hall below, the bolder of the spirits had challenged one another to enter the east wing on the stroke of midnight. But at the foot of the dark stairway, their hearts had failed them.

So with each generation was handed down the legend of the haunted room and of the price that must be paid with a life to restore the honor of the Digbys. And with each generation the blood feud between the cousins of the two branches of the house had continued. With each generation a Ronald and an Everard Digby had lived with hatred in their hearts, unforgiving. The fortunes of the younger branch had risen, those of the elder branch had declined. The manor house for want of means, had fallen into ill-repair. The park had grown into a tangled wood; the wide lawns and the sunken gardens were overgrown with matted grass and with dank shrubs. And here lived, in the shame of a concealed poverty, at the time when the story opens on the world of to-day, the last of the elder branch of the family, young Everard Digby and his only sister Madeleine. The younger branch, grown rich and prosperous, had bought adjoining land, and built on it a stately home—living in opulence, but casting still a covetous glance upon the ancestral manor of the family which the chances of descent might throw into their hands at any moment. For if young Everard died, the manor passed to his cousin Ronald.

Meantime the war had come and the cousins Everard and Ronald had passed beyond the seas. And the Christmas season had found Madeleine alone beside the fire in the great hall. The house is almost deserted, untenanted except by Madeleine and two or three ancient servants bound to the family by long association.

IT is midnight, the midnight of Christmas. The fire has burned low. The girl's head is sunk upon her hands. She does not heed or hear the winter storm that drives against the lattice windows. She does not note the dying of the fire. For her thoughts and her heart are far away, with her brother, somewhere in France, wondering and dreaming of his return. Then suddenly she lifts her head. For a call has echoed through the house, one clear strong cry. She runs to the casement and looks sideways from it through the driving snow towards the east wing of the house from which the cry has come. There is a light in the window of the haunted tower, not the dim light of the ghostly legend, but a bright clear illumination, that floods outward into the storm.

The girl snatches a candle from the table and hurries through the dark corridors towards the winding stairway. The faded hangings rustle in the cold draught of the night wind as she passes. The candle shudders in a fitful light, blotting great shadows on the wall. But Madeleine knows no fear. Her face is white and set but not with terror for herself. For she has heard and recognized the voice that called.

She hurries up the winding stairway toward the tower room. A bright light shines from beneath the door. She bursts it open and stands a moment transfixed upon the threshold at the vision before her.

It is not the bent figure of the Jacobean soldier that she sees standing beside the table—but a younger, nobler form—the figure of a boylike soldier of to-day. There is a steel cap upon his head. His hand is pressed against his heart. His lips are bloodless and his face is pale; but on his countenance a look of no mere mortal happiness reveals the passing of a soul at peace.

The Spirit of To-Day

Then with a cry she falls forward across the threshold. There they finds her in the morning, dead. The servants bear her down the winding stair fearful of what should come. And with the war news of the day there comes the brief announcement. *'Lieutenant Everard Digby of Digby Manor was killed in action at midnight of December 24th, in saving the life of his cousin Lieutenant Ronald Digby.*"

THERE! That is about the size and kind of the good old Christmas Ghost Story. Round it and a hundred like it flowed our Christmas tears, or shook our Christmas shudders. (Odd language, I admit, but it is hard to express it otherwise.)

But, alas, such stories are no longer for to-day. Our overwise generation is banishing them to the limbo of forgotten things. The children of to-day, acquainted with such things as physical science and chemical reactions," would reduce poor Sir Everard and his lighted tower to some sort of

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WITH THE HELP OF PANDORA

A Christmas Tale of War-Time Love and Happiness

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by M. McLAREN

HE knew, long before he turned the bend in the road, that she would be waiting for him. Indeed, he could not remember a single occasion since Jack Pennington had left with the first contingent, that she had not been standing beside the letter box, watching . . . watching with a look in her eyes which always impelled him to stop and chat with a kindly though exaggerated cheerfulness when he had no letters for her.

"Writin' to his other girl," he would say, winking heavily and knowing full well that the joke sounded hollow. No one could make a joke in view of those hungry, disappointed eyes.

"He knew, long before he turned the bend in the road that she would be waiting for him with refreshment."

Rural Mail Delivery Postman James Bolton—to explain him fully—had become better acquainted with Mrs. Pennington than with any other person on his very rural route. He had grown familiar with the changes of expression on her delicate, pale face; they reminded him of sunlight and shadow tipping a faded but still fragrant rose leaf. He learned to know before she told him, when Jack was having a rest behind the lines, and he could have anticipated her very words when he went back into the trenches.

"My Jack," she always called him as though he were the only Jack in the world.

"The way she's wrapped up in that boy is—is—well, it's kind of religious," Jim Bolton confided to his apple-cheeked wife. "I've thought considerable about the workin's of Providence since I've seen such a lot of Mrs. Pennington. It hardly seems right, now, if—if, well, hang me, *you* know what I mean—if anything should happen, and her a widow and all alone."

He passed his cup across the table and hesitated a moment before speaking his more intimate thoughts.

"I used to feel a power of disappointment because I didn't have a son." He was conscious even without looking up that a cloud passed over his wife's face. "But I see things clearer, now. I couldn't have had one and kept him home, and, by heavens, Missus, I couldn't have sent him overseas, if it meant seein' *that* kind of a look in your eyes when I come home of an evenin'. So, as I drive along a-thinkin' of her, I sez most pious-like, I sez 'Thank God for the son that was never born to us' . . . A leetle more sugar, please!"

To observe that Mrs. Pennington loved her son, is foolish. Jack was all she had. She was wrapped up in him; she was wrapped all about him. He was his father reincarnated, so to speak, with the same endearing manner, the same sunny nature, the same irresistible ways. He was an abominable tease and had no respect for his mother's gray hairs; he would pick her up bodily in his great strong arms and carry her about the house, shouting lustily, "I love to see my dear old mother work!" And he was most inconsiderate, too. He would pretend to be so sound asleep that she would have to shake him well to rouse him, bending over him until the miniature of himself when he was a baby, which she always wore, would tickle him. Then with a terrifying whoop he would sit bolt upright in bed, seize his astounded mother and smother her startled cry with hugs and kisses.

"You should not frighten your mother, so, John," his aunt Matilda scolded. "You might give her heart disease."

But bless you, Mrs. Pennington's heart had too much healthy work to do to have disease, and she adored her Jack—But, try to describe a mother's love! It cannot be described; it can only be expressed.

Mrs. Pennington's did not centre itself in her boy. It was not like the ray of sunlight from a powerful magnifying lens which concentrates upon an object only to destroy it. It was diffused, rather, like the radiance from an enormous searchlight, which gathered an increasing number of people into its glow.

She knitted innumerable pairs of socks, but they were not all for her Jack. She sent pounds of cake and maple sugar and boxes of smokes to boys who had no mothers to think of them. Heaven knows how many letters of courage she wrote to chaps in prison camps and how many letters she wrote (and they were full of courage too), to mothers who had no need to write themselves, any more!

Yes, she was always doing something for some one and she never forgot Jim Bolton, either. On days when icicles clung to his horse's nostrils, he was sure to find her waiting with hot coffee in a Thermos bottle; on days when a merciless sun dried up the sponge in old Molly's bonnet before he had been half over the route, he could depend on a glass of buttermilk, cider, raspberry vinegar, or even cold water from the spring for man and beast. And when he protested, she would always reply:

"Oh, but you must not scold me for being selfish. I have to take care of you in my small way. Aren't you a link between me and my Jack?"

And in all her loving absorption, she never seemed to lose sight of the fact—incredible though it seemed—that other people had interests of their own and these did not always concern that which was nearest *her* heart. She did not thrust her Jack down people's throats. Indeed, she was almost timid about speaking of him and his achievements. One had to encourage her to make her talk.

Edna Jarvis, who, everybody knew, was wild about Jack Pennington, felt that she didn't talk enough, and she drew invidious comparison between her and other mothers who laid tiresome emphasis upon the activities of "MY" son.

"It's 'MY son's Colonel said thus and so,' and 'MY son's company got this or that,'" she complained to Jim Bolton one morning. "You'd think the silly things had picked their own Colonel or ordered their own companies, wouldn't you?"

To which he heartily agreed.

"Now Mrs. Pennington's different," Edna went on. "She says 'my Jack,' of course, but she says it as if it made her feel kinder toward all the other boys, and not as if Jack rose up and overshadowed them. And I think she ought to read some of his letters to the Red Cross or something—you just should hear them, Mr. Bolton, they are—*epics!*"

Jim Bolton did not know exactly what an epic was, but he had heard scraps from some of Jack Pennington's letters and agreed that they certainly were great.

THERE was one in particular which Mrs. Pennington read to him on a scorching July day more than a year ago, now, while he gratefully sipped a glass of sweet apple-cider.

"What do you think," she had asked after watching his first thirsty attack on the foaming glass, "Jack has joined the Flying Corps!"

"Flying—"

"Yes. He tells me all about it in the last letter you brought me." Her hand travelled pathetically to her pocket and her eyes asked an eager question.

"Well, well!" ejaculated Bolton. "I'm that surprised, I'm dumb. And what does the boy say, Mrs. Pennington? Does he like reeling about the sky in one of them crazy airship inventions?"

It seemed that he did, that he loved it. It seemed that he was sorry for any of the poor infantrymen, plodding along on sore feet and standing up to their knees in mud.

"This is the life," he wrote joyously. "I've been in training for some time and was so stupid about the blooming machine I was afraid to tell you for fear I wouldn't pass my tests. But now, I am able to state that I am a full-fledged observer, and I am entitled to wear two little white wings on my left breast as well as the two I have always worn on my shoulder blades under my coat!"

("God grant that they don't grow any bigger," murmured Jim Bolton to himself as she read.)

The letter explained with alternate bursts of jocularity and seriousness how much safer he was than when in his old company. One began to doubt, while listening, that the Germans ever brought down an aeroplane, or if they did, one felt that somehow they missed messing up the observer.

"There were times, mother," Jack wrote, "when I had a fit of trembling under my coat on account of you, for it looked like a safe bet that your handsome son would remain over in these parts indefinitely and perhaps after many years bloom only as a rose bush. But now, good little plucky mother, I know I am going to get back to you. I know it in every atom of me. No matter what you may hear, you can bank on that—*I'm coming home!*"

"Well, well!" said Jim Bolton, stupidly again, when she had finished and challenged him with moist and shining eyes. "Well—seems as if a flying machine wasn't so substantial—that there were two or three different kinds of danger—though, of course—"

"Not at all," she contradicted with conviction. Jack had explained everything. She hadn't much of a head for machinery, and would not understand exactly, but he put most of the accidents down to carelessness.

"And, as you know yourself, Mr. Bolton, my Jack was never the boy to be careless."

For more than a year Jack's care had evidently stood him in good stead and then Jim Bolton left the post office to make his twenty mile route with a letter marked O.H.M.S. It was franked from the Militia Department, and was addressed to Mrs. Pennington.

"Doggone his carelessness," he kept repeating to himself, looking out upon the golden fields where here and there women were taking in the hay. "Doggone—but maybe he's just only wounded!"

Slower and slower he drove. Emboldened by his abstraction Molly stopped altogether and browsed along the road side. A dinner horn roused Jim and he, in turn, roused Molly, wishing that the next bend in the road were miles behind him.

There! He knew it! She was not only waiting for him but actually walking down to meet him, carrying a bottle of something under her arm.

"Oh," she waved a welcoming hand, "I am so glad you are not ill! A heavy mail, I suppose . . . but you have never been so late, except at Christmas. Have you something for me?"

They had met. She looked up at him smiling and holding out a refreshing draught in exchange for letters.

"Yes, ma'am, I've got something here for you." He fumbled and kept his head bent low. "Much 'bliged to you, Mrs. Pennington, but I can't stop to drink anything this mornin'—I'm so doggone late a'ready. G'long, Molly, you lazy *cuss!*"

With one and the same motion, he flung the letter at her, and gave Molly a sharp blow with his whip. The faithful animal, stung to indignation, shuddered a single instant, then plunged foward with a suddenness which nearly unseated her driver. Bolton did not look back. He was conscious that a gentle "thank you" was borne along beside him as he raced, and then a merciful curve in the road hid her from his sight.

"Come on in, girls and boys! We're going to have an old-time Christmas party."

ANNE PENNINGTON turned the long, official-looking envelope over several times. It was so white and bare. So unlike the small, bulky letters which came from Jack—letters which bore a wealth of news even on the outside, dabbed all over with Censor's strips and field post marks. This hadn't even a stamp.

She stood so still that a venturesome wildbird, more curious than polite, perched on top of an overhanging branch and looked over her shoulder at that large O.H.M.S. on the envelope.

Anne Pennington drew a deep breath, passed her hand mechanically along her face, down over her throat and pressed it hard on her heart. Then she slowly tore the flap and pulled out a single sheet.

"*We deeply regret to inform you*"—the letters showed very clear and very black—"*that John Pennington is reported killed in action August 20th, 1917.*

"*George Williams,*
"*Director of Records.*"

She did not feel as though a blow had been struck her. She did not note that the fields of golden grain and the apple trees swam in a tangled blur. Everything was exactly as it had been before she read the letter. A little more beautiful, perhaps. The big maple over against the fence flaunted a great cluster of scarlet leaves among the green, and the bed of

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The Faith of Paul Duchaine

A Canadian Romance of Earlier Times

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Illustrated by M. McLAREN

MR. ROUSSEAU'S stories of old Quebec have awakened enthusiasm everywhere. Since we published "The Curé's Love Story" in the September issue of Everywoman's World, requests have come in for more from Mr. Rousseau's pen.

Especially have our neighbors to the South welcomed these romances of old French Canada. They shed for them—and indeed, for us—a brighter light on the chivalry of earlier Canadian days.

"The Faith of Paul Duchaine" is pleasingly characteristic of the Christmas spirit that has not passed with the days that were.

—*The Editors.*

DOWN the declivity that leads from the citadel toward Quebec's most famous hotel, a toboggan sped swiftly; it ploughed through the snow and stopped. A girl and a man emerged laughing, and began to pull the sled up the ascent again. The girl was typical of Quebec, with dark hair and eyes, red cheeks, and that beauty for which the Citadel Town is of repute. Other toboggans followed, and the slope was black with the two lines of travelers.

"Eh, Monsieur, youth never changes," croaked the old man who stood watching the pastime. "For more than seventy years I have seen the same sight each winter, and the same faces. It was thus when the Château St. Louis stood where this hotel stands; so in the days of Carleton, and of Frontenac as well, no doubt. My father used to tell me stories . . . .

"Still, Quebec is not what it was in my grandfather's time," he continued presently. "You must picture it in the thirties, or earlier, in the splendid twenties, or even earlier yet, in the days of the first *emigrés*. We were smaller then, it is true, but not less gay. And, after all, the soul of Quebec dwells inside her walls, and not in the new city beyond them. So we had everything, even in my grandfather's time, when the equipages choked Louis Street, every afternoon—I love to think of my grandfather's days, Monsieur.

"My father used to tell me of the carnival. I remember when I was a little lad they spoke of Mademoiselle Marguérite Thiboult, who is now, I have no doubt, forgotten, though I could point out to you her house on Louis Street. She was Queen of the Carnival that night when Paul Duchaine went gliding past her throne with cap undoffed. The skaters spun over the frozen river—mock soldiers and hooped ladies; beaux in frills and ruffles of the period, while women in masks picked out their partners for the rout, and being unknown to them, made merry at their expense. Flambeaux on high stands flared all the way between the ramparts of Quebec and Levis, on the south shore, for there had been no snow, and the St. Lawrence was smooth as glass.

"In the midst of the throng, seated languidly upon her tinseled throne, with drooped eyelashes and discontented mouth, Mademoiselle Thiboult, the 'Queen,' surrounded by her courtiers, watched the skaters.

"'He skates well. Who is he?' she asked, somewhat intrigued, as a young man in a plain dress went by without saluting her, though he passed within a few feet of where she sat.

"Monsieur Auguste Dion salaamed to her with mock courtesy.

"'I will find out and bring him into your presence, Mademoiselle,' he said, and glided out among the crowd. He soon found the unknown and touched him on the arm.

"'Monsieur,' he lisped. 'Will you have the goodness to give me your name—or, rather, to appear before her Majesty and announce yourself?'

"The young man stared at his interrogator.

"'I am Paul Duchaine,' he answered in a French provincial accent. 'But I had thought,' he continued, smiling, 'that we had left Majesties behind us when we left France.'

"'I shall inform Her Majesty of your words,' replied Monsieur Dion, and brought the young man before the throne.

"'I have executed Your Majesty's command,' the dandy lisped, bringing his skate-heels together with a click. 'This gentleman is Paul Duchaine, without the prefix, and he thought he had left Your Majesty behind him when he left France.'

"There was a great roar of laughter from those around the throne, but Mademoiselle Marguérite, being wearied of her courtiers, had the caprice to smile kindly on the young man.

"'Why have you not saluted me as you went by, Monsieur?' she asked. 'Doubtless you have but lately landed and are ignorant of the polite ceremonies of our carnival, for I can hardly think you to be one of those wicked atheists who first denied Our Lord and then murdered His Majesty of martyred memory.'

"'A Republican!' shouted Monsieur Dion, making a mock thrust with his sword. 'Treason! A Napoleonist! Say but the word, Mademoiselle, and I shall lay his head at your feet as a love offering!'

"'Auguste, thou art always a chatter-box,' answered Mademoiselle Marguérite. 'Well, Monsieur have you no tongue?' she continued, addressing the young man again.

"'Yes, Mademoiselle, I have a tongue,' he answered hotly. 'As you have said, I landed in Quebec but lately and was ignorant of the polite ceremonies of your carnival. I have been here but one week, in fact, and I reside in the Rue Fleurie with my brother, Jean Duchaine, the furrier.'

"'*Ah, bon soir, Monsieur le Fourreur!*' shouted Monsieur Dion, making a mocking bow.

"Instantly the crowd took up the cry. '*Bon soir, Monsieur le Fourreur!*' they shouted, circling around the young man with mock salutations. '*A toi, Monsieur le Fourreur!*'

"Paul Duchaine's face flushed, and he breathed hard through his nostrils. But Mademoiselle, seeing the turn things were taking, and being still capricious, rose out of her throne.

"'Monsieur Duchaine shall escort me home,' she said. 'Auguste, you will resign your privilege for this night?'

Mademoiselle rose from her throne. "Monsieur Duchaine shall escort me home," she said.

"'*Ah oui Mademoiselle*' muttered Auguste with a grimace.

"It was truly a difficult situation for the beaux who followed unhappily in the train of Mademoiselle. Marguérite Thiboult was one of those beauties who have made our city famous ever since Nelson lost his heart to one and nearly ruined his career for her. Twenty-two, tall, statuesque, with a wealth of dark hair, and gray eyes which could deal tenderness and flash hauteur with equal facility, of one of the rich old families of the aristocracy, it was no wonder that she held all the idle young men captive in her train. Many a one had fancied that some day this beauty would smile for him alone, only to be sent home sadly, with ruffled plumage. For Mademoiselle was not kind to those whom she disdained, and they included all her mob of servitors.

"It was, then, a difficult situation for the gentlemen trailing up Louis Street behind her, while she enacted this strange whim of walking back with the newcomer. It was especially hard for Monsieur Auguste Dion, whose wealth and insinuation had given him status as Mademoiselle's favorite. Still, he had met difficult situations before, only—not when his enemy was a common furrier from the Lower Town of shopkeepers.

"At the door of her house Mademoiselle extended her hand. '*Adieu*, Monsieur Duchaine. Or, rather, *au revoir*,' she said. 'Remember, friendships made lightly often endure long.'

"Paul Duchaine shook the hand of Mademoiselle instead of kissing it, to the amusement of the outcast courtiers. They grinned at him in angry spite as he passed between their ranks and down the street, but there was something in his face which forbade even Monsieur Auguste to speak to him.

"As for Monsieur Duchaine, you may believe that he seemed to walk on air. Only six short weeks before he had left his father's roof at Arles, to join his elder brother Jean, whose fur trade was already proving prosperous; and here he was, the envied, the hated, of all Quebec!

"ON the next night, while Jean Duchaine pored over his books of accounts, Paul, frilled and ruffled like the best, stole out of the shop, skates in hand, and hurried toward the river. It was the second day of the carnival, and the last. Mademoiselle Thiboult, weary, and in no enviable mood, yet, woman-like, disdaining to yield her place to some lesser toast, sat languidly upon her throne, dealing out sharp words to those who cringed for her favors.

"Gliding across the ice toward her, Paul Duchaine halted before the throne and doffed his cap. '*Bon soir, Mademoiselle Votre Majeste!*' he exclaimed, rejoiced to see Monsieur Auguste's teeth set angrily as he stood beside the throne.

"Mademoiselle Marguérite looked blankly at the newcomer. 'Who is this gentleman?' she asked of Auguste Dion.

"'Ah, Mademoiselle, do you not remember that you threw him the condescension of your glance last night?' inquired Auguste. 'Doubtless he has come back for more.'

"'*Ah, oui*, the furrier,' said Mademoiselle. 'Well, *Monsieur le Fourreur*, I have no need for furs, being well supplied, so move aside and do not obstruct my view.'

"'Move, *Monsieur le Fourreur!*' snarled Auguste Dion, and once more the crowd took up the cry. Some one seized a cake of ice and hurled it at him; they danced round him in their tardy triumph. As for Mademoiselle Thiboult, as though this meant nothing to her, she sat pensively upon her throne.

"For a moment Paul could not understand. Then he knew, and, ignoring the mimicking crowd, he advanced two steps and planted himself before Mademoiselle.

"'I see you are a mockery, as others have seen and told,' he said in low, penetrating tones of intense anger. The blood flamed in his cheeks. 'You are all a mockery,' he cried. 'Your throne of tinsel, your hollow crowd of followers, and you yourself, who play with the hearts of honest men, are a mockery in God's eyes, you wanton!'

"Paul Duchaine stepped out of the throng—who, paralyzed with dismay, and cowering in the presence of Paul's genuine wrath, shuffled their skates uneasily and cast furtive glances toward Mademoiselle. As for her, at Paul's first words she had started up in her chair with an imperious gesture, her own cheeks redder than his; but when he had ended she crouched limply down, with a blanched face, indrawing shuddering sobs.

"When she looked up again, Paul was far away

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Priceless Pointers for Poor Pater

What to Do When the Family's Away and More Particularly—What to "Don't"

By PETER McARTHUR

Illustrated by FERGUS KYLE

Ekfrid, Nov. 10th, 1917.

DEAR FATHER:

You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me and, to tell the truth, you would not be hearing from me if it were not for the fix that I am in. The Editor of Everywoman's World has asked me to contribute something to her paper. What do you think of that? I have contributed to all kinds of publications from a Sporting Extra to a religious monthly, but this is positively the first time I have ever been invited to contribute to a magazine that appeals exclusively to women. I doubt if a young girl was ever more surprised by a proposal than I was by that invitation. Instinctively I gasped:

"This is so sudden."

When I recovered from the shock I hunted up a copy of Everywoman's World, and tried to figure out just what I could do that would fit in. As I turned over the pages I made a discovery that gave me an inspiration. I found to my amazement that there was no Sporting Page, Market Reports, Political News, or anything intended to appeal to the father of a family. Yet it is safe to assume that there is a father in every family that takes the paper. Of course I realize that we men folks do not amount to much in family matters, but still, as a matter of business I think the editors should have something intended to interest fathers of families. Clearly, my opportunity was to fill this long-felt want, and if the editor will stand for it I shall certainly do it. Heart to heart talks between fathers might result in the interchange of many valuable hints that would make for the peace of families. If you meet me half-way in this matter we may start something that will bring comfort and happiness to the heart of many a down-trodden husband and father. Here goes.

At this moment I have no doubt you are sitting with your boots off warming your feet in the oven, after doing the chores, while the children are crowded around the lamp doing their homework. If I dared I would ask you to fill your pipe and have a smoke with me, but I am afraid that is against the principles of the paper. However, if the boy gets his head out of the light you may be able to read what I have to say.

Now what shall we deal with first? Considering the nature of the paper I think that Helpful Hints of some kind would be about the right thing—and perhaps a few recipes. I confess that I am so rattled that I find it hard to get my thoughts in order, so my letter will probably be somewhat rambling. Still you may find something that will start a valuable train of thought.

I find that the crying need among fathers at the present time when there is an election in progress, is for a lot of new convincing excuses for being out late. Lodge meetings and sitting up with a sick friend have become so thread-bare that a fellow is ashamed to offer them. I am sorry to say that I haven't been able to invent anything new, though I did spring a story about stopping out to watch a flight of airships go over—and got away with it,—but now that the United States has joined the Allies I doubt if it would go with a really discriminating wife. If you happen to have hit on a new one I wish you would send it to me privately at the above address, and I will pass it along to as many as possible of the right kind of fellows. Sometimes we may be able to get together somewhere and by exchanging experiences get "Forty Sure and Safe Ways of making the Grand Sneak," but if we do we will not be foolish enough to tell about them in a Woman's paper. During a political campaign a fellow simply must get out occasionally and it is very important to have an excuse that will not rip at the seams or ravel at the edges.

NOW let us get to something more practical. Have you ever stopped to consider the domestic value of binder-twine? When working about the barn I find it a good idea to have a ball of binder-twine within reach at all times. It is when working about the barn that a man usually does the kind of lifting that "busts his suspenders" and binder-twine is about the handiest thing you can get for mending broken galluses. I have even known a man to make a serviceable belt out of a few strands and for tying up rat-holes in bags it makes a fair substitute for patches.

Binder-twine can also be used instead of shoe-laces, but is better to confine its use to farm shoes. When you happen to use it in your Sunday shoes and wear it to church or to town it is apt to attract attention and may give rise to gossip. A man who has a farm to look after has enough to do without being looked upon as a leader of fashion. I have also found that is is a good idea to have a few nails at hand when a button flies off. An eight penny nail cunningly stuck through the waist-band of a pair of trousers has been known to serve for a button for many months.

Come to think of it, most of a man's problems arise when the family goes to visit some relatives for a holiday and leaves him to look after the farm and "keep bach." Having had some experience I shall offer a few hints for what they are worth.

Don't bother sweeping the house while the folks are away. No matter how well you do it, the first thing your wife will say when she comes in through the door will be:

"O what a mess! How on earth will I ever get the house clean again?" Another argument against sweeping is that women inherit the belief that a man invariably sweeps the dust under the sideboard or under the bed, and nothing will make them believe anything else. You might as well

"Forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops and to make no noise
When they are fretten by the gusts of heaven"

as try to convince them of anything different. Their belief in in this matter is touchingly fundamental and it is useless for you to wrestle with it. Therefore don't sweep.

"Women inherit the belief that a man invariably sweeps the dust under the sideboard."

It is also a good scheme to use the largest dinner plates for breakfast. You can turn them over for dinner and eat from the bottoms, if you cook your meat without gravy. Supper you take from a newspaper on top of the cupboard. By conserving the family supply of dishes in this way you can make them last through a prolonged period of "baching" and in the loneliness of your life you will have plenty of time to think up a good story telling how you intended to wash the lot, but something happened that drove it out of your mind or made it impossible. A cow got sick or something of that kind.

It is never a good idea to let your women-folks think that you know how to cook a decent meal. Even though you may have had early experience as cook on a gravel train or in a lumber shanty you will find it better to assume a childish helplessness in such matters. This is not entirely because it will make them wait on you tenderly, but because it tends to give them self reliance and more conceit of themselves to think that cooking is a mystery which no man can ever master. I have known the peace of a family to be wrecked by a man who knew how to cook, and refused to accept his wife's explanations when the bread happened to be soggy or when the potato water got scorched. It is wise to let them retain their feeling of superiority in unimportant matters of this kind.

As a father of a family I may say that I find my early experiences as an umpire and occasionally as a referee very valuable in settling disputes among the children. To city fathers who may read these words I may say that most families would find it better to hire an experienced referee than a nursery governess.

When the children are being dosed with sulphur and molasses or similar medicines the wise father gets out of the way as quietly and unobtrusively as possible. Wives are apt to be somewhat blind at such times, and if he is not careful he may get a dose out of the over-flow.

THERE is one job that always falls to the lot of the father of a family on Thanksgiving-day, Christmas and other family festivals. He must carve the fowl. As I have never been able to make anything out of the charts and blue-prints published in family papers and cook books I usually do the job by main strength. If there happens to be guests at the table I invariably put them into good humor by quoting Bill Nye's advice to carvers.

"When carving a fowl it is not considered good form to place your knee on the breast of the bird."

This always raises a merry laugh that puts everyone at ease and if a lady happens to get her silk waist splashed with gravy during my struggles she takes it in the spirit in which it was meant and the incident passes off lightly.

By the way, when you are keeping "bach" you should avoid the family cook book as you would the pestilence. One time I hankered for an omelette and indiscreetly went to the family cook book to get plans and specifications for building it. Happening to catch the book by the back it promptly vomited a shower of clippings and papers all over the kitchen floor. When picking them up I found newspaper recipes for everything from mending crockery to hints for healing a daughter's heart after the young minster has accepted a call to a distant parish. I also found selected poems, early love-letters and recipes for mixed pickles. By the time I had picked up the scattered debris and restored the cook-book to its former corpulence I had lost my appetite and had decided that I didn't want anything to eat anyway.

Speaking of recipes reminds me that I once saw an article in the family circle of a farm paper which told "How to serve Square Meals on Round Doilies." If I had known that I would be asked to write this article I would have clipped it and put it away in the "Veterinary Guide" for future reference.

If you happen to use an empty vanilla bottle to store a little supply of varnish while your wife is away and the cake she cooks for the Woman's Institute after she comes home doesn't taste right, just lay back your ears and sit tight until the storm blows over. Remember Disraeli's advice, "Never apologize and never explain."

If you happen to be nosing around in the cup-board for a left-over piece of pumpkin pie for a late lunch, and happen to run across a bottle of stuffed olives, by that token you may know that high-toned company is going to entertained in the near future. By using tact you may be able to learn just when the function is to be held, and have a previous engagement in town with the horse doctor or the hog-drover.

I see by the millinery advertisements that bustles are coming in again. I have nothing to say for publication on that subject, but if I happen to meet you down at the livery stable I may make a few remarks.

Bur oh, but oh, father there are real troubles ahead of us that I am afraid I can't deal with in a short letter like this. Has it dawned on you that Woman's Suffrage is coming just as sure as shooting. As far as the straight political aspects of such a change are concerned I can't say that I care very much. There may be times when we will have maternalism instead of paternalism in our legislation, but that will not matter very much. Giving the vote to women will only dilute authority still more so that no one's vote will carry much weight, but that will be a move in the right direction. In a democracy

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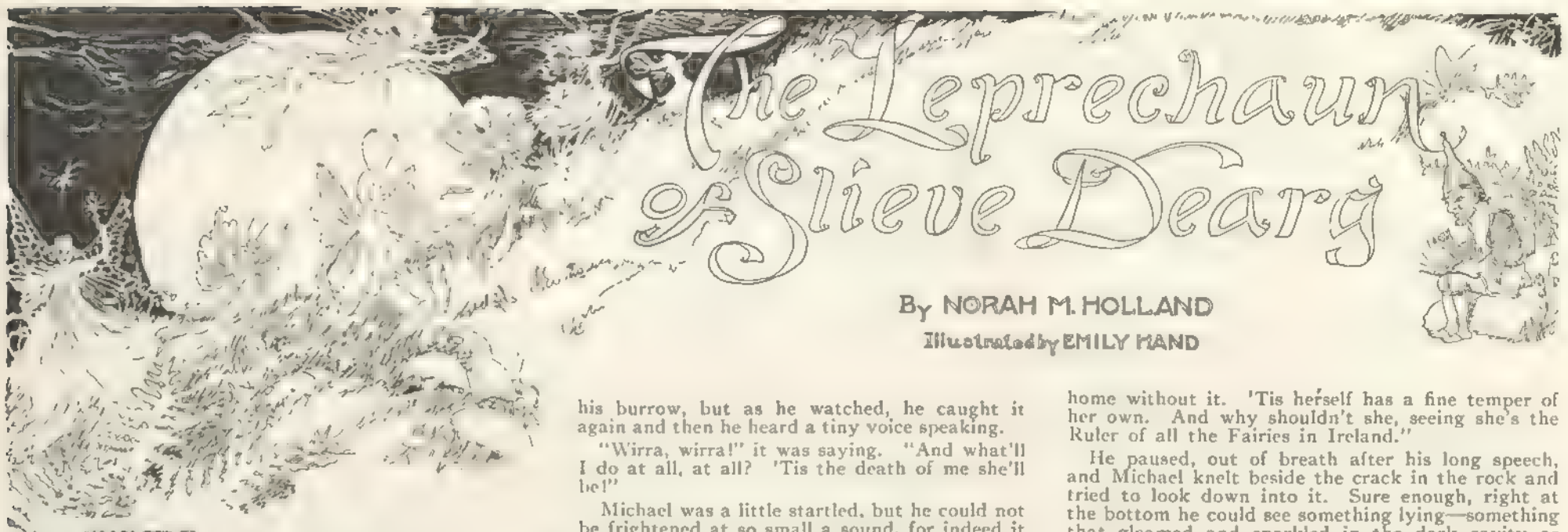

The Leprechaun of Slieve Dearg

By NORAH M. HOLLAND

Illustrated by EMILY HAND

IT WAS Christmas Eve—and such a snowy, blowy Canadian Christmas as had not been known for many a long year. All day long the wind had been whirling the thickly falling flakes into mounds and drifts and miniature mountain ranges. All day long the children had been out of doors, snowballing, digging and tunnelling through the soft masses, but now night had fallen and they were all gathered round the big fire in the living-room, chattering, laughing and discussing the joys that the morrow would bring forth. At last, however, the talk died away in little spasmodic gurgles and eddies, and they sat quietly watching the leaping flames and the little swirls of sparks that went dancing up the chimney.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Felix," said Kathleen, the eldest of the group, to a tall, elderly gentleman who sat among them.

There was a universal shout. "Oh, a story, a story! Uncle Felix is going to tell us a story!"

Their uncle laughed. "Nonsense, children! You have heard all my stories ages ago. You must be tired of them by now," he said.

"No, no, indeed we are not," came the instant response.

"Tell us about the King of Erin's Son," suggested Eric, the second in age. "I do like the dragon."

"Or the Pooka."

"—Or the Cluricaun's Ride."

"Or Coppailleen Dearg," cried other voices.

But Uncle Felix shook his head at them all.

"I remember an old story which I do not think you have ever heard," he said. "My grandfather used to tell it to me when I was a boy." And without further prelude he told them the story of "The Leprechaun of Slieve Dearg."

ONCE upon a time, high up on the sides of Slieve Dearg, lived a little lad whose name was Michael. Now Slieve Dearg is the fair and wonderful mountain that lies just behind the City of Dublin, and from the little sod-roofed cottage where Michael lived, he could see the smoke curling above the city roofs and could look out past those roofs to where the blue waters of the Irish channel sparkled and tossed in the wind.

It was a happy life that he led, upon the whole, though our Canadian children of to-day would look upon it as a very poverty-stricken and miserable existence. For Michael was the youngest of many children and his father was a poor man—so poor that very often Michael's only meal during the day consisted of "potatoes and point," which means that his people could not even afford to have salt with their potatoes, but pointed to the place where it should be and tried to imagine that they tasted it.

Still, the children were all healthy enough, and ran and scrambled and laughed and shouted among the rocks and heather, as happy children have done in all ages.

Sometimes, however, Michael grew tired of all the noise and laughter and in the evening, when his work was done, he was very fond of leaving his brothers and sisters playing at their games without him, while he went scrambling up the mountain-side until he reached the three great rocks upon its summit.

Here he would sit, while the sunset filled the sky with shades of ruby and gold and malachite; or the stars gleamed out in the soft blue spaces above him; or the moon raced through the silver clouds like a ship upon a windy sea. Then at last, he would rise from his seat among the gorse-blooms and go slowly and reluctantly down the hill to his bed in the little crowded cottage below, with the fragrant peat-smoke curling blue beneath the rafters and his brothers rustling drowsily in the hay beside him.

One evening he made his way to his favorite seat. A soft, misty rain was falling, but little cared Michael for that—indeed he loved the cool feel of it upon his hands and face, for the day had been a hot one and he was tired.

But as he threw himself down upon the great, grey stone which crowned the hill, he thought he saw something moving upon the other side of it. It was a very slight movement and for a moment he thought that it had been made by some belated brown rabbit hurrying home to his burrow, but as he watched, he caught it again and then he heard a tiny voice speaking.

"Wirra, wirra!" it was saying. "And what'll I do at all, at all? 'Tis the death of me she'll be!"

Michael was a little startled, but he could not be frightened at so small a sound, for indeed it seemed no louder than the chirp of a grasshopper. He crept down from his seat and stealing around the great stone, looked carefully through the gorse-bushes that grew by its side.

What he saw was a littie, wizened old man in a tiny pointed cap of bright red and breeches of brown leather. A small green jacket lay on the rock beside the extraordinary figure and on it were carefully placed a cobbler's awl and needle and some bits of crimson leather.

"Sure, it's a leprechaun," whispered Michael to himself, "but whatever is it he does be doing there?"

And he might well ask, for the little man was lying on his face on the ground, trying, so it seemed to Michael, to poke himself down into a crack between two rocks, but small as he was, the crevice was too narrow for him.

Michael watched him in silence for some minutes. "Maybe I could make it larger for the crature," he said, to himself as he thought. But in his excitement and interest he had spoken louder than he knew, and the leprechaun turned round angrily.

"And what are you doing here, Michael Connor?" he asked. "Spying upon my business like this. Be off with you now, and bad luck to you for the ill-mannered gossoon that you are."

"Now I wonder how he knows my name?" thought Michael. But he took off his cap and bowed low, for everyone knows that it is well to keep on the good side of the Fairy folk, though indeed the Irish fairies are a kindly and good-humored race, as a rule, and neither so malicious nor so mischievous as their brothers of Scotland.

"Sure, I meant no harm, your Honour," he said, "I come up here, times to get away from the noise of the others, but indade it was not spying on you I intended. I'll be going now," he concluded and turned away, but the leprechaun stopped him, with a wave of one tiny hand.

"It's sorry I am if I hurt your feelings," he said, "but I'm bothered entirely just now. Maybe you could help me though," he added, his face brightening a little. "And if you do, sure you'll never repent it."

"If there's anything I can do for your Honour," replied Michael, "'tis proud and glad I'll be to do it."

"Hould your whist, then, and listen to me," responded the little old man, "I came up here this evening, thinking it would be cool and quiet and I could do my work undisturbed, for it's myself is the Queen's cobbler, and it was a pair of new shoes she did be wanting for the great ball to-morrow night, when the Fairy Host of Munster does be coming a-visiting. But just as I had got them finished and laid them down on the rock forninst me, if I didn't hit one of them a kick with my foot and knock it down into that crack there and though I've been trying for the last hour to reach it, sorrow a bit of me can. Queen Maeve'll be the death of me if I go home without it. 'Tis herself has a fine temper of her own. And why shouldn't she, seeing she's the Ruler of all the Fairies in Ireland."

He paused, out of breath after his long speech, and Michael knelt beside the crack in the rock and tried to look down into it. Sure enough, right at the bottom he could see something lying—something that gleamed and sparkled in the dark cavity as if made of solid sunshine. But though he stretched his arm to its farthest, he could not reach it.

HOWEVER, he was not to be beaten thus, but took out his knife, which his big brother Tim had brought him from Dublin the Christmas Eve that was last gone by, and proceeded to cut a stout branch from one of the gorse bushes close at hand, though he scratched himself sorely with its prickles as he did so. With this he fished about in the crevice, until at last, after many unavailing efforts, he succeeded in securing and lifting out upon the point of his stick a small shoe of red leather, embroidered all over with gold and shining stones.

Michael had never seen anything one-half so beautiful in all his short life, but he had small time to gaze upon it, for with a shout of delight the leprechaun pounced on it and thrust it into a little bag that hung from his belt. Then picking up his tools and his coat he turned to the lad who stood looking at him somewhat blankly.

"It's much obliged to you that I am, Michael Connor," he said, "and if ever you are in need of a friend just come to me and if it is in the power of the Good Folk of Ireland to help you, helped you'll be."

"Thanks, your Honour," replied the boy, "but where would I be finding you, and how comes it that you know my name so well, seeing that it's myself never set eyes on you before to-night?"

The Queen's Cobbler laughed. "Faith, it's little there is that the People of the Hills do *not* know," he replied. "But mind me now, lad, if it's help you are seeking at any time just cut a switch of hazel and come you up here and knock three knocks with it upon the smallest of the three rocks there, and you'll get your answer. But now I must be getting home, and never be attempting to follow me, for that same would be the height of ill manners."

With that, he leaped down from the stone on which he was standing, and before Michael could open his mouth to assure him that he had no intention of following him, he was lost to sight among the shadows that were rapidly drawing down upon the mountain-side. The boy lingered for a few minutes watching the strange and fantastic shapes that the hawthorn and gorse and bracken clumps assumed as the darkness gathered. Then he made his way quick'y

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20)

"And what are you doing here, Michael Connor? Spying upon my business like this. Be off with you now, bad luck to you."

Promotion and Myrtle

A Tale of the Royal North-West Mounted Police

By STAFF-SERGEANT WILLIAMS

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

UPON riding in to Division Head Quarters, Staff Sergeant Williams of the R.N.W.M.P. is summoned before the Commanding Officer and informed that he will the next day set out in charge of a detachment whose duty it will be to capture three Blackfoot Indians who have gone on the war path and are trying to get across to the States. Williams is disappointed as he had expected a holiday, but on finding that Myrtle Coote, his sweetheart, is staying at McNulty's Ranch, he resolves to make this the first halt upon their journey. A dispute arising between two of his Company as to which is the best shot, it is proposed that during the noontide halt a match will be held. This is done and on Williams walking across to note the result of the first shot he suddenly finds himself looking into the muzzle of a rifle held by a Blackfoot Indian.

YOU can make guesses as to what my feelings were because I'll be incontinently hanged if I can put them into words. It is no use lying about it; I was scared, properly scared. A man is too darned near the Great Divide to take liberties with that little shining ring pointing at his breast, and, behind it, a hideous, painted, copper-colored face with inscrutable eyes looking back into his own. So I stood and waited, how long I don't know; but I went clean through the first half of the Litany and then fell to wondering what those unsuspecting jays down at the shack thought of me, silhouetted against the sky like a fool, with my arms in the air. I did not dare to move my head a hair's breadth to look 'round; nor, indeed, could I have taken my eyes off that red devil's face if you paid me.

Say, gentlemen, if there are any more happy moments like that in store for me, I'll gladly make them over to any poor fellow in need of a new sensation—I have my faults but I am not selfish.

After what seemed like a lifetime a shout reached my ears from below and the Indian's eyes narrowed ominously. It was Gabe calling to know what was the matter. I could not answer but I knew by the sound that he was approaching the hill. This would not do. It might mean the death of all three of us. Trapped? I should say so. I could almost have welcomed death for being such a fool. Of course it was the brown blanket of the Indian I had mistaken for a stone. The cunning brutes have a trick of lying flat on a hill with their eyes just over scouting for danger.

Slowly, step by step, my captor began ascending the hill towards me, his lean brown finger caressing the trigger. They keep their gun locks filed to a feather's touch and, you bet, I prayed that he might not catch his foot. Still, he did not fire, but when his eyes were high enough to command the plain halted and for one moment took his gaze off me. Whatever it was he saw, he began to retreat as silently as he had come, still keeping me covered, and this was the cruellest test of all; for I was firmly convinced that before he rounded the next little hill he would shoot me and run for it. Upon my soul by this time I could have screamed like a woman.

However, he was evidently not going to add to his crimes by deliberate murder for he contented himself with shaking his hand at me with a menacing laugh as he disappeared round the bend.

For another fifteen seconds I stood motionless, then turned my head. Gabe and Porter were about a hundred yards from the foot of the hill pointing at me and laughing immoderately. Oh, yes, it was a lovely joke. I drew a sharp breath and came to my senses. Indian or no Indian, rifles or no rifle, I must risk it. I gave a backward spring and half rolled, half scrambled down the hill landing on my feet at the bottom somehow.

"The Blackfeet!" I yelled. "Back to the horses. Back, you fools, and cinch up."

Porter stood and stared; I believe he thought I was drunk. Not so Gabe; the old instinct of the plains rose quick in him and he tore towards the shack, cramming shells into the magazine of his rifle as he ran.

"Get back, Porter," I shouted. "The Indians are behind the butte."

TOGETHER we raced to the horses, with the sickening expectation of a ball in our backs every step; but we reached them in safety. It took but half a minute to tighten their girths, but I was trembling so, what with my late experience and the reaction and the exertion of running, that Gabe had to give me a leg up. Once in the saddle, however, my name was McGregor, and, catching sight of three moving specks in a cloud of alkali three quarters of a mile away on Duggan's Flat, I dug my spurs into old Chippewa's flanks in a way he had not felt for many a long day. The spring with which he took the trail would have unseated a less seasoned rider, but I stayed with him. Good old boy! he sighted the quarry and one sharp whinny betrayed his excitement. I shall never ride another horse like old Chippewa. Oregon-bred in the days when they turned out the real thing, with legs of iron and a heart as big as the prairie he was foaled on. I drink to you, Chip, in your equine Valhalla. May we ride together again!

There was no time for explanations. Across the spongy alkali flat we tore, in a whirl of flying dust, the heavy thud of our horses' feet the only sound. Dirck and Joris and Robert Browning never carried the news from Ghent at half the pace. No Dutch-bred horse could have stood it. Fast as we travelled, however, we did not appreciably gain on the flying Indians. It was no cayuses they were riding or we should have run them down in the first mile; it looked mightily as if they had been stealing ranch horses. If so they meant to travel a long way.

They were the first by a good half mile to reach the rolling prairie at the far side of the flat and, with a curse, I recognized the fact that we were likely to lose them after all. I hazarded a couple of shots with my long-barrelled Enfield revolver hoping to halt them, but the only effect was to flatten them down on their horses backs. Just as they passed from sight in the hilly ground we caught a puff of white smoke from the rearmost one and a ball sang high above our heads. So it was fight, eh?

We pulled up for a few seconds when we reached hard ground, uncertain which way to go. Gabe dismounted hastily to shift his saddle which had worked back. Suddenly he dropped to one knee and levelled his piece. Six or seven hundred yards away going south we sighted the three trotting smartly round a small butte. The rifle spoke and I saw the middle horse rear up, then double its head between its legs and roll over, the rider alighting on his feet like a cat.

"Good shot, Gabe," cried Porter, the first words we had spoken. "Give him the five dollars, Corporal."

Like a streak we were off again, riding like devils let loose, but too late. We found only the dead horse, shot through the lungs, the bar L brand on its left hip. The redskins were safe in a maze of buttes and coulees.

"A good start," I said bitterly. "First ambushed and held up, then a valuable ranch-horse killed — we shall be laughed at from the Cypress Hills to Winnipeg."

"Dey not laugh so loud when we get troo," said Gabe with a savage oath.

"Then I had a vision of Myrtle standing there, the revolver I gave her smoking in her hand."

"Dose dayvels not travel far on two horses. We are between dem and de railroad. Dey make tracks for de Milk River next but dey camp somewhere first and look for nudder horse. What time de moon he rise?"

"Just before midnight."

"Dat when dey start agen. Dey lie low in de coulees till den to rest their horses. Cheer up, Corporal, we catch 'em yet, I tell you."

I must confess right here that I did not know what steps to take. I was in charge of the party and would have given my eyeteeth to arrest the Indians; but simply had no idea how to go about it. So I did what was, perhaps, the wisest thing, appealed frankly to the scout for advice. Half an Indian himself, born and brought up in the tepees, he would surely know how to act. His advice seemed sound enough though it did not hold out much promise of success.

It was too late in the year, he argued, to trail them by footmarks, the grass being dry and the ground hard. It would be altogether too slow and we might hunt them for a year in that rolling country. Our horses, as well as theirs probably, had already come a long way, the last six miles at a clip that would make the Grand National look silly. The nearest ranch, in fact the only one for many miles was McNulty's, and here the Indians were almost certain to look for another horse. We must play the game in their own way, cunning against cunning. Gabe's suggestion was to ride back slowly across the flat, knowing that they would watch us and come to the conclusion that we had abandoned the chase and were returning to barracks after an ordinary patrol. Once out of sight we were to ride north a short distance and, under cover of the low hills, work west again for six or seven miles to a narrow valley known as Dead Horse Coulee that led directly to McNulty's ranch. This valley was full of choke-cherry bush and stunted cotton-wood trees and by keeping to the far side we had a good chance of reaching the ranch unobserved. Here we could get supplies and rest the horses for a few hours, resuming the chase as soon as the moon got up.

I thought it over for five minutes and could see no better plan. One thing was certain; we must not play out our horses the very first day. I was feeling sick and unstrung and the thought of seeing Myrtle may have had some hypnotic influence, so, in the end, we carried out Gabe's instructions to the letter. Just before six o'clock we found ourselves waving our caps in answer to a welcoming flutter of handkerchiefs from the ranch door, as we rode across McNulty's oat-patch, hungry, tired and dejected; at least *I* was.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is astonishing what a good supper will do to cheer a man up. Johnny-cakes are all right when Myrtle makes them, and maple syrup is none too dusty, though we do have to import it from Ontario. Eggs, too, fried in clear pork grease, just golden brown underneath and a few flakes of red pepper on the top of their bald-heads. My wig! fellows, there's not half as much hardship on the prairie as there's cracked up to be. Tea, brewed when the kettle just comes to the bubble, one teaspoon of good green (none of your twenty-five cent stuff) to four of black, is a better nerve stimulant than a kegful of Montana rotgut whiskey. I've tried them both.

In about half an hour we were, like a modern hotel, replete with every comfort, and those confounded Blackfeet to my mind as good as safe in jail. No need to bother about *them*. The question of a painted floor or an oilcloth in the front hall was what was troubling Myrtle and me. You see there's a very devil of a lot to think about when two tenderfeet go to housekeeping. What; didn't I say I was going to marry her?

Of course I was not such a blatant, bally-hooly cad as to scare her by saying how near I had been to the stopping-off place with that darned Indian; but she kind of guessed something. I caught her looking at me curiously once or twice and there was a little protecting touch in her hand as it rested on my arm. A woman is pretty much like a horse; she divines things without being told. Perhaps my face still showed the strain I had been through; Gabe said I was looking pernicketty. I expect I am only a white-livered coward with a bragging tongue.

So we strolled down the coulee among the wild gooseberries and saskatoons and McNulty and his wife, with the natural good-breeding of the west, left us alone. The shadows of the twisted cotton-wood trees grew and lengthened and the starry night-guards of heaven lit their bivouac fires in the great silent sky. Listening to my girl's soft voice and the lazy tinkle of the stony creek, I drew a long draught of peace and knew that there were deeper things in life than the clank of arms or the rude jests of a noisy barrack-room. The sweet tenderness of woman and soft influence of home are more powerful factors in the world's economy than the wiry strength of a man's muscle or that fighting spirit that he shares equally with the brutes that perish. Anyhow, that is the way I sized up the situation, though I am open to correction from anyone in the preaching business.

It was arranged that we were to picket our horses on a green patch back of the hay-corral. Built on to the end of the stable was a small room used for harness and here we intended to snatch what sleep

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The Magpie's Nest

Hope Sets Forth for New York in Quest of the Unattainable

By ISABEL PATERSON

Illustration by MARY ESSEX

"HOPE FIELDING was ambitious and needed money to pay her way through Normal School. She went to the city and engaged as housemaid in an hotel. Jim Sanderson—a boarder—pursued her for months until his attentions became so objectionable that she brought them to a culmination by injuring him with the butt of a revolver.

She the taught school, taking rooms with Mary Dark, and found life uninteresting. She became engaged to Tony Yorke, but the engagement was not announced. He became jealous without knowing why, and when Edgerton's daughter came home from New York, she captivated him so that he asked Hope to release him from their engagement.

Then began a life of kaleidoscopic changes for Hope. Edgerton announced his interest in her, over which she did not become enthusiastic, She went west where she unexpectedly met Ned Angell. He professed his love for her and asked her to marry him. She gave him no answer. Instead she told Mary Dark of her determination to go east.

She scowled at the ticket taker, and was barely civil to a well-meaning reporter who found her a chair.

READ Merimee," said Mary. "He has wisdom for you." She quoted: "You have troubles of the mind, pleasures of the mind, but the viscera called heart is developed at twenty-five years of age only, in the forty-sixth latitude. When you shall have a heart for good . . . you shall regret the good old days when you were living only by the mind, and you shall see that the evils which make you suffer now are only pinpricks in comparison with the stabs which shall rain on you when the days of passion come!"

"Yes, no doubt," said Hope rather absently, but with a sudden unlooked for kindling of energy in eyes and figure. "No,—I mean, you're wide of the mark. You know why I was so anxious to have you come now."

"I thought you wanted to see me," Mary offered.

"So I did—idiot! But it was to say *morituri, salutamus*, I am going away."

"Now you've forestalled me," said Mary, with mild disgust. "I came to make you go. And where?"

"To find the forty-sixth latitude. No, of course not. I'm going to find the other things. There are other things, aren't there? No sentimental journey. I feel so—so *ridiculous*, after sitting around moping for two years. If you want to express a similar opinion, do so."

"No, I decline to waste words. But tell me, what do you really hope to find? Do you hope to be famous?"

"The woman is mad," scoffed Hope. "Famous? I? No— But I'm going to get *something*," she said, with an assumption of dark mysteriousness that did not conceal a real determination.

"But what?" asked Mary, rather wildly.

"I'll tell you when I get it." She sobered suddenly. "Why, Mary, I thought you believed in life?"

"Yes—no—of course I do. The only people who don't, commit suicide."

"Too dogmatic. Some of 'em live just through inanition. Well, I'm going after the thing we believe in. Whatever it is. It doesn't seem to be love . . ."

"Much you know about love," scoffed Mary, under her breath. Hope divined the words, and answered them only with an impudent sidelong glance.

"Whatever it is," she repeated calmly. "Maybe the thing itself is only knowledge of what it is. I have a tender young shoot of a bank account already, provision against the seven lean years while I shall be walking around the walls of Jericho blowing my trumpet."

"Blowing your nose," returned Mary in mild exasperation. "When you mix your allusions, do it thoroughly. Now why must you take the wind out of my sails, when my heart was set on meddling again?" She meddled so far as to press an emergency fund on Hope of a hundred dollars.

A week was all too short, Hope said pleadingly, for Mary's visit, which had been long deferred. She was silenced when Mary at last divulged her reason for haste.

"My divorce is to be heard," she said, "very shortly. Before the Senate."

"Why, Mary!" Hope almost shrieked. "I never knew you were married!"

"No?" said Mary interestedly. "I suppose I forgot I had left all that behind me in the East. Some people there knew it, of course; I believe I took you for granted. But you never heard gossip. You ought to get a divorce yourself. No family should be without one."

"It's expensive," said Hope dubiously. "And what would I do with it! I have so many other things to do. How does it come you are getting one now? You see, my heart has hardened."

"Because at last I have been able to produce a reason that convinces my worthy uncle." Mary smiled. "You shall hear it some time. Uncle is putting the divorce through quietly, and paying for it. With his influence, there will be no trouble—nor publicity. Now we must plan for your descent on the great world." They talked of that, and did not mention the divorce again.

So Hope was a-wing again when Mary left; or if not yet, still she was poised for flight, her resolution was made. There remained only the summer for preparation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER nearly a week on the train, Hope felt that she never again wished to move one inch from where she lay. It was a long, long way she had come, not only in that week, but in all the years since she had left home, and when the persistent daylight at last crept under her eyelids she merely turned and dragged another pillow over as a bulwark.

How bare the walls of the hotel room were. And they were all the backgrounds she had achieved. They must be furnished and decorated. What a lot of time she had wasted. But must they? Well, she would think about that to-morrow. She was hovering again on the verge of sleep, and beginning to feel hungry at the same time, when the sound of a turning knob brought her up sharply, a trifle wild-eyed, confronting the opening door with a ready-to-spring expression—much as if she suspected New York was indeed about to enter and demand either conquest or surrender.

"Who's there!" she demanded. Her tone was so fierce that the maid, whose latchkey had served since Hope forgot, in the weariness of the night before, to shoot the bolt, started and dropped an armful of towels. "I beg your pardon," both women said fervently and simultaneously, and Hope added: "Do come in. I should like to hear a human voice." The maid, a cheerful and not uncomely person past her first youth, still looked rather alarmed, but entered.

"I'm sorry I disturbed you," she said, "It's a nice morning. I thought I'd seen you leave; I guess it was the lady next door."

"I will soon," Hope promised. "But I just came from the Pacific Coast, and I need some rest."

"Really!" The maid also probably suffered from loneliness in her rounds. "I always thought I'd like to go there. But my folks live here, and I guess it's silly to throw up a good job and run off on a wild goose chase."

"Isn't it?" Hope agreed cordially, and wished Mary could hear. "Is your work nice here?"

"Oh, yes, we have a lovely housekeeper. I'm her assistant, but we're shorthanded now, so I have to do this."

"Then you might take me on," said Hope. "I used to be a room maid; I know enough to put the wide hem at the top, and I can put a pillow in a case without holding it in my teeth, and heaps of things."

"You were—oh, you're joking." The woman smiled, glancing at the silver backed brushes and mirror on the dresser, and then at a crepe negligé lying across the foot of the bed.

"No, I'm not. And I came to New York to look for work."

"I guess you'll find it, all right," said the maid consolingly. "This is a big town. What do you aim to do?"

"Draw pictures." Hope was rather enjoying herself; she told herself gravely that the footboard of the bed was a back fence, and she was really getting acquainted with New York.

"Well, you must be clever," said the goodhearted creature. "Maybe I'll see them some day in the magazines."

"I'm going to attack the newspapers first," said Hope, smiling. "If I'm not good enough for them, maybe the magazines will do. And when I have spent my last nickel for a bun to eat in the park—I understand that's the thing to do—I'll come back here and ask you to take me on. Who shall I ask for?"

"Mrs. Merrick. I'll certainly do it," said the other cordially. Hope wondered where Mr. Merrick might be—wondered how many New York held of such unattached married women as herself.

"Now," she said, scrambling out of bed, "since I have an anchor to windward, I can go forth with confidence. Me for the shops." As she had avowed to Mary, she intended to "put up a front." She went about dressing, gurgling a song into her shower bath and later executing a *pas seul* with only one shoe on, in a moment of unreflective enthusiasm.

SO for three days she deployed and skirmished on the shops, with a wholly feminine joy of conflict. The vast city, mile on mile of brick and stone, filled her with mingled admiration, horror, and a sense of her own insignificance.

"Why, it's worse than solitary confinement," she exclaimed suddenly, having reached the Plaza, pushed on and on, walking with that light elastic step she had gained on the prairie, and, traversing Central Park, came out at the upper end against fresh rows of stolid brick and mortar. "I can't get out—nor in!" A city of enchantment and terror and paradox. "It is big," she conceded, and for a long time pondered of what it reminded her, waking with a start to the conscious recollection of these endless reaches of soft dun-colored landscape that had been her childish world. But there had been an end to that—when she had grown up to it—there must be to this. Some way to pierce or surmount it. "It's so big," she reflected again, "I'll have to find a little, little hole, and creep through like a mole; I want to get to the heart of it. I suppose I'd better begin!" So she took a 'bus back to the Washington Arch, and thence, with splendid ostentation that concealed a doubt of her own ability to master the intricacies of Subway or Elevated, a taxi-cab carried her to Park Row. It was only three dollars—whatever it should have been—very little indeed to pay as an initiation fee.

"A taxi!" the editor of the *Courier* remarked after her. Having a letter to him from a man he had long since forgotten, (after the fashion of New York), she had not found him difficult of access. And he was the only editor in New York whose name—it was Kennard—was known to her. He had white hair, and the face of a young man who has known trouble. "Now you don't want to come to work for us!" He seized a handful of damp page proofs from a boy, glanced at them with an air of hostility, and threw them to the floor in a crumpled mass, "No," he said sadly, "you don't want to work for us. We can't afford taxi-cabs."

"Neither can I," she returned engagingly. "And I picked you out especially to work for; the taxi was simply a compliment."

"Umph," he assaulted another bundle of proofs. "What can you do?"

Immediately with the nervous deftness of a tyro prestidigitateur, she unrolled beneath his nose a bundle of her choicest specimens. He seemed to be only pushing them aside; her heart went down and down—and jumped suddenly.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12)

The Magpie's Nest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

"I see," he said. "Come around next week—say Monday."

And she went out, propelled by the mere force of his will.

Evidently he meant all along to accept her services. Or perhaps her sheer unspoken hopefulness decided him when she came again. In the meantime she had gone nowhere else, feeling as if it might cross her luck in her first attempt. At any rate, after a moment when he appeared to be trying to remember where he had met her before, he abruptly swept her down the long city room and delivered her over, with an air of relief and the manner of one executing a writ of habeas corpus, to a sub-editor. The sub-editor, who was fat and worried looking, in turn after one harassed glance shooed her toward a thin, tired, sharply handsome woman of no particular age. This one sat before a typewriter in the attitude of one plucking out its vitals and flinging them in the face of a despised public.

"You'll work with Mrs. Garvice; she'll tell you what to do," said the fat sub-editor. "Come and see me about it later; we'll talk things over a bit . . . We're starting some new specials . . . women's dope . . ."

Mrs. Garvice pushed a mass of fair hair from her brow, as if making room for a new impression to be devoted to Hope. "How do you do? I'll be through with this in half an hour . . . mind waiting?" She fell on the typewriter again. One or two reporters glanced at Hope casually, and looked away again. Hope knew and liked the atmosphere of a newspaper office; it suited her temperament; nowhere else in the world do men and women work together with such brusque friendliness, so little consciousness of sex; it is a workshop above everything, and those in it like their work or they would not be there. But for that very reason it is no place to look for personal companionship. Waiting, Hope wondered where then she might look. Not in a boarding house; that she had never been able to endure. She stayed on at the hotel tentatively

Two weeks can be a very long time—on a desert island, or worse, in a strange city. When Hope met Evelyn Curtis, she saw her with an eye sharpened by loneliness; here was another like herself. She was interviewing a wealthy woman who kept a *crèche* for a whim; she had been shown into a long, rather dark, luxurious drawing-room—to her mild surprise, on the second floor—of a brownstone house, one of forty exactly alike on a semi-fashionable street off Fifth Avenue. Hope remembered it very vaguely afterward; she had had so many new impressions, but even before she looked comprehendingly at her hostess she exchanged a quick glance of greeting with the thin, dark girl who sat, awkwardly, as if fearful of the unaccustomed softness, in a squat and puffy boudoir lounge.

Evelyn Curtis was very plain; her lack of beauty was positive; and her too bright black eyes admitted that she knew it thoroughly. There was an infinite pathos in her smile, for it made her less lovely than before; she had no bloom; she looked as if she had never bloomed. She looked starved, body and soul; her mouth was not red, and her long black hair was lustreless. Only her eyes were terribly alive. The two, strangers in every formal sense, looked at each other with sympathetic understanding, and felt that the woman they had both come to see was rather an interruption.

"She looked *stodged*," said Hope to Miss Curtis, after they had escaped from the house together. "Her very voice was overfed and massaged. What a lot of New York women look like that!" She had seized the other's arm as they went down the brownstone steps together, disdaining conventional advances.

YOU haven't been here long, have you!" said Miss Curtis, smiling her ugly, pathetically appealing smile.

"No. Have you! How did you guess it?"

"You have a different accent. You're on the *Courier?*"

"Yes. What are you with? Do you have to rush right down to the office? Won't you stop and have supper with me? I haven't eaten with a soul since I came to New York. Do, do come. Do you notice that people here don't ask you to eat? They ask you to have a drink. I almost felt insulted, at first. But I'll buy you a drink, if you like. Come to my hotel—it isn't far. And have supper in my room!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)

A Word with The Mother

A Personal Chat

with Jean Blewett

One Woman's Way

WE have had a multiplicity of women speakers among us this year. Some with only a pleasing platform presence and a gift of words to offer; others with a real message. Mrs. Ralph Smith of Vancouver, wife of a former Liberal member, and herself a nominee for the House of Commons, who addressed the Political Education League of which Mrs. Prenter is President, belongs to the latter class. She gave us something to carry away, something worth remembering. Sympathy and a broad outlook marked what she had to say. They study things out for themselves those western women. They do not get their opinions second hand from politician and profiteer. "Surely, surely" she says "domestic questions and matters concerning women should be in woman's hands, since she is a domestic person. We may have to pay high food prices, and big taxes, but if so we mean to study enough political economy to know why." She told of the Women's Civic Ratepayers' Association of Vancouver, and of what it had done, and hoped to do. The three planks in its platform are equal suffrage; equal pay for equal work; equal moral standards for men and women. A platform to be proud of, and loyal to, is it not? And what gives us an added warmth in our heart for this clear-eyed, good-looking Vancouver woman is the fact that behind her ideals is the practical patriotism which could give four—think of it—four bonnie sons to go overseas. It is this type of woman whom the poet had in mind when he wrote of the men who fight our battles:

"Since never soldier fought
and died
For country's honor, country's pride,
But owed much of his courage strong
To her who sang his cradle song.
Ah, blazen on each flag unfurled;
The splendid women of the world!"

Welcome Home

"I WOULD rather be that woman than the Queen of England. Think of having a son win such honors and live to come home and tell her about it!" exclaimed one poor little mother whose boy sleeps "somewhere in France" as she watched Mrs. Bishop and the hero of the day receiving congratulations. "Ah! proud she must be and happy too!"

The mother of the daring air man was all that if her face was a true index to her heart. She looked as though her dreams had all come true. "My Billy" she said "is the only boy living who has won the Victoria Cross, the D.S.O. with a bar, and the Military Cross. And, best of all, I have him safe home for awhile."

It is a great thing to be the mother of a man who is a hero. Major Bishop is the Prince of Air men, since Guynemer went, with 47 Hun planes to his credit. Every heart thrills at his courage.

It is a great thing to be the mother of a man even if he be of the order that does but the day's work. One of this ilk came home from the Front about the time that Bishop did. He had won no decoration (unless we call the ragged seam in his cheek where a bullet had ploughed its way, a decoration) but, bless you! it made no difference to his mother. Her welcome couldn't have been warmer, her loving pride greater, had he led a forlorn hope and been crowned conqueror. If you doubt it I wish you could have seen her dear glad eyes when they lighted on him after his two years in the trenches (those of Bartimaeus on receiving his sight may have held just such rapture), if you could have heard the joy in the voice which cried as her arms closed about him: "Safe are you my bonnie boy, and on my heart once more? Praise the Lord!"

Ay, it is a great thing to be the mother of a man!

Home For Christmas

YOU'RE not eating your dinner—must be under the weather" said one club man to another. "No," came the answer, "but ever since I found out I couldn't get back to the homestead for Xmas I've been smelling the delicious juicy odor which pervades the air when mother starts a-cooking. It sort of spoils one's appetite for club meals, don't you know?"

Isn't it like a man to try and hide his sentiment behind his appetite?

It is in the air these days, the getting home for the holiday. Christmas is *the* home holiday. The others are for change, rest, running around, according to taste, but Xmas is for clan gathering. So long as we can "go back home" for Xmas, back to the old ways which will not change in this world, and the old welcome which will not change in the next, we hold fast to enough of our youth to be mother's kiddies.

All the while we are getting ready we tell ourselves that there isn't a flake of snow in the air: it is going to be a bare Xmas. Not that it matters, only—. But when we get up early the day before Xmas and find the ground, ay, and the bare trees—which last night were quarrelsome and clean like bad children bathed against their will—all tucked in the white blanket of winter we are glad out of reason. The gladness stays through the day's journey, stays through the drive from the station, with us tucked in the sleigh, stars twinkling down on the white highway, the bells chiming sweetly in the air and the bells of memory chiming sweetly in our heart. Glorious!

Every window has a light gleaming. The door is flung wide open. Yes, they are all there, nobody is missing. All at once you see the dear faces through a mist of tears, glad, thankful tears—and our welcome is upon us with a rush.

Oh, it is good to be home where our old place waits us, where even our old chair at table waits us! In the world if sickness, misfortune, failure, anything, makes one drop out of things one's place isn't kept, oh no, it is given somebody else—the world is a big busy place. But leave the home circle for as long as one will and nobody crowds one out. Thank the dear Lord:

"For home and all home's tender ties."

The appetizing smell of Xmas which runs through the house like a messenger carries us back to the delectable land of childhood—and leaves us there. Who wants to be middle aged, anyway, and have to pretend to be wise, and worldly, and far-seeing? Pretending is hard work. What did Daddy say as he kissed us: "Well if here isn't Roly-poly!" despised nickname of the old days, but unaccountably sweet now that we're getting—no, we won't say it. Age is honorable, but Xmas isn't the time to talk about it.

Under cover of the table cloth we grab mother's hand and squeeze it—our old trick—and her dark eyes rest on us lovingly, approvingly. The understanding comes to us—and with it a delicious sense of having left the cares and responsibilities of life outside in the darkness—that to father and mother the children stay children, just children. We are Daddy's girl; this is why he tweaks our ear when he bids us: "run away to bed or Santa Claus won't come to us," And isn't it good to be his girl!

Peace on Earth, Goodwill To Men

Peace, Peace on earth! Goodwill to man. O strong, O sweet, O clear,
The bells rings out! "help me," she prayed "to swell the song of cheer.
O, Christ Child, touch this heart of mine and heal it of its pain,
For one, the bonniest of the flock, who sleeps in Flanders' Plain,
Let me forget my grief and put my bitterness away
Swell Thy glad song of Love and Peace this glorious Christmas Day!"
Thus kneeling in the rose of dawn the weeping mother prayed,
And Christ the Healer, Comforter, this tender answer made:
No mother prays in vain to me
On this day of the year,
For when the faltering words she speaks
Fall on my listening ear,
I do remember that my cheek
Lay on a bosom warm.
I do remember Bethlehem
And Mary's cradling arm!

Jean Blewett.

Why Do Women Love Bald-Headed Men?

Professor Farmer says that the power of holding affection, ability to make money and thoughtfulness in little things are the qualities women love in a man—and this is why so many show marked preference for bald-headed men. Do YOU?

By ARTHUR B. FARMER
Head of the Psychological Clinic, Memorial Institute, Toronto

(Photos courtesy of the International Press)

Professor Farmer claims in this article that the men who become prematurely bald are the ones women really like the best, and who, in fact, often make the most desirable husbands and the most successful business men. What do you think about it? Do you know any popular 'Baldies'?

"LOVE a bald man!"—did I hear you exclaim? You couldn't imagine yourself doing such a thing, little Alice?

Of course you couldn't! You are only eighteen, and your Frederick is just twenty-two, and still has quite a bit of hair left to cover the top of his head. To you a bald headed man means an old man, and of course you do not want to marry an old man—of course not!

But just a minute, little Alice. I have something very terrible to tell you. But just so it won't break your heart, I want you to look around with me a bit. We will go to church first.

Up there in the back row of the choir there are several bald heads—the baldest and smoothest of the lot is not the head of what you would call an old man, is it? He hasn't a gray hair yet, and he cannot be more than twenty-eight or twenty-nine at the most. He is married of course, so you do not need to start comparing him with Frederick, but you know too, that young as he is, he is the manager of a prosperous business down town, and is able to ride around in his own motor car. You know too, how popular and active he is around the church and all the young people's societies.

Patrick Burns
(Type 1)

That next baldest head there is another unusually successful young business man. He is a year or two older, not quite so bald, he has not made quite so much money, but nevertheless he, too, ranks as one of our rapidly rising young business men.

Now we will look around down town. Perhaps we will look in at the opera, the best in the city, where the more prosperous business men bring their families and their friends and occupy the boxes and the ground floor. There they are—bald head after bald head, so many of them that this section of the house has come to be spoken of as the bald-headed rows—and as you look them over you will see that these are the successful and the popular men, the men who in their younger days were considered, and many of them rightly so, the best 'catches' for the young ladies of their communities.

And there is a reason.

Now I will tell you the worst. I noticed the other day that Frederick's hair is beginning to get just a little thin, and already there are signs that his forehead is beginning to expand upwards as if it intended before long to cover the top of his head.

You won't let him get bald? You will make him rub his head with vaseline and quinine and coal oil and every other hair tonic you ever heard of morning, noon and night if his hair begins to get thin?

Why should you make the poor boy miserable for nothing? Plenty of those men down in that bald-headed row have been faithful users of hair tonics for twenty years, and in that one audience you could probably find a devotee of every hair tonic or hair restorer you ever heard of or are likely to hear of, who after fifteen or twenty years of faithful use has a head as innocent of hair, on the top anyway, as an archangel is of sin.

The Real Cause of Baldness

TO read a good many advertisements one would imagine that the one and only guarantee for plenty of hair up to advanced age lay in the use of Dr. Soakem's Hair Restorer.

Yet I never met a man of fifty with a good head of hair yet, who ever indulged to any extent in hair restorers. But I have met plenty of billiard-ball pates who have spent small fortunes in hair restorers.

Most of the men of fifty of my acquaintance who have plenty of hair are cranks, more or less impractical and visionary. I have plenty of hair, and I am somewhat of a visionary myself—I might as well admit the charge. But occasionally I meet a really successful man of the world, efficient, successful, popular, who has retained his hair, and he has not done it by the aid of hair restorers. He has retained his hair because he has accidentally or intentionally avoided the real cause of baldness.

The real cause of baldness is—what do you suppose?

What do you suppose it is that makes so many men bald and appears to dodge almost all the women?

What is that makes civilized men bald and does not affect the uncivilized?

What is it that makes the most likeable, most efficient, and most successful business men bald and so often seems to dodge the improvident and impecunious cranks?

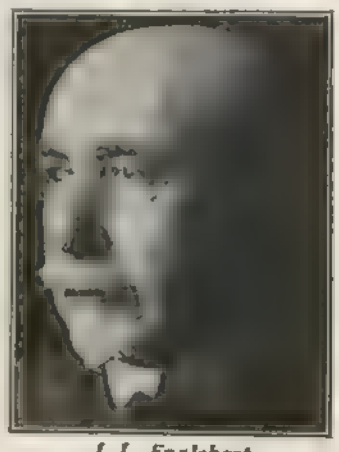
I can answer in a word, or maybe three words at most. The answer is *tight hat bands.*

Four Kinds of Baldness

THERE are just four main arteries on each side of the head that supply blood to the scalp, and the pressure of a hat band on any one of these arteries, continued for a few hours day after day, week after week, year after year, gradually reduces the blood supply of the part of the scalp that artery serves, and the under nourished hair roots gradually weaken, and the hair dies and falls out. This is the cause of baldness in at least nine cases out of ten, and very often in the tenth case too. Just you check it up point by point and see how true it is.

The diagram shows just about where the hat band presses on the four scalp arteries. The fuller and rounder the skull beneath any one of these arteries the more tightly the artery will be compressed by the hat band. If the head happens to be hollow, the pressure on the artery will not be so great and baldness is less likely to follow.

S. J. Clarke
(Type 4)

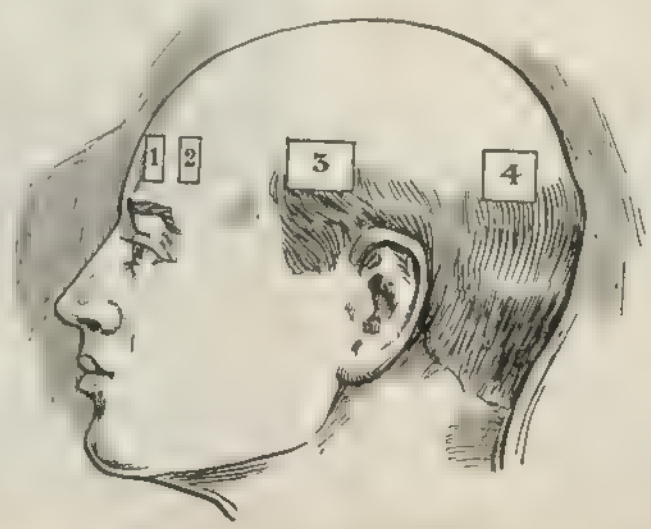


J. L. Englehart
(Type 3)

Phrenologists—t h e real Phrenologists I mean, not the twenty-five cents a reading fakirs of the country fairs—the real students of the relation between character and head form have always recognized and taught that the best developed, most efficient brain is the one that is well balanced all around, and occupies a head as smooth and almost as round as a billiard ball.

High Foreheaue and Good Memories

NOW look at those areas marked 1 and 2 in the diagram. Area No. 1 is the spot where the hat band presses on the Supra Orbital Artery.



Where Hat Pressure Causes Baldness

The compression of this artery cause the hair to grow thin in the centre of the forehead. The cause of this compression is the development of the brain underneath the skull in the area the Phrenologists call Eventuality, the part of the brain which makes it easy for a person to remember things that happen, events. It also makes it easy for the person whose brain is well developed here to remember the things he has planned or promised to do as well as those he has done, and for this reason he makes a good business man—and perhaps, too, a good husband, for a really good husband ought to remember all the little things his wife asks him to do. The man whose forehead has a dent in it here constantly forgets just when things happened or just when or what should be done.

No. 2 is the area where the hat band presses on the Lachrymal Artery, which runs up over the outer corner of the eye. The pressure on this artery is about in proportion to the development of the brain in the area the Phrenologists call Time or Rythm. The man whose head is well rounded here shows a tendency to become bald at the sides of the top forehead, and he shows an ability to keep track of the hours and a love of rythm that makes him just such a beautiful dancer! Often too this same characteristic enables him to sit down to the piano and dash off a bit of ragtime in a way that will hardly allow you to keep your feet still.

V. W. Horwood
(Type 2)

Financiers and Bald Domes

AREA No. 3 shows where the hat band presses on the Temporal Artery. This comes right over the Phrenological Area of Acquisitiveness. This area, the Phrenologists have taught gives the love of property, of possessions, the love of comparing values, of buying and selling, and making profit. Haven't you noticed that all of your friends who really love money (and those who really love money usually get it) have faces broad and well rounded out just in this region? So when your man is well endowed with the love of money and the ability to really feel the value of things, his hat presses on this Temporal Artery, and his hair grows thin and he finally becomes bald right across the middle of his top head. It does not matter whether that top head is a high smooth religious dome, or whether it has an unbelieving atheistical dent across it—if the head is well rounded out at the Financial Area, No. 3, it is likely to be sooner or later indecently exposed to the eyes of the world, unless the owner either discards tight hat bands early or adopts a skull cap later.

The Sociable Bald Spot

AREA No. 4 in the diagram shows where the hat band crosses the Occipital Artery. This comes just about over the outer part of the area of Friendship, as it shades in the area of Combativeness or Courage. A high degree of the qualities of Sociability and Courage rounds the head out well in this region so that the hat presses firmly down upon this artery, and the result is the appearance of a little bald spot, right at the back of the top head, which gradually extends until it comes clear down to the hat line. Sociability and courage are two mighty assets in the personality of the business man as everyone who has had occasion to study the problem of business success knows, and so again we find business success and baldness associated.

Baldness and Handwriting

NOW I have really presented to you a scientific basis for an art of reading character from bald spots.

Just check it out for yourself a few times and see it work. You will find the man whose first

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

ONLY WOMEN

Only Bride at Rideau Hall

UNTIL Lady Mary Hamilton came out to marry Captain Robert Kenyon-Slaney, A.D.C. to His Excellency the Duke of Devonshire, Rideau Hall, the home of Canada's Governors-General, had never known a bride. Lady Mary is a socialist of the most distinct type, and for one so young she has delightfully decided views on the serious problems of the day. The cause of the working man and woman is also hers. Prior to coming to Canada a few months ago, she worked in a munition factory in England, receiving thirty-five shillings a week, and living just like any of the other girl employees. Perhaps to heredity can be traced her interest in humanity, for on both sides of the house, her forefathers were zealous asserters of the rights of the people. Lady Mary is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn.

Lady Mary evidently established a good precedent that was followed by Lady Maud Cavendish, daughter of Their Excellencies the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, whose wedding took place at Rideau Hall, on November 3rd.

Only Woman Judge

MRS. JAMIESON is an ONLY woman in a very unique way. On coming to Calgary from the United States she decided to become a Canadian, and applied at Ottawa for recognition as a British subject. This was the only application of its kind to have come before the Government and was something of a poser for the hoary legislators, there. In due time, however, she was notified that naturalization papers were on the way and eventually she got possession of them. She was gazetted Judge of the Juvenile Court, and Justice of the Peace in 1915 and the following year, she was made Magistrate of the Women's Court for the City of Calgary. It is said unanimously of her that she fulfills her duties with dignity.

Only Woman Lawyer in Alberta

MRS. CHESTER D. GAINER is the only woman lawyer in Alberta—which seems a long step from Paisley, Ont., where as Lilian Clements, she was born. She received her degree of Bachelor of Arts and Honours in Political Economy, from McMaster University, Toronto, in 1912. Then she went to Edmonton and took an LL.B. in the Alberta University, 1915. She was admitted to the Supreme Court of the province and not satisfied with that, she decided to take another degree worth recording; in other words, she decided to have the prefix "Mrs." as well as a lot of suffixes. Her time is largely devoted to social service work and the passing of better legislation for women and children.

Women lawyers in Canada are, as it were, at a premium, due to the discriminating laws against women in many of the provinces. But it stands to the credit of both Mrs. Gainer herself, and Alberta, as the most advanced province in the Dominion, that she has succeeded so well.

President, Ont. Library Ass'n

FOR the first time in seventeen years a woman was elected recently to the Presidency of the Ontario Library Association, and Miss Mary M. J. Black's chief claim to this distinction was that of merit. For eight years she has been librarian of the Fort William Public Library, developing this highly efficient institution from a modest, not to say meagre, beginning, the nucleus having been formed in the basement of the City Hall opposite the lock-up cell. The energetic librarian was never discouraged. She devoted herself in the early years to perfecting library administration and technique; and when after three years a splendid new building rewarded her efforts, she directed her energies to library extension. She is unusually gifted.

The Need of Encouragement

DID you ever pause to consider the fine courage required to be the only one—of anything? This applies in matters great and small; to the reformer, the patriot . . to the woman you may know. All are derided, criticized, misunderstood. All have to beat against a solid pact standing for the old order of things; all have to evolve their own mode of procedure for they have no precedent to follow. And if they make mistakes, are you sympathetic, or do you wag your head with satisfaction and say, "I told you so?" Do you rush forward to help or do you sit unmoved with the mob?

Of course, we cannot dash about embracing every strange and unique mode of thought or action; some of them may not be worth living. But, we can be assured that if not, they will die—without our assistance. Take a simple example . . . public speaking is now so general among women, we never dream of questioning the right of a woman to stand on the platform. But consider the reception of the first woman who stood before an audience! For a while she was the ONLY woman. Would you like to have been in her place?

Here we have some only women whose path to their present success was not entirely strewn with roses. It could have been made more thornless, however, if other women had helped them. It isn't too late to begin, though.

Yours faithfully,
Madge Macbeth.

Business Manager

MISS JEAN GRANT, of Calgary, is the only woman business manager of a market paper we can find. Pioneer work is breath in her nostrils, as her record shows. She was the first woman editor of the local daily paper, and for some time, the only one. Resigning from that post, she went pioneering further and joined a firm of Lady Brokers, whose business—successful business, too, by the way—was to exploit real estate. This firm was the first in Canada and probably the first in the world, to have all its principals women! We do not feel we exaggerate in ranking Miss Grant with the Progressives-

RANDOM REMINISCENCES

There's Lots of Laughter Lurking Behind the Sandbags in Flanders and Elsewhere and Some of the Boys Back From Battering the Boche Tell of Christmas on the Firing Line

By PRIVATE GEORGE STEVENS

THEY sat around the open hearth—a heterogeneous crowd. Around them were scattered (and *scattered* is the literal truth) the attendant luxuries of bachelordom—or forced bachelordom, and from them radiated a spirit of cheer and good fellowship that was positively contagious. One could not look at them and not smile; and this, despite the empty sleeve that was tucked in a pocket and the unruly crutch that *would* topple from the place assigned it. Despite wheeled chairs and bandaged heads, they were a merry congregation, the group of returned heroes that sat before that hearth fire in one of the fine old city residences that had been converted into a military hospital.

The Outsider strolled in, in the middle of a yarn. The narrator paused.

"Go right on, old man," the Outsider remarked, as he drew a chair within the circle—"I've heard many a soldier yarn in my day. I'm not intruding, I hope?"

"Not in the least," a dozen cheery voices assured him. The narrator continued:

"We were discussing," he said, "the apparently ridiculous 'red tape' that attends military movements, even on the firing line. I suppose most of you have seen Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons, 'Fragments From France,' and the rest?"

"Have we? Well, I guess!"

"Then you probably noticed that page whereon he portrays a 'red tape' incident. He shows a Colonel, whose shelter is being blown to pieces by shell, trying to talk over the telephone to Headquarters, who are insisting upon knowing immediately the exact number of tins of raspberry jam issued to his (the Colonel's) battalion, last Friday.

"Now that may sound ridiculous, boys, even to us, but I can vouch for the truth of a similar message,

"Poor old Maggie! She seems to be 'avin' it dreadful wet at 'ome."
—Bairnsfather in "Bullets and Billets"

for I personally saw it ten minutes after its receipt at battalion headquarters.

"Part of our battalion was carrying out a bombing raid, during which all signal wires were supposed to be kept open for raid business. Well, just when the scrap was at its height a message, specified "Emergency," came pounding in.

"It read: *'O.C. —th Canadians, wire at once names one officer four of other ranks attend lecture on 'Christianity in Wartime' at C— Monday.'*"

The Outsider lit his pipe. The glare of the match, on his face threw in relief a visage long used to wind and weather. He leaned his elbow on his knee, cleared his throat as if about to speak, but instead, settled himself more comfortably in the arm chair and kept silence.

A young fellow they called "Short" rose from a chair in the background. Going over to a bookcase, he selected a volume and stood turning its pages while the exchange of yarns continued.

"I REMEMBER an incident that occurred while we were in the trenches at Ypres," began a man who had hobbled up to the group. Having deposited his crutches against the wall he sank into a chair and went on. "We had just had our rations issued and were beginning to eat, when Fritzie took the chance to put over a few shells. Ordinarily, he would have missed every time, but as luck would have it a shell struck the edge of the trench and burst, sending a shower of earth down on top of us and knocking most of us off our feet. Well, we scrambled up again and dug the dirt out of our eyes and for a moment I thought that none of us were hurt. Then I saw the man next to me lying still. His face seemed to be pouring blood and he looked a most horrible sight. 'Poor Bill's gone this time,' I said, but to my amazement Bill's voice came back to me cheerily. 'You're another,' it replied. 'It's that confounded raspberry jam.' Sure enough we found that a splinter of shell had struck the pot, breaking it and splashing its contents all over Bill's face as he bent above it. The man hadn't a scratch."

"There are some fellows like that," broke in a third man. "I knew one fellow who drove a motor ambulance—a little, dark, thin chap he was, always laughing. The first time his ambulance came into action a shell struck it, all but wrecking it. The man sitting upon the seat beside him was blown to bits—you couldn't find a piece of him as big as a quarter, but my friend never got so much as a scratch. Twice after that the man beside him was killed and he was never touched. He was lucky all right. He used to say he was so thin that when he saw anything coming he turned sideways and split the bullet."

"Some men certainly seem to bear a charmed life," spoke a tall dark man, who was marching up and down the room without ceasing. He was suffering from neutritis, and the torture drew his face into strange contortions as he talked.

"I knew one fellow who went through from the first," he said. "He was in every battle of the war, but when I left he was on top yet.

"Once he was in a dug-out and a shell exploded on top of it. The dug-out was blown to pieces and every man in it killed but Mike. When they dug him out of the ruins he looked up at them and said, "Boys, Fritzie nearly got me that time." Then he went back to work again quite unconcerned. Born to be hanged *he* was. He'll never come to harm otherwise. You'll see, he'll land home at the end of the war with never a wound to show."

"SPEAKING of Bairnsfather," said the youth with the book.

"But we had *finished* with Bairnsfather *long* ago, Short," someone interrupted.

"Now you leave Short alone," broke in a second. "He's a-goin' to read to us, is Short."

"Well, what if I am? I'll wager precious few of you tire of Bairnsfather."

"Aw g'wan Short, we ain't fer interruptin' yu."

One of them leaned over to The Outsider. "The youngster's somewhat of an entertainer. He reads to us by the hour here, and if we didn't jolly him, he wouldn't think we appreciated him."

"We went into the trenches again on the 23rd," began 'Short.'

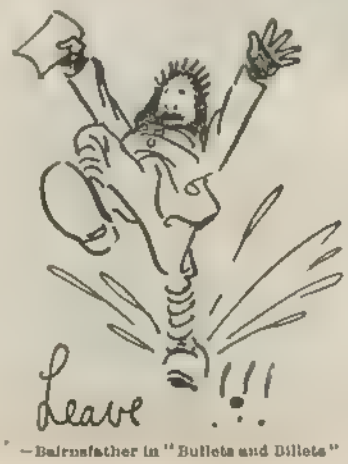
"Twenty-third of what?" enquired an aggravating comrade.

"Of December, you boob—is there any other month we bother about dates?" came the retort.

"—On the 23rd. The weather had now become very fine and cold. The dawn of the 24th brought a perfectly still, cold, frosty day. The spirit of Christmas began to permeate us all; we tried to plot ways and means of making the next day—Christmas—different in some way to others. Invitations from one dug-out to another for sundry meals were beginning to circulate. Christmas Eve was, in the way of weather, everything that Christmas Eve should be.

"I was billed to appear at a dug-out about a quarter of a mile to the left that evening to have rather a special thing in trench dinners—not quite so much bully, and Maconochie about as usual. A bottle of red wine and a medley of tinned things from home deputized in their absence. The day had been entirely free from shelling, and somehow we felt that the Boches too, wanted to be quiet. There was a kind of an invisible, intangible feeling extending across the frozen swamp between the two lines, which said: 'This is Christmas Eve for both of us—*something* in common.'

"About 10 p.m. I made my exit from the convivial dug-out on the left of our line and walked back to my own lair. On arriving at my own bit of trench I found several of the men standing about, and all very



—Bairnsfather in "Bullets and Billets"

A Memory of Xmas: "Look at this bloke's buttons, 'Arry. I should reckon 'e 'as a maid to dress 'im."
—Bairnsfather in "Bullets and Billets"

cheerful. There was a good bit of singing and talking going on, jokes and jibes on our curious Christmas Eve, as contrasted with any former one, were thick in the air. One of my men turned to me and said:

"'You can 'ear 'em quite plain sir.'

"'Hear what?' I enquired.

"'The Germans over there, sir; you can 'ear 'em singin' and playin' on a band or somethin.'

("'Yu ain't got the H'accent, Short, ole man,' interjected a little Cockney lad nearest the fire. With a glance of noble disdain, the reader went on:)

"I listened; away out across the field, among the dark shadows beyond, I could hear the murmur of voices, and an occasional burst of some unintelligible song would come floating out on the frosty air. The singing seemed to be loudest and most distinct a bit to our right. I popped into my dug-out and found the platoon commander.

"'Do you hear the Boches kicking up that racket over there?' I said.

"'Yes,' he replied; 'they've been at it some time!'

"'Come on,' said I, 'let's go along the trench to the hedge there on the right—that's the nearest point to them, over there.'

'SO, we stumbled along our hard frosted ditch, and scrambling up on the bank above, strode across the field to our next bit of trench on the right. Everyone was listening. An improvised Boche band was playing a precarious version of, 'Deutschland, Deutschland, uber Alles,' at the conclusion of which some of our mouth organ experts retaliated with snatches of ragtime songs and imitations of the German tune. Suddenly we heard a confused shouting from the other side. We all stopped to listen. The shout came again. A voice in the darkness shouted in English with a strong German accent, 'come over here!' A ripple of mirth swept along our trench followed by a rude outburst of mouth-organs and laughter. Presently, in a lull, one of our sergeants repeated the request, 'Come over *here*.'

"'You come half-way, I come half-way,' floated out of the darkness.

"'Come on, then!' shouted the sergeant. 'I'm coming along the hedge!'

"'Ah! but there are two of you,' came back the voice from the other side.

"Well, anyway, after much suspicious shouting and jocular derision from both sides, our sergeant went along the hedge which ran at right-angles to the two lines of trenches. He was quickly out of sight, but, as we all listened in breathless silence, we soon heard a spasmodic conversation taking place out there in the darkness.

"Presently the sergeant returned. He had with him a few German cigars and cigarettes which he had exchanged for a couple of Maconochie's and a tin of Capstan, which he had taken with him. The seance was over, but it had given just the requisite touch to our Christmas Eve—something a little human and out of the ordinary routine.

"On Christmas morning I awoke very early, and emerged from my dug-out into the trench. It was a perfect day. A beautiful cloudless blue sky. The ground hard and white, fading off towards the wood in a thin low-lying mist. It was such a day as is invariably depicted by artists on Christmas cards—the ideal Christmas Day of fiction.

"'Fancy all this hate, war and discomfort on a day like this!' I thought to myself. The whole spirit of Christmas seemed to be there, so much so that I remember thinking, 'This undiscernable something in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

PLANNING MEALS AHEAD

Time, Worry, Food and Money Can Be Saved By a Little Forethought

THE WEEK'S MENUS IN ADVANCE

My Creed

I believe in the Allied cause.

I believe that, as a woman in my own home, I may "Serve Gloriously" the same cause that our men are serving.

I believe in the rights of others, in loving my neighbor, in sharing with him the necessities of this life.

I believe in the Conservation of Food, the Gospel of the Clean Plate, the Starvation of the Garbage Can, the Total Abolition of Waste.

I believe in the liberal use of cereals other than wheat and the substitution of suitable dishes for meat, in order to free for overseas shipment those most needed and usable food products.

I believe in co-operation with, rather than in criticism of, all that is being done. I believe in the first direction of my time and energies toward the consideration and accomplishment of my own part in the great work of winning the war.

I believe in so putting my best thought on the supplying of my table that there shall be no deprivation felt under the new order of things but rather that economy shall be hidden by palatability, substitutions by deliciousness.

And I believe in myself, in the sincerity of my desire to help and in the woman's wit which I shall bring to my aid.

Boston Brown Bread.

Quantity for 5 one-pound baking powder tins.

1 pint corn meal (10 ozs.)	1,020 calories
1 pint graham flour	1,020 "
1 pint sour milk	320 "
1 cup molasses	300 "
1 teaspoon soda.	
1 teaspoon salt.	
Total calories	2,660 "
Calories in slice 3 x 3 x 1	100 "

Mix meal and flour. Mash soda and salt smooth before measuring, sift and mix thoroughly with flour. Add milk and molasses and beat well. If not moist enough, add a little warm water to make dough consistency of drop batter.

Pour into well-greased mold, filling only two-thirds full. Cover tightly with greased cover and steam three hours or boil mold three hours in kettle of boiling water, replenishing, as it boils away, *with boiling water.*

Boston Roast.

Quantity for 8 persons.

2 cups dried kidney beans	750 calories
1 cup bread crumbs	100 "
2 cups grated cheese	900 "
3 teaspoons salt.	
1 tablespoon chopped onion	4
½ cup water or stock.	
Total calories	1,754 "
Calories per person	219 "

Soak beans over night, cook until tender and water is nearly all evaporated. Put through food chopper, add other ingredients, shape into a loaf and bake one hour.

Rice Muffins.

Quantity for 12 muffins.

2¼ cups flour (9 ozs.)	909 calories
¾ cup hot cooked rice	204 "
2 tablespoons melted butter or bacon dripping	200 "
2 tablespoons sugar	100 "
1 cup milk	160 "
½ teaspoon salt.	
5 teaspoons baking powder.	
Total calories	1,573 "
Calories per muffin	131 "

Cream of Celery Soup.

Quantity for 8 persons

1 quart stock (value varies with strength)	500 calories
½ onion	12 "
1 head celery	100 "
1 pint milk	320 "
Salt and pepper	
Bay Leaf.	
Total calories	932 "
Calories per person	116 "

In one quart of stock (water if you have no soup stock on hand) place ½ onion, cut in large pieces, and 2 heads celery, cut small. When celery is tender, almost a pulp, put all through a wire sieve. Bring one pint of milk (with the bay leaf in it) to the boil and add this to the celery stock.

Cereal Pudding.

Quantity for 4 persons.

3½ cups of left over cereal	350 calories
1 tablespoon sugar	50 "
½ cup apple sauce or 1 tablespoon butter and 1 Apple	100 "
2 tablespoons bread crumbs	20 "
Total calories	520
Calories per person	130

Put a layer of cooked cereal in bottom of a well-buttered baking-dish, then a layer of apple sauce or chopped apple sprinkled with sugar; then add another layer of cereal. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake thirty minutes if made with apple sauce, and one hour if raw apples are used.

Welsh Rarebit.

Quantity for 4 persons.

1 teaspoon butter	25 calories
1 teaspoon salt.	
1 teaspoon mustard.	
2 cups grated or finely cut cheese	900 "
1 cup rich milk	160 "
Total calories	1,085 "
Calories per person	271 "

Melt butter, add seasonings and cheese (a moist, yellow cheese is best). When melted, stir vigorously until very smooth and pour over slices of rye bread.

Beef Olives.

Quantity for 8 persons.

8 thin slices cold roast beef	400 calories
2 cups brown bread crumbs	200 "
1 tablespoon shortening	100 "
Pepper, salt, chopped parsley	
½ small onion chopped fine	12 "
1 egg	100 "
Total calories	812
Calories per person	101

Cut thin, even slices of roast beef. Put bread crumbs in a bowl, rub in shortening with finger tips, add a little chopped parsley, pepper and salt and the finely cut onion. Bind all together with an egg.

Mold stuffing to the size of an egg and wrap in a slice of cold beef. Fasten with a toothpick and string, place in a baking dish with a little water, put a bit of fat on each one and keep well basted. Bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

French Toast.

Quantity for 4 persons.

1 egg	100 calories
1 cup milk	160 "
2 tablespoons sugar	100 "
Flavoring.	
4 slices bread	400 "
Total calories	760
Calories per person	190

Beat egg until light and add other ingredients. Cut bread in half slices, about one half inch thick, dip in sweetened and flavored mixture and fry to a light golden color. Have pan fairly hot and lightly greased.

Virginia Corn Bread.

Quantity for 6 persons.

½ cup corn meal	255 calories
½ cup boiling water.	
½ cup bread flour	204 "
1 egg	100 "
1 teaspoon baking powder.	
¼ teaspoon salt.	
1/3 cup grated cheese	150 "
Total calories	709
Calories per person	118

Srir boiling water into the corn meal. Add beaten egg and stir in flour, salt and baking powder, sifted together. Lastly, stir in grated cheese. Mix quickly and sauté by teaspoonfuls in a hot frying pan, in bacon fat.

Green Pea Loaf.

Quantity for 6 persons.

1½ cups cooked peas	420 calories
1 egg, slightly beaten	100 "
1½ cups bread crumbs	150 "
1½ cups milk	240 "
1 slice chopped onion.	5 "
Salt and pepper.	
Total calories	915
Calories per person.	152

Spanish Rice.

Quantity for 4 persons.

½ cup rice	408 calories
2 cups tomato pulp and juice	50 "
½ green pepper chopped fine	10 "
2 tablespoons bread crumbs	20 "
Pepper and salt.	
Total calories	488
Calories per person	122

Scald blanch and chop green peppers. Boil rice in salted water, keeping water always boiling to ensure grains from massing together. Lay in layers in baking dish, spreading each with tomato pulp and peppers, seasoning to taste. Sprinkle with crumbs and bake a golden brown.

Fish Timbales.

Quantity for 6 persons.

1 cup raw fish or cooked fish	125 calories
½ cup almonds	500 "
1 teaspoon salt.	
Few drops onion juice.	
1 tablespoon lemon juice.	10 "
Few grains cayenne.	
2 eggs	200 "
¾ cup milk	120 "
Total calories	955
Calories per person	159

Chop fish and press through a sieve. Add onion juice, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Chop almonds fine and add, moistening with milk and egg yolks. When thoroughly mixed, fold in egg whites. Grease small molds, fill with mixture, and set in a pan of hot water and bake fifteen to twenty minutes. Serve hot with tomato sauce or cold with mayonnaise.

Bean Croquettes.

Quantity for 8 persons.

3 cups cooked beans	600 calories
1 cup bread crumbs	100 "
Salt and pepper.	
1 egg	100 "
Total calories	800
Calories per person	100

Soak beans over night and cook next morning until tender. Mash very thoroughly with a fork, and put through a sieve. Add bread crumbs, season with pepper and salt and if liked a little onion juice or Worcestershire Sauce. Mix thoroughly, flour hands and form paste into flat, round cakes about an inch thick. Dip in beaten egg and brown bread crumbs and fry golden brown.

Day by Day

MONDAY

Breakfast
Oranges
Cornmeal and Cream of Wheat cooked together, half and half. White bread toasted and buttered
Coffee with cream and sugar

Luncheon
Japanese Eggs (poached eggs served in a border of steamed rice)
Boston Brown Bread
Baked Apple and Cream

Dinner
Cream of Celery Soup
Boston Roast Cauliflower
Rye Bread Lemon Snow

TUESDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Prunes
Corn Flakes
Scrambled Eggs
Rice Muffins
Coffee

Luncheon
Cream of Celery Soup
Welsh Rarebit on Rye Bread Toast
Ginger Bread

Dinner
Broiled Lamb Chops
Scalloped Potatoes Squash
White Bread
Tomato Salad, French Dressing
Creamed Tapioca Pudding

WEDNESDAY

Breakfast
Fresh Shredded Pineapple,
Oatmeal
Rye Bread toasted and buttered
Orange Marmalade
Hot Chocolate

Luncheon
Spanish Rice
Vegetable Salad with Mayonnaise dressing
White Bread and Butter
Cup Custard

Dinner
Roast Beef
Potatoes String Beans
White Bread and Butter
Pear Salad, French dressing
Chocolate Blanc Mange

THURSDAY

Breakfast
Oatmeal with Dates (fruit stoned, halved and added shortly before serving)
French Toast
Coffee with Cream and Sugar

Luncheon
Vegetable Soup
Cream Cheese and Nut Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing
Rye Bread and Butter
Cereal Pudding

Dinner
Beef Olives Spinach
Virginia Corn Bread
Baked Apple with Cream

FRIDAY

Breakfast
Bananas and Cream
Corn Flakes
Graham Bread buttered and toasted
Omelet
Coffee

Luncheon
Pea Loaf served with Carrots in Cream Sauce
Corn Muffins
Peach Marmalade
Junket

Dinner
Scalloped Codfish in Rice
Spinach with Hard Boiled Egg Garnish
Graham Bread
Apple Sponge
Oatmeal Macaroons

SATURDAY

Breakfast
Oranges Oatmeal
Bran Muffins
Cocoa

Luncheon
Fish Timbales with Peas and Cream Sauce
Boston Brown Bread
Stewed Apricots
Tea with Cream and Sugar

Dinner
Bean Croquettes
Fried Apples
Virginia Corn Bread
Cucumber Salad
Peach Cream

SUNDAY

Breakfast
Stewed Dates
Puffed Rice
Corn Meal Griddle Cakes with Syrup
Coffee

Dinner
Chicken, Stuffed and Roasted
Boiled Rice
Mashed Parsnips Rolls
Orange and Date Salad
Ice Cream Plain Cake

Supper
Egg Salad
Boston Brown Bread
Stewed Prunes
Cocoa

Have You a Good War-Time Recipe?

SOME of the recipes used in these menus were sent to us by Win-The-War Housekeepers in different parts of Canada.

For every one accepted, we have sent a new One Dollar Bill.

Each month, we shall publish the best recipes that are sent to us, so let us have your favorite.

It should be in accord with our national policy of thrift and conservation and should not have been printed previous to our use of it.

Each suggestion accepted means assistance to other readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and One Dollar to you.

Laugh Time Tales

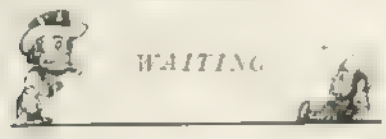
"Life Without Laughing is a Dreary Blank"

SMART!

Hotel Clerk: "I found the 'not to be used except in case of fire' placard those college boys stole out of the corridor."

Manager: "Where?"

Clerk: "They had nailed it over the coal-bin."



In a fire in a tenement building an Irishman was caught by the flames in a second story room. Looking out of the window he spied a friend, who called out to him, "Jump, Pat, jump an' I'll catch you."

Pat jumped, but his friend instead of catching him, moved aside and poor Pat fell to the ground breaking his leg.

"Why didn't ye catch me as ye said ye would, Mike?" he groaned, as they lifted him, to which Mike replied, "Sure, I was waiting for you to bounce."

THREE APHASIACS

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses and lawyers —all were growing weary. Counsel for the prosecution was cross-examining the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns?" he asked at length.

For some time the man stood thinking; then:

"About four miles as the crow flows," came the answer.

"You mean as the flow cries!" retorted the man of law.

The Judge leaned forward.

"No," he remarked, suavely, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at one another, feeling that something was wrong somewhere.

Edward was the proud owner of his first pair of trousers. On the occasion of his first wearing them a neighbor happened in and was chatting with his father, but, much to Edward's disgust, the all-important subject was not mentioned. The little fellow stood it as long as he could, then, in a very indifferent manner, remarked: "There are three pairs of pants in this room."

CRUSHED

A bachelor of considerable wealth was much sought after by many of the most charming young women of the town. A very pretty maiden was sure she had brought him almost to the point of a proposal.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" she asked, while they were taking a stroll one evening.

"The happiest moment of my life," answered the bachelor, with a reminiscent smile, "was when the jeweller took back an engagement ring and gave me some cuff-links in exchange."

LIMIT TO ENDURANCE

A Scottish minister in the course of a wet harvest prayed "that the floodgates of heaven might be shut for a season." The weather had never been worse than on this particular Sabbath and just as he concluded his petition a fierce gust of wind and rain bore the roof window of the church down with a crash, which was succeeded by a terrific clatter of broken glass. "Oh," he exclaimed, assuming an attitude of despair," "O Lord, this is perfectly ridiculous."

"Good-morning! I came to tune your piano."

"Piano? But I didn't send for you."

"No, ma'am, but the neighbors said I ought to call."

NOT INCLUDED

Robert Bridges, Great Britain's Poet Laureate, relates what he heard at an old English toll-gate when two old ladies with suffragist leanings came up.

"How much is the toll?" asked one of the keeper.

"One shilling for a man and a horse."

"Get out of the way then, we're two old women and a mare. Get up, Bessie!"

SEASIDE AFFECTION

He: "Darling, I love you."

She: "Good gracious! Why, we've only just become acquainted."

He: "Yes, I know, but I'm only down here for the week-end."

NEVER TALKS ABOUT IT

"You never talk about our baseball club."

"No," replied Miss Cayenne.

"Aren't you interested in it?"

"Yes. But I make it a rule never to speak unkindly about anybody."

Lawyer: "Now, sir, tell me, are you well acquainted with the prisoner?"

Witness: "I've known him for twenty years."

Lawyer: "Have you? I must now ask, ever known him to be a disturber of the public peace?"

Witness: "Well—er—he used to belong to a band."

IMPOSSIBLE

The physician was giving good advice to the layman.

"Don't let the little things pass unnoticed," said the doctor. "It's these little things that often turn out to be serious, if allowed to run on without attention. Even if you have a simple ailment keep your eye on it."

"But how can I, doctor?" cried the patient. "I have a boil on the back of my neck."

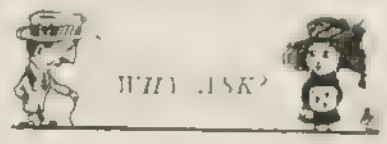
THE VERY SAME

A Scotch blacksmith being asked the meaning of *metaphysics* replied as follows: "Weel, Geordie, ye see its just like this. When the party that listens disna ken what the party that speaks means, and when the party that speaks disna ken what he means himself, *that's* metaphysics.

OF COURSE

The mother of the family had been away from home and her eldest daughter had been holding the reins of the household. Upon her mother's return she resolved to greet her with festivities, so she telephoned to the butcher for a steak.

"Round steak?" enquired the butcher, whereupon the answer came back to him in indignant tones, "Why no. I want a flat one, of course."



Mr. Saphead: "On my army application there is a place to tell the condition of my mind. What would you advise me to answer?

Miss Kutting: "Leave it blank."

A LITTLE PROBLEM

Smith: "Say, Jones, there's three of my neighbors living next door to each other. Now, the two outer ones keep hens, but the one in the middle does not, but each morning he has a newly-laid egg for breakfast. Can you tell me how he manages it?"

Jones: "Robs the hen's nest, I suppose."

Smith: "No."

Jones: "Well, perhaps he buys them."

Smith: "No."

Jones: "Are his neighbors generous?"

Smith: "No."

Jones: "Well, how does he do it?"

Smith: "Well, you see, Jones, it's this way; he keeps ducks."

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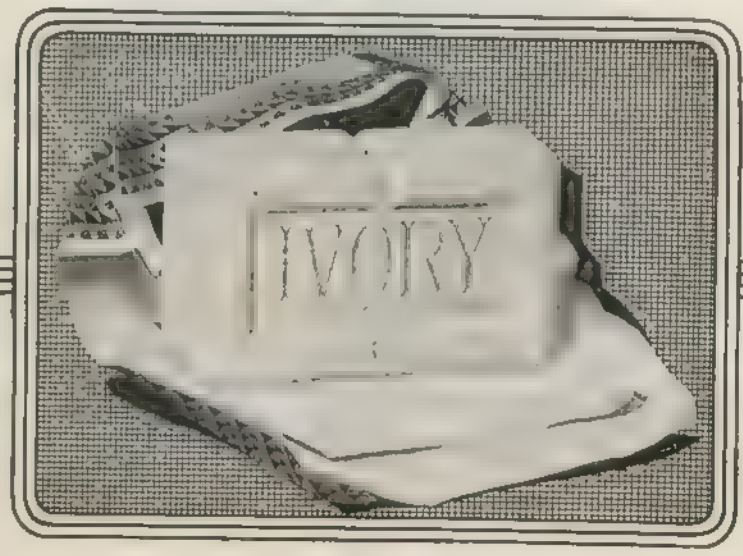
IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada



Did you know that you could use me, in so many ways?

Christmas 1917, a Season for Sensible Giving, suggests a Gift both useful and inexpensive.

I AM the DAYLO- that Milady carries in her hand-bag, a traveling companion of her vanity case and used almost as frequently.

I AM the DAYLO- that mother needs to guide her safely down those dark cellar stairs or about that dusty attic.

I AM the DAYLO- that brings the motorist's troubles to light, for I bring light to the trouble.

I AM the DAYLO- for the guest chamber. No dainty dimity curtain can take fire from my incandescent glow.

I AM the DAYLO- that he needs on his hunting and fishing trips. I make comfortable the wilderness camp.

* * *

77 styles from 85c up at electrical, hardware, drug, sporting goods, jewelry and stationery stores everywhere. And these stores abound in many other sensible gift suggestions.

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The light that says "There it is!"

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EDDY'S MATCHES are amongst your earliest associations. For many years after 1851 (the year the first matches were made in Canada), **EDDY'S** were the only matches; in fact, in the sense of quality and value they are still.

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The Ware that will not wear out!

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When the Child Rebels Against School

There is Something at the Bottom of It—'Pensioning of Mothers' the Solution—?

"I AIN'T got no heart for study. I jest sits here—that's all."

The teacher and Jimmy were alone—all alone in the big schoolroom. To the initiated observer that signified that Jimmy was "kept in." But in this particular case that observer was wrong. Jimmy was "asked in" for this very special conference.

"But why, Jimmy? Why have you no heart for study. Your last two teachers have told me you were always very bright. Why you passed second. in all except English, and you're improving in that."

Jimmy shifted to the other foot and looked off into the distance. He re-arranged the gum he had been secreting in a certain corner of his mouth, but vaguely conscious of the teacher's scrutiny pushed it back into place and coughed slightly.

"Yes, I has brains I s'pose. Least, Mother allus said so."

"Then why not use them, Jimmy?"

"Cause—well, fact is, y' see, I'm wasting time here."

"Wasting time. Whatever do you mean, Jimmy?"

"I should be at work."

"But your Mother says, Jimmy, that you must go to school. Besides, you know, you must have education if you want to grow up a useful man."

The last statement Jimmy ignored. He had heard that before. He heard it at home—two and three times a week. He was tired replying to it—always the same reply.

The teacher thought she saw a suspicion of a wayward tear. Jimmy too, thought she saw it and winced perceptibly as he forced it back.

"That's just it," he went on. "It's all on account of Mother. She says I must go to school, and so I come. I'd do *anything* to please her. And all the time I'm here she's out workin' herself all to pieces jest to give me and the other kids a chance to grow up useful. And when we grows up—where'll she be—eh? Where'll she be? Dead. That's where.

"I tell yu' I ain't goin' to do it. I ain't goin' to kill her. There's the younger kids too. They ain't even got as much learnin' as I have. They've got to go to school a while longer anyways. But I know enough to shuffle for myself, I guess, 'n even if I can't help Mother much, I c'n pay my *own* way."

The tear had fallen by this time, and a few others chased themselves down the smudgy cheeks.

"Don't yu' think I'm cryin' like a baby—'cause I'm not. I'm mad, mad clean through—that's all." And before the amazed superior could open her mouth, Jimmy had disappeared through the rear door.

Impossible to Help

SHE sat right down and reviewed the case.

Jimmy's mother, she knew to be hard working, too hard working for her own physical welfare or that of her children. True, they all went to school—regularly, if not willingly. They were comfortably and cleanly dressed. But they lacked in every detail that evidence of home training that meant so much. They possessed a sort of inherent refinement that was apparent at intervals, but it was sadly overshadowed most of the time.

What could be done? Jimmy, the other children *must* have education and the mother was willing that they should, but at such a cost! She would never accept financial assistance from outsiders—charity, she would call it, without limitations.

If only there were Mothers' Pensions—widows' pensions!

So the teacher of Grade Three went home much wrought up over the case of Jimmy's family, but entirely handicapped in the way of helping out.

> "A CREATURE undefiled by the taint of the world, unvexed by its injustice, unwearied by its hollow pleasures; a being fresh from the source of light, with something of its universal lustre in it——if Childhood be this, how holy the duty to see that in its onward growth, it shall be no other."
>
> —Douglas Jerrold.

The only practicable solution in such cases where the welfare of the child is in jeopardy is Mothers' Pensions. If the mother were paid—paid by the State to stay at home and minister to the needs of her children—needs, both physical and spiritual, the Juvenile Courts, or worse still, the common, general tribunals of justice would see a fewer number of juniors. If they had the proper home influences; if their mothers were financially in a position to keep the children out of the work shops, in the schools, and at home—or in its vicinity—during hours of recreation, there would be less disease, fewer accidents, less crime—for crime *does* exist among children left to their own resources.

It is only fair, right and just that some recognition should be given by the State—by our State—by Canada, of the service mothers have rendered. Why should a widow with children depending upon her for support, for guidance, for moral and physical advancement, be forced by the mere fact of her impecuniosity, into being responsible for the upbringing—rather, the lack of upbringing—of undesirable citizens, when her own inclination, her own desire, her own poignant yearning is to rear them to take their places as stalwart, healthy, creditable Canadians?

A More Specific Case

TO exemplify the need of Mothers' Pensions more specifically, to bring it nearer home, a case may be cited that came to notice very recently.

Mrs. H. G.— of Ottawa, was left a widow on January 5th, 1917. Her husband had been a carpenter with uncertain income. When his funeral expenses were paid, the widow had approximately One Hundred Dollars, with which to provide for her five children. They ranged in age from eight months to twelve years.

Behind Mrs. G.— was a family tradition of independence and self-reliance—and a great deal of pride. Before her, was certain want—privation.

Necessity drove her to work, but that family pride made her shrink from public charity.

The two youngest children a kind neighbor cared for every day. The other children cared for themselves—went to school and spent their recreation hours—who knows where?

They lacked mother's interest, mother's advice, mother's attention. They caught colds—and kept them. The twelve-year old boy became, within the past three months, well known in police circles; the seven year old girl died of pneumonia, and the others are now fit subjects for constant medical attention—if the mother could afford it. She, herself, is now a physical wreck.

Local charity authorities?—No—they haven't heard of the case. They won't hear of it. There is no power on earth could make that mother proclaim her needs. She suffers in silence—she and her pride. The shame attending the escapades of her eldest son, she must bear. She promises he will improve. But she is seldom with him, to guide his steps aright.

Do you not also know of such a case? What is the remedy?

Mothers' Pensions.

Recognition by the State, by Canada—of the service rendered by mothers; an annual financial recognition that will be used, as the State decrees, and as the individual case demands, for the great, the noble, the Christian, the patriotic purpose of raising clean, creditable citizens, of safeguarding the Canada of the next generation.

In the Realm of Books

What's What in the Newest Literature

The Dwelling Place of Light

By WINSTON CHURCHILL.
MacMillan & Co. of Canada.
Price $1.50.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is always interesting and often amusing, but in his latest volume, "The Dwelling Place of Light," he has fallen into the clutches of that demon of pessimism that has obsessed so many of our modern authors and has succeeded in giving us a story of squalor unredeemed by any ray of brightness. That the book is powerfully written we admit. It becomes thereby the more dangerous. But we cannot admit its truthfulness as a picture of the life of the average working-girl. Mr. Churchill may reply to this that Janet Bumpus was *not* an average working-girl. To this we most thankfully assent. Wherefore, then, go to so much trouble to record the interminable windings of her infatuation. We all know, unfortunately, that such women as Janet exist, but we object to having her paraded before our gaze as a paragon of nobility and honor. We fear that Mr. Churchill will find few to agree with his calm assumption that there are no longer any fixed standards of right and wrong; that everyone must do what to himself seems best in such matters, and it doesn't matter very much anyway. We hope that he will soon leave this malarial atmosphere for the clearer air of his earlier work. The present volume is one of those which, to use an expressive Scots phrase, "leave a gey ill taste in your mou'."

The Piper and the Reed

By ROBERT NORWOOD.
McClelland Goodchild & Stewart.

MR. NORWOOD'S latest volume of verse, "The Piper and the Reed," appears to us to show a distinct retrogression from the quality of his earlier work. We confess that we are heretical enough to hold, against the vast majority of critics, that the author's first volume, "His Lady of the Sonnets," contained finer stuff than the much belauded "Witch of Endor." But even the "Witch of Endor" was on a higher level than much of the work contained in the present book. Mr. Norwood has allowed himself in several instances to be seduced from the paths of rhyme and rhythm into the tangled thickets of "vers libre" and we cannot say that the excursions have proved successful. But this is a matter of opinion, and even when keeping to the trodden paths, he falls too often into the flagrant carelessness shown in such a poem as "Matins,"—where he represents the "dim phantoms of the host of hate," as, at the same moment, pursuing man "*down* the gulfs of fate," and smiting him "with harpy wings *up* steeps of weird imaginings." Now this is a physical impossibility. There is good work in "The Piper and the Reed" as witness the poem from which the volume takes its name, but Mr. Norwood has been spoiled by too much adulation and his poetry is suffering from the curse of over fluency.

The High Heart

By BASIL KING.

The Musson Book Co. Price $1.50.

THE announcement that Mr. Basil King's novel, "The High Heart," which had proven so popular a serial, would be published in book form, was greeted enthusiastically by all devotees of fiction. The book is distinctly Canadian. It deals with the adventures in the business and social world in the United States of a young Canadian girl; brings out the two standards of prestige—breeding and wealth. There is nothing, in "The High Heart" of the problem theme. It is well written, intensely interesting and wholly likeable.

Glimpses of Destiny from the Book

By DR. M. CHISHOLM.

THIS little pamphlet, which is privately printed, contains a series of articles dealing with the New Theology and with the revelations of prophecy in regard to the present time, together with an appendix composed of three lectures on semi-medical subjects. These three lectures deal respectively with "Infection and Immunization," "The Recoil of Professionalism," and "Advice to Young Graduates." Dr. Chisholm is a physician of many years standing and it is unnecessary to say anything further with regard to this appendix than that he has brought to this task all the powers of ripe judgment and intellect with which he is abundantly gifted. The body of the pamphlet is taken up by material originally given to the public in the form of letters to the press. These have been republished by request of their many admirers. They have been enlarged and added to until they have reached the dimensions of the present little volume, which sets forth the views of its author upon the subject of prophecy and its relations to the present war and the repatriation of the Holy Land by the people of Israel in a lucid and interesting manner. The many readers who are interested in the Divine fulfilment of the promises made to ancient Israel will find this pamphlet a most attractive study.

The Songs We Need

Myriad singers pour their treasures
Into wearied ears—
Sweet, uncertain, minor measures,
Trembling doubts and fears.

Why repeat these strains of sadness,
Which but feed our fears?
Are there no clear notes of gladness
Straying down the years?

Sing of sorrow? All men know it.
Share with them their tears;
Then—ah! then, forget not, poet,
Sing the Hope that cheers.

Bernard Freeman Trotter
in "A Canadian Twilight."

Laugh and Live

By DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.
Britton Publishing Co. Price $1.00.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, star alike in the legitimate drama and in the world of the "movies," is possessed of the indomitable optimism that gives purpose, "push" and color to life. He holds the record for the standing broad grin. He has made cheerfulness a habit and joyousness an art: there isn't a minute of the day that fails to find him glad that he is alive; and, as a consequence, there is no more widely popular personality upon the American stage. In "Laugh and Live" he preaches the gospel of cheerfulness—preaches it with force and efficiency and a convincing belief in its "good tidings" that will go far to make the reader a convert to the doctrine.

"Start off the morning with a laugh," he says, "and you needn't worry about the rest of the day. Laughter is a physiological necessity, the nerve system requires it. . . Real laughter is spontaneous. Like water from the spring it bubbles forth, a creation of mingled action and spontaneity—two magic potions in themselves—the very essence of laughter—the unrestrained emotion within us."

The spirit of laughter has never been more needed in the world than at the present time and he who inculcates it is, indeed a public benefactor. Douglas Fairbanks' book merits a wide reading, and undoubtedly will get it.

A Canadian Twilight

By BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER.
McClelland Goodchild & Stewart.

LIKE Rupert Brooke, this gallant and talented young poet has made the great sacrifice. He was killed in action in France in May, 1917, leaving behind him a slender sheaf of verses, which in their command of rhythm and use of nervous and delicate English give token of poetical ability which a few more years would have brought to a ripe fruitage. Although only twenty-six years old when he died, the present volume bears testimony to the fact that in him we have lost a promising Canadian poet. We regret that we have not space to quote his poem, "The Poplars," in its entirety, but the two verses below will bear ample witness to his love of nature and capability of expressing her moods:

"The elm is aspiration, and death
is in the yew,
And beauty dwells in every tree
from Lapland to Peru,
But there's a magic in the poplars when the wind goes
through.

And so I sing the poplars, and when I
come to die,
I will not look for jasper walls, but
cast about my eye
For a row of wind-blown poplars against
an English sky."

The quaint fantasy of "The Clan of the Waters" will appeal to all those who love the sea. It tells how "Manannan, god of the wind and sea" once gave a gift to a man. And his gift was

"A wave with a sea-green base,
A rollicking, wandering, roisterous
wave,
With a crest o' foam and a laughing
face."

and of how the descendants of that man are ever lovers of the wave and "the sea in their blood cries out to the sea." Lovers of poetry will find in this little volume verse that has the authentic singing note of the born poet.

Kitchener and Other Poems

By R. J. C. STEAD.

Musson Book Co. Price $1.00.

MR. ROBERT J. C. STEAD of Calgary is one of a band of Canadian poets, of a large portion of whose work it may be said that while the hands are the hands of Esau, the manner is indubitably that of Rudyard Kipling. True, he is not the only, or even the greatest, sinner in this respect. His fellow author, Robert Service, in his earlier work came so strongly under the influence of the great English poet as to be hailed by many as the Canadian Kipling. But why sin at all? While it is probable that Mr. Stead will never rise to great poetic heights, his work when he tears himself away from the Kipling tradition gains both in strength and beauty, as in the poem from which the present volume takes its name. This is probably the only Canadian poem that was ever incorporated complete into a telegraphic news service. Later, it was copied by the leading newspapers of England, was eulogized by the London "Spectator," was reprinted by English admirers for distribution in the army hospitals of the old land and subsequently found its way round the world in the press of east and west. Mr. Stead's poems are replete with Canadian patriotism and are faithful reproductions of the atmosphere of the great West. This volume contains all the elements of popularity and, mechanically, will bear comparison with the best of the season's dollar editions.

The Long Lane's Turning

By HALLIE ERMINIE RIVES.

Dodd Mead & Co. Price $1.50.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28)

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The Leprechaun of Slieve Dearg

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9)

down the hill to his frugal supper and his bed.

THREE years had passed, and Michael was now a lad of fifteen, small and slender, but strong and muscular withal. There was plenty of room now in the cottage that had been so crowded, for two years ago the big, silent father had died and the noisy crowd of brothers and sisters had one by one drifted away into the great world that lay beyond the mountain summit and none of them had returned. Michael and his mother had the house to themselves now, and very lonely at times they found it.

It was not often that Michael found time for a visit to his favorite spot in these days, for he had to work harder and harder to gain a living from the sterile patch of ground which was all they owned. Day after day he toiled, cutting and stacking peat from the bog close at hand to serve them for winter firing; or picking up stones to fence in the few fields that held their scanty crops; or harvesting the oats, and gathering the wild hay that grew upon the mountain side in order to provide food for their cow and pig. But each day the living was harder to earn. Misfortune after misfortune fell upon him. The pig died. The cow went astray one day and was drowned in a bog-hole. Even their few hens refused to lay and the foxes took heavy toll of them, despite Michael's efforts for their salvation, and when at length a blight seized upon the crop of potatoes that he had planted with such high hopes in his heart, poor Michael almost lost courage.

At last, when he went home one night, he found his mother sitting with her head on her hands before the empty fireplace.

"It's no use, Michael, lad," she said as he entered. "Neither bite nor sup have we in the house and it is so weak with the hunger that I am I can do no more. To-morrow I'll be going down to Dublin to the poor-house and it's you that must go out into the world and seek a living for yourself, as your brothers and sisters have done before you.

Michael tried to comfort her, but indeed he was on the verge of despair himself, and at last he crept wearily off to bed, leaving her looking into the ashes and sobbing softly to herself.

But there was no sleep for him that evening. Hour after hour he lay, tossing and turning restlessly, trying to puzzle out some way by which he could earn enough money to keep his poor mother from that fate most dreaded by all Irish people, "going to the poor-house," but turn and toss as he might, not an idea would come into his head. Towards morning, however, he fell into a troubled sleep. Even in his dreams, he seemed to be struggling with the load of misfortunes that pressed heavily and still more heavily upon him, till suddenly a gleam of sunlight seemed to shine upon him and he heard a voice saying, "if it is ever in need of help you are, cut a hazel switch and knock three knocks upon the smallest of the three rocks, and the help will come."

He woke with the voice still sounding in his ears. The moon was just sinking behind a shoulder of the mountain, and already in the east the sky was whitening with the promise of the coming dawn. One large silver star was shining high up in the dark blue sky and as Michael watched it, a gleam of hope seemed to steal into his heart. He rose and dressing very quietly slipped from the cottage without rousing his mother, who had fallen into a heavy sleep, still sitting upon her chair before the empty hearth.

He lingered for a moment to cut a stout hazel switch from one of the trees that grew near the cottage, then strode up the mountain towards the three rocks, his heart growing lighter as he went.

All around him sounded the stir and rustle of the wild woodland creatures, waking to greet the sun. A little brown rabbit darted past him intent on seeking its breakfast. Further on a sly red fox trotted softly by, his eyes glancing swiftly from side to side as he went, and a partridge flew up with a whirr and rattle of wings almost in front of his feet.

At last he reached the three great, grey stones that stood upon the very summit and for a minute or two he stood looking at them and trying to recall the words of the leprechaun on that evening which seemed so long ago.

"Knock three knocks on the smallest stone," the little man had said, and without further hesitation, Michael lifted his hazel rod and struck three sharp blows upon the lichen covered surface of the smallest rock.

What would happen he did not know, nor did he care, for somehow the feeling that everything would turn out for good had been deepening and strengthening in his heart as he climbed, so he was hardly astonished when a part of the rock swung suddenly outward, revealing a long dark passage which appeared to lead towards the heart of the mountain. He stepped in at once, and the rock closed behind him with a dull thud, leaving him standing there alone in the thick darkness.

But he did not stand there long, for, as his eyes became accustomed to the blackness, he saw, far away at the end of the passage, a faint light shining. Towards this he directed his steps, finding that it grew brighter and brighter as he walked, until after half an hour of steady travelling the passage ended and he found himself in a large hall whose walls of solid rock were hung with rich silken embroideries and brilliantly lighted from some source that, gaze as he might, Michael could not discover.

"The people of the Hills never forget. Who helps one helps all from the greatest to the least."

GAY music was playing and the hall was full of a richly robed throng, who were dancing to its sound. All was colour and light and movement, but Michael's eyes were drawn to the two figures who sat alone at the upper end of the room. Of carved ivory were the chairs upon which they sat and a canopy of purple and gold was above their heads. One was a woman, tall and fair and wonderful. A crown of gold was on her head and in her hand she held a golden sceptre and she gazed out across the multitudes that moved beneath her with a fierce proud gaze. Over her mantle of blue, that was richly embroidered with gold, streamed her long red hair; a great golden collar set with glimmering stones was around her slim, white neck and her eyes were as blue and as cold as ice. By her side sat a dark and splendid man, clothed in a coat of fairy green. A great hound lay at his feet, and ever and anon raised its head and laid it upon its master's knee. Then the man's hand would lie

(CONTINUED ON OPPOSITE PAGE)

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

for a moment upon the shaggy muzzle with a caressing touch. The man's eyes were dark and friendly and he smiled at Michael pleasantly, as the lad came slowly up the great hall until he stood at the foot of the thrones.

"Who are you and whence come you, lad?" he said in a great voice. "'Tis long since a mortal has visited the Halls of the Sidhe."

As he spoke the music ceased suddenly, and through all the throng who moved to and fro within the lighted room went a murmur as of the wind that whispers across the face of the waters.

"Hush! Cuchullin speaks," it said, and Michael knew that he was looking upon that great Cuchullin, who in his lifetime men had called the Hound of Ulster, so brave and wise and faithful had he shown himself, and who now dwelt forever, a prince among the deathless hosts of the Sidhe.

The boy looked up at him with awed and wondering eyes, and something in his look seemed to please Cuchullin, for he laughed a deep note of laughter and stretching forth his hand laid it on Michael's shoulder.

At the touch the boy's heart leaped within him and looking bravely up into the strong dark face he told his tale—of how, despite all his efforts, he had failed in earning a living and how, if no help came, he and his mother must leave the old home that had sheltered him from his childhood, and he must go forth into the wide world, away from the mountains and the sea that he had known and loved so long, and bearing with him the exile's aching heart. He told of the leprechaun's promise, made so long ago, and of how he had come to ask fulfilment of that offer of assistance, as the last hope that was left to him.

Cuchullin's face grew wistful as he listened, for indeed, great Prince as he was, he would have given all the splendours of the Dun of the Sidhe for one hour upon his own Ulster hills, with the salt sea-wind upon his cheek, and well he knew the sorrows of exile and loneliness, far away from home.

When Michael had come to the end of his tale, it was a very kindly voice that answered the appeal. "Go home, lad," Cuchullin said, "and dig beneath the hazel from which you cut the wand that opened the hills to you. There you will find the Good People's promised help. Nay, no thanks are needed; the people of the Hills do not forget. "Who helps one helps all, from the greatest to the least of us. Only this boon the Prince of the Sidhe craves of a mortal." His face changed, so that Michael hid his eyes for fear of seeing the sorrow that lay upon it, as the thunder cloud lies upon the top of some tall mountain. "If ever you set foot upon my Ulster hills, seek out the green glade of Muirthemne and whisper to its larches that Cuchullin has never forgotten though never may he see them waving in the wind again. But now you must go lad, and the luck of the Sidhe go with you."

The deep voice ceased and Cuchullin sat silent upon his throne of gold and ivory, his eyes grown misty with dreams of the past, while the haughty Queen by his side never stirred or spoke, but gazed upon him with cold, proud eyes, from beneath her gleaming hair, and Michael went stumbling down through the great hall, through the host of the Sidhe, dancing once again to the sound of flute and pipe and violin. He passed along the dark passage; the stone swung open at his coming, and he was out upon the mountain side once more with the first rays of the morning sun shining round about him.

He hastened down to the little cottage, where his mother, who had just waked, was standing in the doorway, looking down upon the roofs of Dublin that lay so far below. When she saw him, she cried aloud with wonder at the brightness that was upon his face and then came running towards him with many eager questions upon her lips. But he left them all unanswered, only took his spade from where it stood leaning against the wall and began to dig vigorously at the roots of the hazel, as he had been bidden by Cuchullin.

It was not long that he was digging before his spade struck against something that gave forth a dull sound as of metal under the blow, and in another few minutes of work he had unearthed a small copper vessel of antique shape, the lid of which was firmly soldered down.

Lifting it from its resting-place, Michael carried it inside the cottage and there, with some difficulty, managed to remove the lid. The pot was full to the brim with ancient coins of gold and silver, tarnished and battered, it is true, but still glittering feebly from its depths.

"Sure, Michael, lad," his mother said joyfully, "there's enough there to make us rich for life."

And so it proved, for when Michael took the coins down to a jeweller in Dublin, he was offered such a sum for them that he was able not only to buy all that was wanted for their present needs, but also to replace pig, cow and hens, and to add comfort to their lives for many a long day.

From that time everything prospered with him. His crops were the envy of all the farmers around, his cattle and poultry increased and before long he was known as one of the richest men in the countryside. But he never forgot Cuchullin's request, and when many years later he journeyed to the far away Ulster hills he sought out the larches of Muirthemne and whispered their Prince's message to them. And the larches sighed and murmured in the salt, sweet sea-breeze, as though to say, "We also remember."

Boy Scouts and the Victory Loan

BOY Scouts to the rescue! The Victory Loan must be floated. This was the S.O.S. call sent out at least in one district on November 10th. In Toronto and surrounding country the Boy Scouts were granted a three weeks' absence from school in order to distribute publicity material and in other ways help float the Loan.

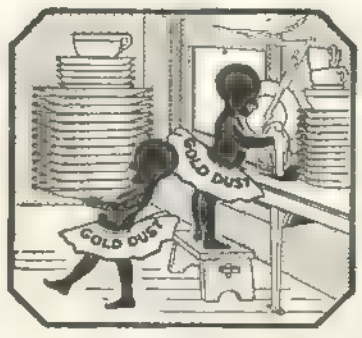
This is only one of the many channels in which the Boy Scouts are doing more than their bit to win the war. Especially in England, their services have been invaluable.

Mr. H. G. Hammond, Secretary of the Ontario Provincial Boy Scouts on his return from his last visit to the Canadian Boy Scouts overseas, related several incidents wherein the boys had proven themselves indeed heroes. For instance, it was a Boy Scout who gave the warning at Scarboro that German battleships were off the coast. At the Admiralty, in all branches of the War Office, in the hospital Boy Scouts will be found on duty.

Even here in Canada, Mr. Hammond pointed out recently, the Scouts have carried out efficient, though not spectacular work. They have aided materially in production. In the city of Chatham they undertook to cultivate five acres, and succeeded exceptionally well.

There should be a bright future for the movement in Canada. The military spirit of the times has done much to accentuate within the hearts of the boys the desire for proper training. Although not a military unit the Scouts are the only organization wherein this training is properly carried out. In addition, there are instilled into the boys the precepts of the fraternity, to which they are counselled to adhere: manhood and good citizenship, self-reliance, discipline, obedience, neatness and order. The attention to these virtues demanded of the Scouts will make for a decidedly better manhood in the next half century.

A Hero In The Making



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Keep right on using Gold Dust wherever you find troublesome dirt. For example in scrubbing the kitchen floor, particularly around the range where some grease may have spilled.

In fact this is a good housekeeping rule: "Use Gold Dust for all dirt that you can't brush up or dust off." And Gold Dust is for sale everywhere in large and small packages.

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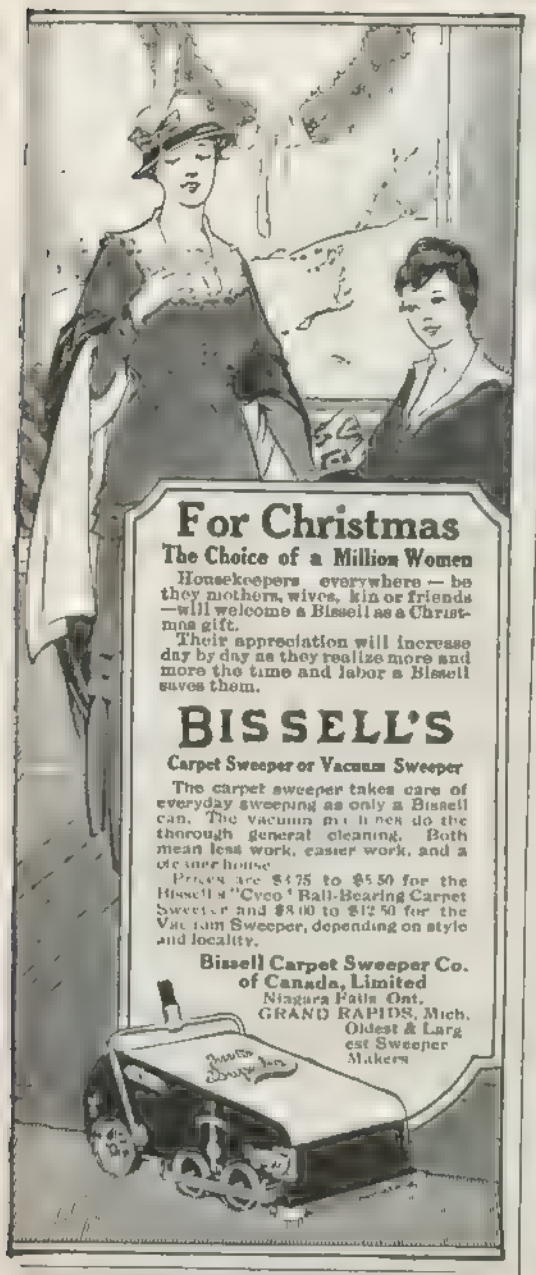

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Electrocuting Household Drudgery

Wherever There is Electric Current at Their Command, Women are Eliminating Heavy Work

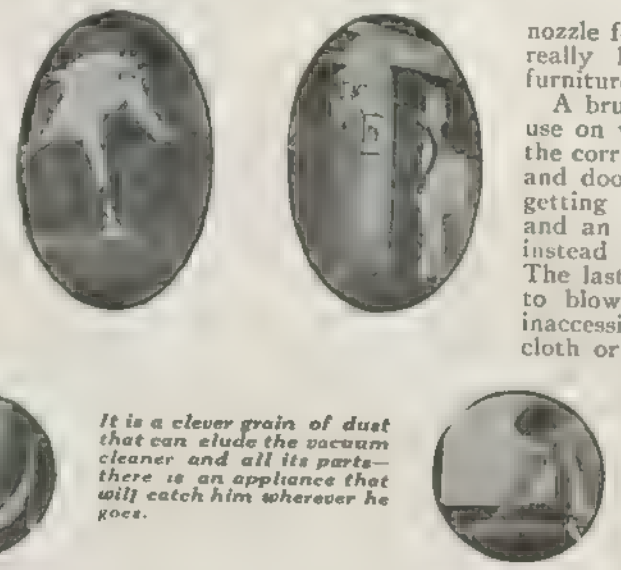
By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

SWEEPING Day, Wash Day, Ironing Day—what bug-bears and oppressors they have always been!

But woman is at long last getting the upper hand of them; they are losing their awesomeness, their importance and their capitals. Electricity is giving to woman the opportunity to unrank them, to reduce them to the humblest and most casual levels of small-letterdom. For cooking, too—always a pleasure when we are rightly equipped, but enslaving when it means fire-building and stoking at early or inopportune hours—a small electric grill, that will prepare a whole breakfast or supper, will give to cold, dark mornings (or the hot and hurried ones of summer) an entirely different aspect. To insert a plug (right at the table) and in two minutes have bacon, eggs and toast all cooking, does make life a new thing! No running back and forward to the kitchen but a comfortable, reposeful meal and the right opening to the day.

One's next table addition is likely to be a percolator—one that will take the responsibility out of coffee-making.

Besides the combination cookers that will boil, fry and toast, there are simple toasters, elaborate chafing dishes, little burners for boiling a kettle and any number of attractive and helpful appliances.



It is a clever grain of dust that can elude the vacuum cleaner and all its parts—there is an appliance that will catch him wherever he goes.

'Tis a pleasant occupation — feeding clean, sweet clothes to an electric ironer.

What of Blue Monday?

WOULD you like to have a machine that would soap, rub and wring your clothes *while you sit beside it?*

Wash-day can never be made a subject for poet's ravings but the real back-breaking, spirit-breaking labor can be done away with.

An electric machine will do a big family washing in a couple of hours and the improved models are so constructed that your delicate fabrics will receive no injury. The principles that govern the workings of the different machines show considerable variety—some have a perforated cylinder that revolves, driving the sudsy water through the clothes, others move the clothes about on smooth, corrugated surfaces to resemble the wash-board and hand-rubbing. But the wringer that is turned by electricity is no small contributor to the "workless wash." The perfection of laundry ease is reached when you sit on a step-stool and "feed" to the self-turning wringer clothes that have washed themselves!

And ironing day? Does it demand long hours of standing, a hot fire (no matter what the weather) and the constant changing of irons that tarry such a short time between the heat that scorches and the tepid warmth that sticks?

The ironing day of the distant past! An electric iron is the first appliance purchased by nine out of ten women to celebrate the "wiring" of their homes. The smooth, clean, nickel iron that needs no fire, no rubbing of black and threatening surfaces, no smearing with wax, marks a new era when it makes its shining entrance. The home dressmaker greets it enthusiastically, too—"pressing" as she cuts and sews, becomes a much less irksome task.

Happy indeed is the woman who possesses the big electric iron that has been evolved from the humble "mangle" of ancient fame. Fast as she feeds them, the smoothly padded rollers will take up her table and bed linens, all the flat pieces, and much of the clothing that has no frills and furbelows to be prinked and pampered. Even these are easily finished off, if passed through the rollers first.

Spiriting Dust Away

WHERE does it come from? We ask the same question summer and winter, and each season seems dustier than the last—ceilings, mouldings, hangings, upholstery, to say nothing of our carpets and rugs, collect more dust than any self-respecting housekeeper among us cares to admit. Long-handled brooms, dust cloths and beatings on the line, *were* our methods of attack—and way back in our minds we always had a suspicion that we *raised* more dust than we *collected*, in spite of our best efforts to gather it up and get it outside.

The vacuum cleaner has revolutionized all this for us—has given us a sure method of imprisoning the most volatile and wandering grain of dust.

A long arm with a wide and hungry mouth will reach the ceiling, picture or plate rails, the tops of doors and windows—and the dust is swallowed. No escape, no flitting to another resting place, (dark, perhaps, for the moment, but with a good chance of catching an errant sun-beam when, perchance, there is an in-law or a particularly relentless neighbor visiting us.)

Breakfast at once—or guests to serve neither can upset her.

It is no longer necessary to know the humiliation of seeing a small cloud of dust rise from the big upholstered sofa or chair, when Uncle—who is heavy and has a habit of always underestimating the distance to his chair—plumps down rather suddenly or when small son hurls himself on the soft springiness of the divan. The special nozzle for upholstery makes it easy to really keep the dust out of one's furniture.

A brush to attach to the nozzle for use on woodwork (the bristles fit into the corrugated surfaces of wainscotting and door frames), a special nozzle for getting between the coils of radiators and an attachment that will *blow out* instead of suck in, are all real helpers. The last-named is supposedly planned to blow the dust out of difficult or inaccessible places (against a damp cloth or paper to which it will cling), but most women have another quite personal use for it—to dry their hair after a shampoo!

Anything Her Heart Desires

THE house is hard to heat? A portable electric heater, that can be attached in any room, will be just the thing, especially in the morning before the fire is up and to give the touch of comfort to your restful evenings.

And for the woman who does much home sewing, there's that archboon—a motor to run the sewing machine. Shovelling snow is not a much more back-breaking occupation than the push, push, pump, pump, on the treadle of a machine.

The little motor that does all this for you, is not much bigger than your favorite teapot and fits onto the side of the machine, quite out of your way.

No horrors about such a wash-day—one may even look one's best.

There is a little clamp that fastens on the wheel; a cord with an ordinary plug, fits into any electric light socket, and a small foot pedal on a cord, lies on the floor beside you; a single pressure on it starts or stops the machine. If you have one of these little adjustable motors you can put a piece of carpet on your old treadle and use it for a comfortable foot-rest! Both hands are quite free to handle your material and guide it—and sewing is no longer the grinding, tiring, nerve-racking occupation that even the strongest woman declares it to be.

For the woman who travels much, there are a host of little comforts that she will appreciate tremendously: for instance, blouses, collars, all one's pretties, come out of the best-packed trunk a little the worse for wear and wobbling. A tiny electric travelling iron will freshen things wonderfully without calling in the hotel valet or unnecessarily troubling one's hostess. The bed or a folded bath-towel will do quite nicely for a pressing board.

A small appliance not much bigger than a fountain pen, with a cord and plug attached, is intended to drop into a glass of water or milk and will bring it to the boil in a very few minutes. If you are taking Baby on a trip, you will find such a food-warmer invaluable.

An electrically heated pad to take the place of a hot water bottle, can be attached even in your Pullman berth and is a wonderful comfort.

The Faith of Paul Duchaine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

"'Mademoiselle,' said Auguste Dion, 'if he were not a common furrier, whom no gentleman could stoop to touch, his blood should answer for this insult.'

"'I think that he spoke truly,' answered Mademoiselle with a wry smile, drawing her cloak about her shoulders. 'Take me home, Auguste.'

"It happened, Monsieur, that honest Jean Duchaine needed a representative in Montreal to purchase furs; thus when, the next morning, Paul volunteered to go, his brother was highly pleased. He had not taken kindly to Paul's pleasure-loving instincts. He gave him brotherly advice, intermixed with shrewd commercial instructions. The tide of immigration was already streaming westward; prices ruled high; trade was booming everywhere; and the Indians were still half ignorant of the value of the pelts they carried to Montreal. Jean Duchaine had long wished to break the Company's monopoly; now he saw his chance to become a rich man in a few years. He bundled Paul into a sleigh, and before noon the young man was speeding westward, with an abiding bitterness in his heart and the resolution to achieve.

"THIS was in 1813. The power of Napoleon was already crumbling. Defeated and disgraced, he had hurried back from Russia with the scattered remnants of his mighty army, to find old foes springing up all about him. Nations in arms were confronting France upon her eastern frontiers. In the south Wellington was bursting brough the Pyrenees. Two years afterward at Waterloo the power of the Corsican was broken forever. The change in France brought about a new social upheaval which was reflected in Lower Canada as well, many of whose prosperous families still drew their incomes from the mother country. Fortunes were made and lost in speculation. Old Monsieur Thiboult, who had blindly and credulously backed Napoleon's star, aristocratic though his traditions were, lost everything, except the house, enough of a pitiful income to provide against starvation, and—Marguérite. There were few old families but were hit hard, for most had bowed to what once seemed inevitable and backed Bonaparte. Now they went softly and sadly down the famous street; and saddest and softest of all were the steps of Charles Thiboult, until he died.

"Auguste Dion had lost his riches also and needed a rich bride. All the gaiety and mirth of old days was turned to sadness. They had danced Bonaparte's legions across every frontier of France and danced them home again; now there was no more dancing, for their old world had crumbled away.

"When Mademoiselle Marguérite had gone home that night, hearing still in her ears the ringing, scornful tones of the only man who had ever denounced her, she lay upon her bed in an agony of shame. It had been so commonplace a thing, this playing with a man's heart—a common man's; and he had turned on her as though she were a vile woman, and he had called her so. For days she could not bear to leave her house. It seemed as though the entire town was tattling about the insult. She seemed to see sneering faces behind the venetians, decorously drawn, of the houses on Louis Street. When at last she emerged from her seclusion she flung herself more wildly into pleasure. Even her friends grew scandalized. More than one life, they say, Monsieur, was taken in her name, either by suicide or hostile hands. And the routs continued, the balls, ridotti, all the mad revels of Quebec that stood at the precipice's edge. And then, at last, the news of Waterloo stunned the revellers into silence.

"Monsieur Auguste alone, insinuating and heartless, had continued in the pursuit. Yet, when she summoned him and told him that the old days were ended, and offered him that reward which he had so often asked, Monsieur Auguste Dion picked up his hat, glanced in dismay about the room, stripped of its silver and rich ornaments, and, backing, presently found himself backing away down Louis Street, and facing a closed door.

"After that, Mademoiselle Thiboult was rarely seen abroad. She stayed home with her father, now in his last illness.

Meanwhile Monsieur Duchaine had prospered in Montreal, and now, after two years, he was returning to render an accounting to his brother Jean. Paul arrived late in the afternoon, and, having won unstinted praise from Jean, left him at his books and went out toward the Upper Town. It was not until he saw the frozen river that he remembered that this was almost the anniversary of his departure.

"He was to go back next morning, and an irresistible impulse had drawn him to the scene of his love and his humiliation. He meant to mingle with the throng, if possible to set eyes upon Marguérite, and then to go. The image of the false woman whom he had loved had never left him.

"There was no carnival that year, but here and there, grouped about the ice, a few had gathered, drawn thither by the memory of former days, to warm their hearts at the pale fire of the recollection of earlier joys. With his cloak drawn closely about him, to shut out the penetrating wind, Paul approached one of the clusters, and presently saw Auguste Dion among the rest.

"Paul, though he felt all his old loathing of the man revive, could not withdraw until he had heard Marguérite's name. It was not long before it was spoken.

"'*Ma foi*, what changes!' exclaimed one speaker. 'Only last year Mademoiselle Thiboult was queening it here, and look at her now! That was a bitter fall, Monsieur Dion. Who would have thought the girl had so many enemies, ready to spring up like armed men as soon as——'

"'They are not more numerous than the hearts she broke,' a second said.

"Auguste Dion laughed coarsely and hurled an unmentionable insult at her.

"'You lie!' cried Paul, and hurled himself through the group. He raised his hand and struck Monsieur Dion across the cheek. 'You lie!' said Paul, more quietly, again.

"Auguste Dion staggered back beneath the force of the blow; then he strode forward, his eyes blazing. But as he caught sight of his enemy's face, his jaw dropped, and he stared blankly at him.

"'*Diable*! The furrier!' he muttered.

"'You have lied about Mademoiselle Thiboult,' said Paul. 'You cannot affirm that lie and live. Do you understand, Monsieur, or must I strike you again?'

"The rest had come between them, and there was no love lost for Auguste. Coarse-mouthed themselves, many of them, and not too scrupulous, all felt that Monsieur Dion had been guilty of a worse betrayal than they.

"'Well, Monsieur Dion, that was plainly enough spoken,' said the man who had defended Mademoiselle. 'Surely you understand.'

"'A furrier,' muttered Auguste, fidgeting with his hands.

"'Still, Monsieur—' the other began to urge, and led him aside. A third man approached Paul.

"'I have the pleasure of addressing Monsieur Duchaine?' he asked. '*Grace de Dieu*, I remembered you; your name was a proverb in all our mouths for nearly a week after you left us. Well, Monsieur, the sun rises behind the Citadel at eight. I can meet you there then, just by the western outworks. You have business in town?'

"'I was to return to Montreal tomorrow,' Paul answered.

"'Then give orders that the sleigh be ready at dawn,' replied the other. 'I will call for you at half-past seven o'clock, which will be better.' He handed Paul his card.

LONG before Paul had returned to his brother's house the tongues were busy all through Quebec.

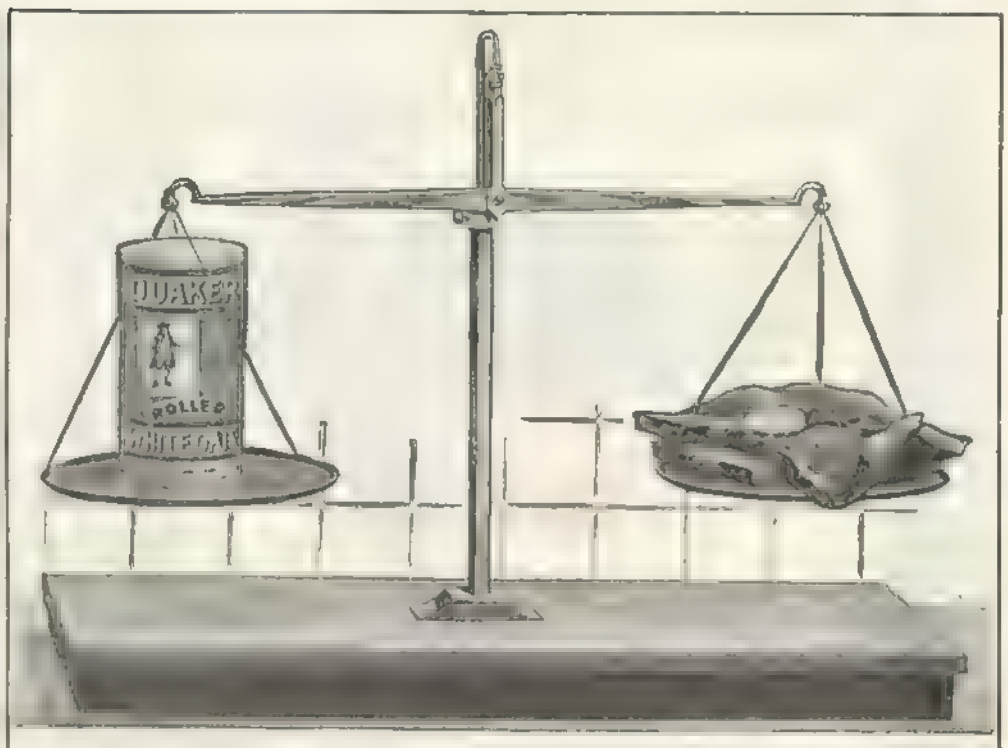
"Jean Duchaine, although he was surprised at the early hour that his brother had chosen for his departure, made no objection. After all, it would enable a good part of the journey to be covered in a single day. At half-past seven the noise of the sleigh-bells awakened him, and he went down, to find Paul, booted and dressed, about to enter. Upon the seat, where the driver should have been, was Monsieur Gagnon, Paul's friend.

"'*Au revoir, mon frere*,' said Jean, kissing him. 'Thou must return next year, and for a longer stay.'

"'*Au revoir, Jean*' answered Paul, and stepped into the vehicle. Then the horses strained their way up the precipitous streets toward the Upper Town.

"The sleigh crossed the Place d'Armes, skirted Louis Street, crossed

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36)



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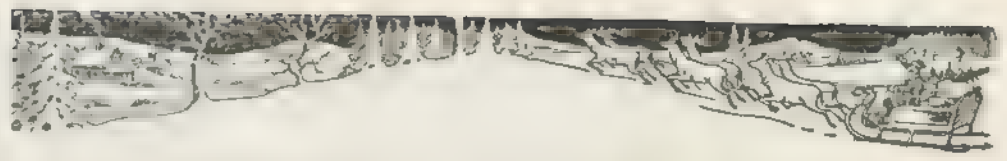


Promotion and Myrtle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

we could on buffalo rugs, taking turns to watch for a couple of hours. Porter had already turned in, as his was the last watch. Gabe was now on duty and my turn was next. I had given orders to pick up the trail again at two in the morning. When we got back to the ranch I was surprised to see Gabe pulling up picket-pins and leading the horses into the stable, assisted by a white-robed figure on a black pony. This turned out to be one Snow-berry, a nomadic Chief of the Great Crees travelling north to join a hunting party from Swift Current at Many Wives Lake. I knew him well, having had him under me as a prisoner once or twice when on provost duty, a cheerful, kindly-hearted scoundrel frankly fond of the Police boys and their beefsteak. He had called at the ranch to beg some *Kinnickinnick* (tobacco) and had told Gabe that he had passed three Indians of another tribe, camped with two horses in a coulee five miles south. They had not seen *him*.

HERE was news indeed. Gabe's plan was working to the Queen's taste. We would ride right on to them when the moon was up. Meanwhile no chances must be taken of their stampeding our horses or stealing McNulty's. Every hoof was barned for the night. Trust old Gabe to do the right thing.

I took a tender farewell of Myrtle. She was upset over the job I was on and her lower lip fell and trembled a little.

"Don't be scared, little girl," I said. "We three are a match for twenty Indians."

"I shall lie awake all night," she answered. "Those bad men fired at you; Gabe said so."

"Gabe is a chattering fool," I said. "I fired at them first. It was only a complimentary salute. I'm going to get my third stripe over this job, sure. There will be a vacancy for Quartermaster Sergeant directly and I know the work better than any of them. Think of that; a house rent free, an extra ration and forty-five dollars a month beside pickings."

She gave a little forced laugh and a big tear splashed on my hand. I kissed it off being naturally a soft sort of ass. Turning at the barn door I could see her still standing in the light of the hall, her arms stretched wistfully towards me. God bless her! white as they make them and don't you forget it.

So I relieved Gabe who curled himself up in a blanket and was asleep in two minutes. Then I took a turn through the stable to see that the horses were all right. It was too warm with all the animals inside so I threw open the top half of a manure door at the far end for ventilation, and, having patted old Chippewa, went back to my lonely vigil. A pile of furs made a comfortable seat and I was glad to stretch my tired legs in front of me. Then I took a chew of tobacco, blew out the lantern and settled down to watch. There was not much danger of anything happening but you have to know every trick of the cards when you sit down to play with an Indian.

My hips were sore with the weight of my cartridge-belt after two days hard riding, so I laid it and my revolver within easy reach, and feeling that I had done all that was possible fell to thinking of—Myrtle.

About midnight the horses began whinnying and plunging. One of them got loose, I supposed. Porter's could untie any knot with his teeth. I rose lazily to go to them. The moon was just showing by this time so I did not trouble about the lantern, trusting to the light from the open door. A faint night-breeze had arisen and it swung the door to noiselessly behind me as I stepped inside the stable. I paused for a few seconds listening, for everything was quiet again, and was just turning to let some light on the scene, when my eyes were attracted by a shadow moving across the dim light of the open half door at the further end. Thinking this was the loose horse I took a couple of steps forward and peered through the darkness at the grey outline of the opening. I saw, or thought I saw, the shoulders and plumes of an Indian. Instinctively my hand sought my revolver. *I had left it in the harness room.*

Laugh at me for the veriest green recruit, if you like. Twice in one day. Well, the best of us are liable to make mistakes. I paid for mine.

Being utterly unarmed my first idea was to fetch my gun and rouse the others, but my confounded spur caught in a loose board and I tripped backwards with a clatter. Before I could recover myself a hand was clutching me. I swung the owner across my hip and shook clear but felt the sting of a knife in my arm like red hot iron and he was on me again. This time I got him by the throat with both hands and, as we fell, yelled loudly for help, for two other dark figures loomed up from the horse stalls.

"Stay with it, Corporal," came Porter's boyish voice and the door opened with a crash. "Ah,.d— you! would you?"

There was the blinding flash and report of a rifle and in the quick light I saw poor Porter throw his arms above his head and spin round. At the same moment a fierce spit of fire streamed from Gabe's revolver and in the moonlight from the open door a tall Blackfoot staggered, swayed and collapsed, crucified face downwards on the floor; while the third Indian and the half-breed were crawling—crawling—towards each other snarling like wild-cats. The door swung to again with the wind, shutting out the light and in that awful darkness, amid pistol shots and horses kicking and plunging, we four fought it out, as wild beasts fight, to the death.

That cursed knife was sticking in my arm, and, rolling on the unspeakable filth of the stable floor, it was driven clean through. I felt it grate along the bone and jab into the boards. Do you know that feeling? I had got my fingers laced round the redskin's neck with a grip of steel and in his ribs a knee that could make a bronco grunt; but, by a desperate effort my opponent wrenched out the knife, loosening my hold, and stabbed me again and again. In the excitement I never felt it, holding on and worrying him as a torn dog worries a wolf.

But it could not last. Although I kept him half-throttled, the grease with which he was smeared caused my fingers to slip as he writhed and twisted and I was growing deathly faint from loss of blood. Gradually he forced me underneath, though I had felt his ribs break, and in a second I should have to let go. It was all up.

The murky gloom turned red. The Indian was free, and I seemed to see the dull glitter of the dripping knife above my head. Involuntarily I closed my eyes. Would it *never* fall? The sergeant's stripes—Myrtle—the dear old Mater in Notting Hill—hard luck!

Then I was dimly conscious of voices and lanterns, of another pistol shot and a weight rolling off me; and before I lost all count of things had a vision of Myrtle standing over me, white as the night-dress she wore, the little revolver I had given her smoking in her hand.

So we captured our Indians after all, one dead and the other two nearly. Porter was shot through the shoulder and came within an inch of cashing in—a brave lad. Gabe Latreille was badly wounded and "I got mine." It was a short scrap but a lively one. Say, we had more fun in five minutes than you could shake a stick at.

I was in orders for Sergeant when they took me into hospital.

Myrtle had a rise too, for the Police boys carried her shoulder-high through the streets of Poplar Creek, a surging, singing, cheering, joyously inebriated mob. They say the Commanding Officer kissed her. He was an old bachelor and Myrtle indignantly denies it; but, there, you never know. Anyway, I don't care. I've kissed *his* housekeeper many a time, and that's no dream.

I'll tell you something. When a sweet, brown-eyed Irish girl, clad only in her night-dress, risks herself among painted Indians to save the man she loves, she is not going to lightly chuck him over. You can stack your pile on that.

Where Everyone Can Help

A Humble Nanny Goat Will Increase Production by Giving Three Quarts of Delicious Milk Daily and at the Same Time Render You Independent of the Milk Man

A PRONOUNCEMENT by Lord Northcliffe That Makes Every One of Us Long to Grow Some Stock That Will Mean More Food for Our Men at the Front.

"The very work of a soldier demands that he be the best fed man in the world.

"Since the beginning of the war, the ships of the British Navy, and those attached to it, have increased tenfold. Added to battleships, destroyers and submarines are thousands of small craft, trawlers, drifters, observation ships, and on every one of these, summer and winter, —and do not forget we have a very severe winter in the North Sea and North Atlantic—are men who must have their daily full ration to carry out their work.

"Quite apart from our Navy are the men in the air. Can you conceive a man going through that hellish life, 18,000 feet up, clothed in electrically heated clothes and supplied with oxygen to enable him to breathe—can you imagine him doing that on half rations?

"Can you imagine the boys in the trenches surviving a week if we had to cut down their pork and beans and the various things they have to eat?"

Goats and Goat Getting

"GOT your goat?"

You will be asking it and I shall be asking it, in all solemnity and interest, if certain half-spoken suggestions that have lately been heard, gather force and form.

And the goat in question will be a neat, dainty-stepping, furred, horned, milch-goat, probably to be obtained through government channels and at a stated price, presumably from $8 to $13—(*not* the rather indefinable something termed a goat, that is vaguely connected with temper or temperament, 'got' usually through ragging or irritating and costing anything from a joke to a disposition).

Why the sudden eagerness to "get a goat?"

Because a good milch-goat will give an average of three quarts of milk, two hundred and forty days in the year.

Is it worth while for me to arrange for an extra seven hundred and twenty quarts of milk in Canada next year—milk that would not otherwise be here—milk that would cost me, at present price, $96.00?

The answer has come before the question, in the echoing appeal from Great Britain and our Allies overseas—"Produce! Produce more food! Produce, that our soldiers may be fed and the war won!"

Everyone Can Aid Production

WE people of the cities and towns, when we first read and heard the call for greater food production and conservation, took only the latter to ourselves. We spoke earnestly to our bakers and our grocers concerning brown breads and wheat savers; we instituted meatless and baconless days; we left no more "morsels for manners," on our plates—good form to-day demands a clean plate; we scrutinized every consignment for the garbage-pail with a relentless eye and wondered if anyone had yet discovered a use for the peelings of potatoes boiled in their jackets or for tea-leaves!

As for production—"the farmers must certainly produce more," we said, in the assured and comfortable voice with which we relegate duties to the other fellow.

Then somebody started back-yard gardens.

So we bent our unaccustomed backs and we dug and planted and watered and weeded and then we harvested and preserved and stored—oh yes, it was very much worth while and the back-yard gardens gave a vast lot of food to Canadians this year, and helped to liberate a vast lot of the products that we are asked to ship overseas.

Cauliflower and raspberries don't seem to bear any very direct relation to a trench bill-of-fare, but the beans and bacon and red beef and good wheat bread that we can send across whilst we eat unshippable foods, mean strength and courage and support to our boys.

But now "we must have more meat," they tell us from over there. "The supply is getting shorter and shorter and the need, if possible, greater. Raise more stock over there in your wonderful, fruitful America."

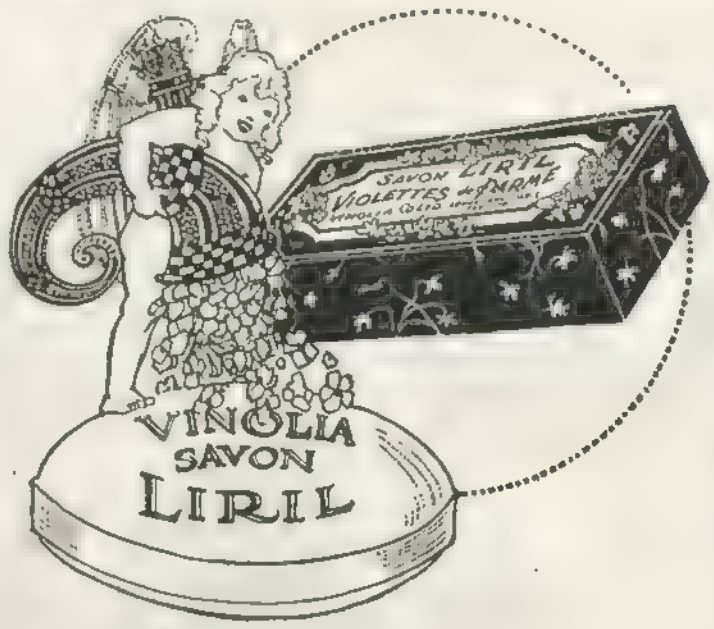
What Can I Do to Assist

CAN we of the towns and villages again say "yes, the farmer will surely heed this call, too, just as he did the call for a great grain crop," and leave it at that?

Emphatically, no! We must look to our own opportunities. We must measure our lawns and yards and ask ourselves, "What can I keep—hens, a pig, a goat?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28G)

This is "Kafusalum, the Daughter of the Ba Ba"—really a most delightful beastie. She belongs to a famous Toronto surgeon and each summer journeys to his island in Georgian Bay, where, as the milk-man is three miles distant, she is excellent milk-insurance. Kafusalum quite enjoys her just popularity.



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For that is what Liril Soap is. That means it contains no animal fat whatever. We use only purest vegetable and sweet fruit oils, which are highly beneficial to the most delicate skin—nourishing and stimulating. It is perfumed with a delightful odour of Violet Essence from sunny France.

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LIRIL SOAP

is a decided benefit to the complexion, no matter how "delicate" it may be, as well as being an effective cleanser. Don't suffer from a harsh or parched skin—get Liril and you will enjoy the peachy complexion of youth.

Vinolia Liril Soap is white before adding the perfume—but the Violet Essence changes the colour to a natural brown.

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Then use or practice brings the speed

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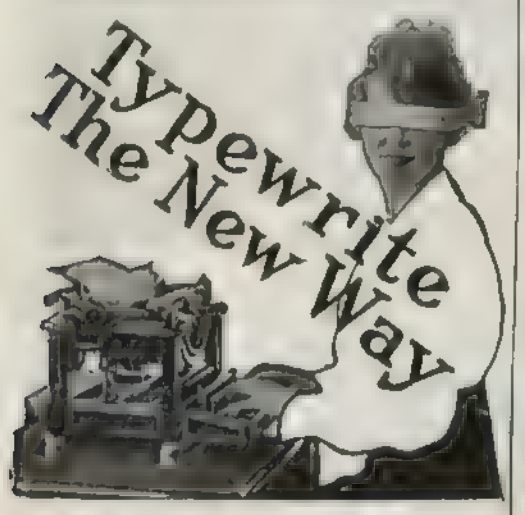

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The Woman at the Helm

Of Public Affairs in Nova Scotia is Mrs. William Dennis

IT is even more emphatically true of women than of men, that some are destined to become leaders. Having attained that post, their success, or the duration of their leadership frequently depends upon the manner in which they direct their talents and make use of the inner power that has been the impetus to their advancement.

By sheer force of her executive ability, by the charm of her personality, and none-the-less by her absolute "common sense," Mrs. William Dennis, of Halifax, wife of the Hon. William Dennis, member of the Dominion Senate, has taken a grasp of public affairs in Nova Scotia in the last score of years that has gained for her a provincial-wide vote of popularity. She is undoubtedly Nova Scotia's "leading woman."

Honors have been conferred upon her—many of them. Of these, let us speak later. Let us not think that *because* of them, she *is* great; rather, *in spite of them*, she *retains* her greatness.

Mrs. Dennis was born in Truro, Colchester County, N.S., and as Miss Agnes Miller, teacher, she manifested in her earlier years the interest in community life which was responsible for her entering more actively into the work of organizations wherein her name is, to-day, synonomous with efficiency, progress, aspiration, achievement.

Possibly the first noteworthy recognition of Mrs. Dennis' capability was in 1902, when the Victorian Order of Nurses inaugurated its finely successful work in Halifax. She was then the unanimous and immediate choice for President.

From that time on, demands that she fill various other public offices were many and insistent. She was one of those called upon by Lady Aberdeen, in 1904, to organize the National Council of Women. She co-operated wholeheartedly, seeing for such an organization vast usefulness. She labored cheerfully with the other pioneers in the movement, and her optimism and faith in it's ultimate success has its reward to-day, when the Halifax Local Council, of which she has been President since it was founded in 1904, is one of the most influential factors in community well-being in the whole Dominion. Her associate officers therein attribute the success of the organization chiefly to their President's personality and power for organizing, her moral earnestness and broadly sympathetic outlook.

WITH the declaration of war, women in Nova Scotia looked instinctively to Mrs. Dennis for guidance. They should do *something*, they knew, but just *what* it was and *how* to go about it, Mrs. Dennis would certainly know best. And she did!

With characteristic promptness she recognized the fact that heavy burdens must be borne by the women of the country, if the war is to be won; that their part should be as important as that of the men, that they should equally be dependable. And so she started to rally forces for the fight ahead—the fight women must wage at home.

Unassuming, but outstanding, Mrs. Dennis has been honored for her work by H. M. the King

When the meeting for the organization of the Nova Scotia Provincial Red Cross Society was called, it was a foregone conclusion that Mrs. Dennis would be its President. She was the general and immediate choice, and there was widespread satisfaction when she consented to take the office. There was more, there was a feeling of *safety*, of confidence that the affairs of the society would be in capable hands.

Into the varied patriotic work of the Province she has thrown herself with passion; with the passion of a patriot for her country, of a dreamer for an ideal, of a soldier for success in arms; with the passion of a mother whose eldest son, Captain Eric Reginald Dennis, M.C., sleeps the sleep of the brave—

"In Flanders fields,
Where poppies grow, among the crosses, row on row."

If we were to comment upon Mrs. Dennis' achievements by mere enumeration, they could be included in a few paragraphs. But if we were to spread them out to several chapters, we might still fail to express their real significance—a significance that can only be gathered, as it were, between the lines.

It is the human side of her character that all who know her love to comment upon, and it is that side of her character, through her very humility, her unassuming nature, that leaves us nothing *definite* to state. One *feels* her influence, but she is careful to conceal anything tangible, any evidence of generosity, the knowledge of which would afford us the opportunity of commenting: "*This*, has Mrs. Dennis done!"

She was a member of the Greater Halifax Conference to which the community owes the establishment of the Bureau of Social Service. She is President of the Woman's Auxiliary to the Young Men's Christian Association, and is active in the work of the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, of whose Board of Management she was formerly a member. Her love of her fellows springs from a higher love, and she is a most earnest and helpful member of St. Andrew's Church, Halifax.

When, not long ago, the title of "Lady of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem" was conferred upon Mrs. Dennis, all felt that *there* was surely a laurel richly merited, an instance of giving honor where honor is due. She accepted it with full appreciation of its significance, but she has never sought nor courted the plaudits of the throng.

In that, alone, may rest the reason for the respect she receives at the hands of the public. She has the happy faculty of uniting public spirit.

IN most cities—and Halifax is no exception—there are social cliques, little so-called "inner circles" to which only the élite may aspire. Mrs. Dennis has never allied herself with any "set." She even succeeds in reconciling such conflicting interests. She has the power, the tact, to assemble all women to work for the common good.

Her home life is as unassumingly lived and as effective as are her public activities. Her intimate friends know her to be deeply affectionate, but in no way emotional. She is just that motherly type that is a combination of so many things, and after all—what more than that is there to be desired? In her dealings with humanity as a whole, there is, indeed, more than a hint of the romantic, which recalls to us a remark her husband made to an acquaintance only the other day:

"The only romance in her life, was when she married me," said the Senator, proudly.

But, between ourselves, there are some things men *don't* know about women, aren't there?

"*WHO* is the leading woman in Nova Scotia?" we asked many people.

Everywhere, the instant response was:

"Mrs. Dennis, *of course*."

And Mrs. Dennis, it *is*.

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THE JOY, THE INTENSE, WHOLESOME JOY, which a Columbia Grafonola brings into your home will make all your family more keenly alive to the spirit of Christmas.

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The articles illustrated in this advertisement are fair samples of Hallam's great values and will be sent promptly on receipt of price.

1506—Driving Coat of Fine Muskrat. 45 inch length, beautifully designed. Skins are of fine quality; even, dark colors, carefully matched, and workmanship is faultless. Lined with heavy guaranteed brown satin—new style collar, which can be worn as a high Chin-chin or flat as in small illustration. Finished at waist line with half belt. In sizes 32 to 42 bust. $75.00, delivered to you.

1686—Handsome Manchurian Wolf Set. Newest design, made from fine, jet black silky skins. The large stole is in two skin style, wide across the back and shoulders—trimmed with heads, tails and paws. Muff is large and comfortable, made over soft down bed—has wrist cord and is trimmed with head and tail—lined with corded silk poplin. Exceptional value. $13.50 per set, delivered to you.

1508—Muff to match in new melon shape (as illustrated), or in pillow style, $11.50, delivered to you.

1507—Hat to match, silk lined. $7.50, delivered to you.

FREE

A beautifully illustrated Fur Style Book—giving advance information on furs and fur fashions and containing 125 illustrations of up-to-date Furs and Fur Garments. All these illustrations are photographs of living people—thus showing how the Furs REALLY appear; it shows Furs for every member of the family.

Don't fail to send for this book TO-DAY—it is now ready for mailing and will be sent as requests are received.

HALLAM'S 1917-18 FUR STYLE BOOK

Don't forget to send for Hallam's Style Book to-day—it's FREE—Address, using the number as below.

John Hallam Limited

833 Hallam Building TORONTO

The largest in our line in Canada.

In the Realm of Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

a romance so charged with interest and excitement that our hearts beat faster as we read and the persons of the story become living entities to us.

Sevier, a brilliant young lawyer, loses his case through intemperance, but the only person who realizes the cause of his failure, is his rival for the love of Echo Allen, Cameron Craig, the head of the liquor trust. To force Echo to marry him, Cameron threatens to publish an old scandal in the Allen family, but at a midnight rendevous, as Echo agrees to wed him to save her father's honor, Craig is shot by a housebreaker. Echo is rushed from the scene by a masked man whom she believes to be the murderer and the story rushes swiftly to its climax. All lovers of action and excitement in literature will be sure to read this tale with interest.

Songs of Our Maple Saplings

By ANNIE BETHUNE MCDOUGALD.

Musson Book Co. 25c.

THIS little booklet has been published in aid of "The Soldiers' Comfort Fund" of the Daughters of the Empire, of which the authoress, Mrs. A. W. McDougald, is Honorary Organizing Secretary for the Province of Quebec. In "Songs of Our Maple Saplings," are included three poems by Mrs. McDougald — "War Debt," "Langemarck," and "St. Julien." The first of these has appeared before and will, doubtless, be familiar to many readers. The remaining two poems appear in this booklet for the first time. This volume will be welcomed by all who care for our soldier boys.

Rest, Holy Child

(The music of this carol is reproduced on the page opposite)

Rest, Holy Child, upon the lowly ground!
Thou hold'st the earth that holdeth Thee;
Thou hold'st the earth, the sky, the sea,
In Thine embrace profound.

Sleep, Holy Child! Though angels round Thee stand
To keep Thy sleep from dangers free,
Thou guard'st the angels guarding Thee
Safe in Thine Infant Hand.

Thy helpless Arms uphold the lowly Maid
Who now so gently beareth Thee,
And guards Thy sacred Infancy,
Low in the manger laid.

Rest, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's breast;
To Thee do all things make their prayer,
All things in earth and sea and air,
And find in Thee their rest.

—*F.A.H.L.*

On the Right of the British Firing Line

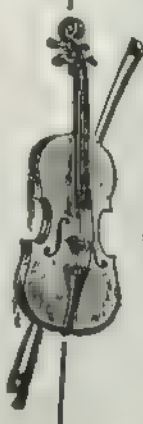
By CAPT. GILBERT NOBBS.

George J. McLeod, Toronto.

CAPTAIN NOBBS has given us, in this volume, a short but vivid account of his five weeks' experience on the firing line and his five months of blindness and imprisonment in Germany. Captain Nobbs has many friends in Canada, having been the representative for some years of one of the large English firms in this country, and his book should have wide acceptance on this account, as well as for the intrinsic merit of the work itself. The writer pretends to no great literary ambitions, but has told us in plain, straightforward words a story of heroism under suffering which fills one's heart with admiration for that army of which he speaks so proudly. The book is neatly printed and well bound and furnished with a couple of excellent portraits of the author. It should have a wide sale among those who make a study of the literature of the war.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 52)

Everywoman's World Xmas Violin Club



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Send for particulars or better still—enroll now by enclosing $1.00.

You run no risk. Should you decide not to purchase your $1.00 will be refunded, but in the meantime you are securing one of these most famous guaranteed Chadwick, or Curatoli Violins, complete with bow, rosin, instruction book, extra strings and certificate for 20 lessons free with the "U.S. School of Music."

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They heard the Call of the Motherland
There's a corner of the flag for you to hold
On to Victory
We're all for Johnny Bull
Till you return (a song for mothers, wives and sweethearts)
Canada for Me
Memories of Home (Rev. J. D. Morrow's new song for the boys at the front)
I'll not forget you, soldier boy

Words and Music complete, 15c each or 7 for $1.00 post-paid

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Remarkable new method—no teacher needed. No trick music—you play any instrument BY NOTE. Piano, violin, organ, 'cello, banjo, cornet, harp mandolin, piccolo, trombone, flute, clar net, saxophone, ukelele, guitar or sight singing. Over 200,000 successful students have learned to play by our methods BY MAIL!

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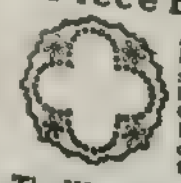
7 Piece Bureau Set 20c



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F. A. H. L.

(A CHRISTMAS SONG.)

Music by
AGNES H. LAMBERT.

Slowly.

VOICE.

PIANO or ORGAN.

Rest, Ho - ly Child, up - on the low - ly ground! Thou hold'st the earth that hold - eth Thee; Thou hold'st the earth, the sky, the sea, In Thine em - brace pro - found.

D.C.

Thy help - less Arms up - hold the low - - - ly Maid Who now so gent - - ly bear - - eth Thee, And guards Thy sa - cred In - - fan - cy, Low in the man - ger laid, Low in the man - ger laid.

Rest, Ho - ly Babe, up - - on Thy Mo - ther's breast; To Thee do all things make their pray'r, All things in earth and sea and air, And find in Thee their rest, and find in Thee their rest.

NOTE.—This beautiful little Christmas song is presented to you exclusively through Everywoman's World. No further copies can be secured on this Continent. We are indebted to the Canadian management of Boosey & Co., 295 Regent St., London W., for the rights of publication. We are glad to make this announcement because we think you may desire to get in touch with the publishers, for information relative to the composer, whose songs are just now attracting much attention in England

Space necessitated our omitting the second verse. Its setting, however, is exactly similar to verse I and should be inserted after the first bar, third line. The words in their entirety will be found on the opposite page.

—The Editors.

CANADIAN BEAUTY
ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES

"Canadian Beauty" Appliances are approved by Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

"CANADIAN BEAUTY" NEW GRILL

for the "Newly-Weds", for "just two"; for small families; and for those who must have an early breakfast, or enjoy late suppers. The Grill is one of the wonders of electricity. It boils, broils, fries and toasts. Takes up hardly more room than a dinner plate or tea pot. Yet it fries eggs and grills bacon—or broils steak and toasts bread—at the same time, right on the table, so you can serve things piping hot.

Make this a "Canadian Beauty" Christmas

PEOPLE are putting a lot of thought and discrimination, as well as love and good wishes, into their gifts this year.

Christmas is coming to mean, more and more, a beautiful day of happiness—not a day of regretful extravagance.

And so, we all of us are choosing gifts for their use, their utility, their convenience.

"Canadian Beauty" Electrical Appliances make such gifts as most women dream about; and long for; and hope that "somewhere, someone, will give me one for Christmas".

Every "Canadian Beauty" Electrical Appliance is guaranteed. We can do this, because every article bearing the "Canadian Beauty" trade mark is doubly tested and examined by experts before leaving the factory.

Most dealers, department stores and lighting companies carry the complete line of "Canadian Beauty" Appliances. If you are unable to see them at a nearby dealer's, write us direct for our new Christmas catalogue, illustrating and describing the various articles in detail.

Renfrew Electric Manufacturing Co. Limited
Renfrew, Ont.

"CANADIAN BEAUTY" PERCOLATOR

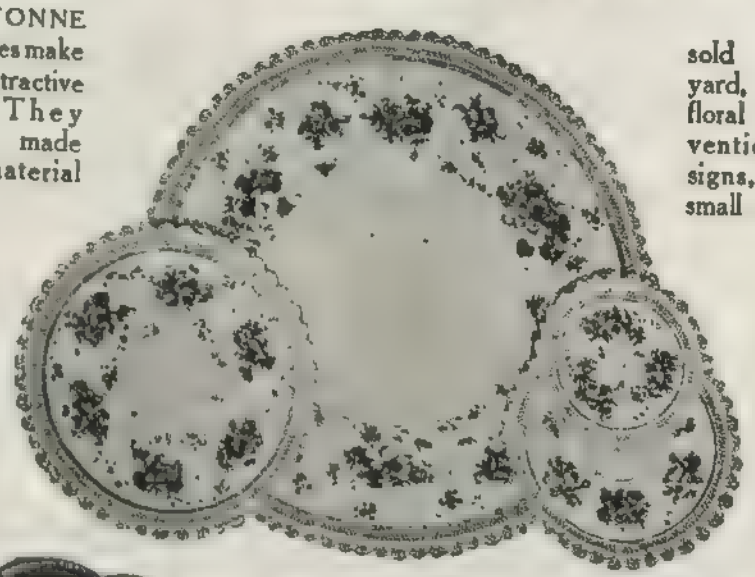
The great thing about this Percolator is, its simplicity. Nothing to bother you—no frills or fancy contraptions to get out of order.

Simply put in the coffee and water—insert the plug—and "let her perc". You can't help making good coffee with this new "Canadian Beauty" Percolator.

"Canadian Beauty" Appliances are approved by Hydro-Electric Power Commission.

The Last Word in Christmas Suggestions

CRETONNE doilies make most attractive gifts. They may be made from material sold by the yard, coming in floral and conventional designs, with a small motif.



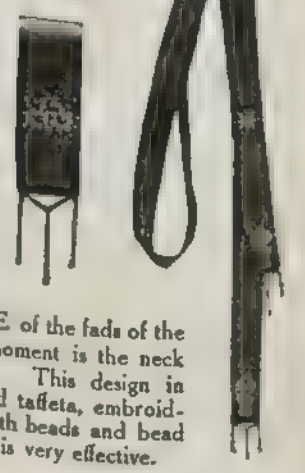
THE afternoon bag has taken us by storm. It makes an irresistible Xmas gift. The illustration on the left can be prettily carried out in natural pongee, in rose, blue, green or yellow, with tassel and cord to match the pongee silk.

The bag on the right is of black taffeta, 11 inches deep, embroidered in steel beads in any design desirable.

ALTHOUGH patriotic knitting is the order of the day, the experienced knitter will turn her knowledge to account this Christmas by expending her skill on many of her gifts.

This dainty house wrap, knitted and edged with crocheted balls, is a Paris war-time suggestion.

BABIES and bootees just naturally suggest each other. This soft little crocheted pair, in a dainty shade, is threaded with ribbons to match.



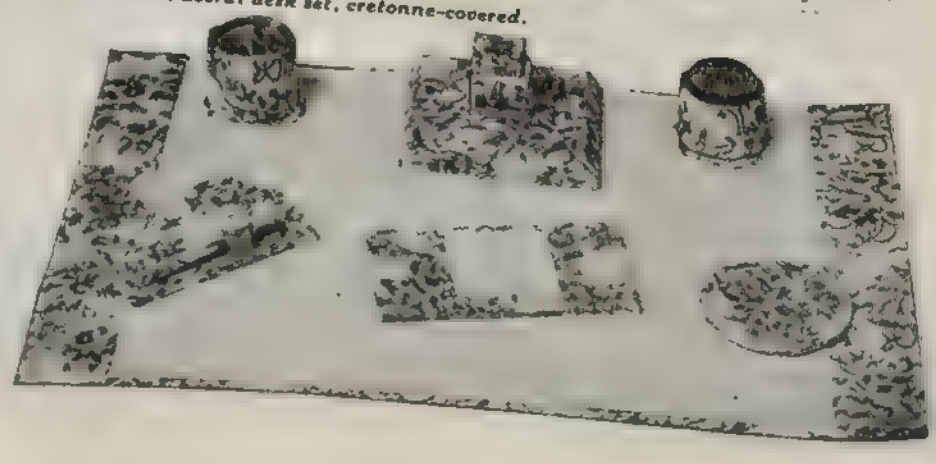
ONE of the fads of the moment is the neck ribbon. This design in watered taffeta, embroidered with beads and bead tassels, is very effective.

SCUFFS of woven satin ribbon make a dainty gift.

TWO effective uses of net, plain and pleated. Organdie and fine mull are also attractive for the gift set.

VANITY FAIR still demands vanity cases. They can be made at home, most attractively, and as a Christmas gift, sometimes fill a blank most acceptably.

A useful desk set, cretonne-covered.



Homemaking As a Business

The Young Housekeeper Must Learn to Do Things by Schedule

By ALICE L. GOOKIN

Formerly Director of the Girl's Vocational School, Lowell, Mass.

"NO woman can make a success of her business unless she knows why she is running it and the ideals she wishes to follow. The clearer the woman's ideals the better the home maker she will be."

Every bride looks forward to the pleasure of entertaining her friends at dinner or luncheon. This implies a knowledge and skill in cooking. She may have the knowledge but lacks experience. This may be due to the method of instruction she received. If at school, she may have been assigned but one dish to cook during the entire lesson; if at home, she may have relied too much on her mother for assistance. As a hostess in her own home she faces new proposition.

'She learns that her day's schedule allows for recreation hours only when she knows how to plan for them. She finds that her working hours take up too much of her time. She hears "housework is never done" from all sides of her, but with true Canadian spirit she adopts the modern efficiency slogan, "Avoid wasted movements."

One of the first ways to do this is to know her subject,—homemaking. Let her begin her education in this seriously, giving it as much study, interest, attention and devotion as she gave to whatever occupation was hers before marriage.

There are lectures, books and magazines, on homemaking which are helpful to those interested in home economics. Then there is the help she may get from experienced cooks. Here, however, are pitfalls for her. Many experienced cooks ridicule the use of measuring utensils and scoff at the expense of following a cook book. They have acquired the knack of cooking in some charmed way but they have not the ability to transmit their skill to others. How frequently a bride deplores the fact that she cannot cook like her mother! History repeats itself and if her mother's diary could only be unearthed it might reveal some interesting culinary secrets.

All domestic science experts use measuring utensils; a graduated cup of glass, tin or aluminum divided into quarters and thirds is an imperative necessity. The expert always demands level and exact measurements. Many people prefer baker's cake and bread to the home-made product, giving as their reason that they are uniformly good. They do not realize that the cause of their being uniformly good is,—the baker uses exact measurements.

A Reliable Cook Book

AS cook book recipes are always planned on exact and level measurements, it is advisable to own a first class cook book and follow its directions conscientiously. She will find in it no haphazard directions like "half butter and half lard; about the size of an egg;" or "2½ cups of flour, cup of ordinary size."

Some of the recipes in the cook book may be expensive but, unless she knows a little of the science of substitution, it is well to be chary about changing the recipe. Ingredients must be kept in proportion and if one substance is replaced by another, the same amount may not be used.

Lard, any vegetable fat, beef fat, or oleomargarine are common substitutes for butter in cake-making. If one-half cupful of butter is called for in the recipe, she may meet the fat requirements by using one tablespoonful less of lard, that is, seven tablespoonfuls, or six and one-half tablespoonfuls of vegetable fat, or four tablespoonfuls of beef fat, provided one-half of a teaspoonful of salt is added in each instance. Oleomargarine may be used in the same proportion as butter.

Bread flour may be used in cake-making instead of pastry flour, provided she deducts two tablespoonfuls of it from each cup used. Some cooks acquire a flour superior to pastry flour by substituting two tablespoonfuls of corn starch for the two tablespoonfuls of bread flour removed. Soda and cream of tartar may be used instead of baking powder, if she uses one part of soda to two parts of cream of tartar, the total amount of both to equal the amount of baking powder in the recipe. Sour milk or buttermilk may be substituted for sweet milk provided she uses one-fourth teaspoonful of soda per cup. This, however, has the effect of reducing the amount of baking powder one teaspoonful. For instance, if the recipe calls for the use of two teaspoonfuls of baking powder with sweet milk and she uses sour milk, she must use but one teaspoonful of baking powder as the soda used is equivalent to the other teaspoonful of baking powder. Potato or rice water reserved after the potatoes or rice has been boiled, may be used instead of milk. If she modifies a recipe in order to use a cupful of nuts she must reduce the amount of fat one and one-half teaspoonfuls, as one cup of nuts is equivalent to that amount of fat.

There should be a place in her cook book to note economical substitutions and reliable recipes. Many cooks use the margins of the pages. If a cake recipe is to be added it is written on the margin of a page devoted to cake recipes and given a page number in the index. This saves trouble in locating it a second time.

Another method to improve the cook book is to note near the recipe the number of minutes required to cook, the character of the oven heat, the quantity the recipe will make and the number of minutes it takes for the preparation. For example, on the margin of the page near the recipe for gingerbread she notes twenty minutes cooking, moderate oven, one-half recipe makes eight muffins, fifteen minutes preparation.

The silent part of every cook book is that part which makes no mention of the time it takes to prepare a particular dish. 'When she has discovered the importance of knowing exactly how long it takes to prepare respective dishes she will have very little trouble with late or hurried meals.

Proper Utensils

SHE must not overlook the value of using proper utensils in her work. The shape and dimensions of a pan may seriously affect the quality of a loaf of bread. A pan 7½ by 4¼ by 3 inches deep is the best size for bread Her cake tin, new and shiny, will yield "sad" cakes until it is dulled. This is done by greasing it with any unsalted fat and allowing it to bake until it has acquired a bluish tinge. It may be used at first for baking apples or preparing Franconia potatoes, for, unless it is seasoned, it is treacherous for cake-making.

Aluminum utensils take longer to boil liquids than any other metal, but once the liquid acquires the boiling temperature the gas may be lowered to almost the vanishing point. This is of great advantage when using a double boiler. The capacity of aluminum for high temperatures, however, is a handicap in oven cookery which favors the more moderate temperatures of casserole dishes.

An iron kettle and its accompanying frying basket are great aids in deep fat frying and a heavy iron pan is the best utensil for frying meat.

One-pound baking powder cans may be utilized for making Boston Brown Bread and the open end of a half-pound or quarter-pound can may be appropriate for a biscuit cutter. Tooth picks, buttered, in order to penetrate easily, may be employed as skewers.

Observation will teach her a great deal;—her scoop holds two cupfuls of flour; fourteen medium sized apples make one-quarter peck; two good sized potatoes, boiled, make one cupful of mashed potatoes; rice swells to five times its normal size when boiled; any scalloped dish is more successful with but two layers; pastry is improved by having all the ingredients thoroughly chilled before mixing; any unsalted fat is superior to butter in greasing pans; the temperature of melted butter should be lowered before adding to gingerbread or muffin batter, otherwise the batter will be coarse-grained instead of smooth and velvety.

White, pure, inviting—the very appearance of Fairy Soap suggests its pleasing, refreshing quality in toilet and bath use.
A dainty tissue wrapper and an individual box keep each cake of Fairy Soap clean and pure as when made.
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"HAVE YOU A LITTLE FAIRY IN YOUR HOME?"
FAIRY SOAP

Big Ben

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And *you*, in retrospect, at threescore-and-ten, will thank Big Ben of *Westclox* for each cheery morning call—his faithful comradeship through life—his thrifty guarding of your hours.

"Good fellow, Big Ben, he helped me live on time!"

Big Ben of *Westclox* is respected by all—sentinel of time throughout the world. He's loyal, dependable and his ring is true—ten half-minute calls or steadily for five minutes.

Big Ben is six times factory tested. At your dealer's, $3.50. Sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer doesn't stock him.

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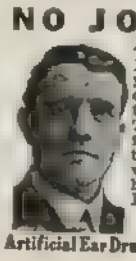
NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



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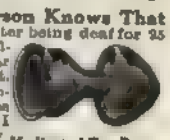


Medicated Ear Drum
Pat. Nov 3, 1908

Address, GEO. P. WAY

Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 52 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

WHAT'S IN A PACKAGE?

Our Food Controller Asks Canadian Women to Support a War Measure that May Banish Some Breakfast Foods and Give Others to Them in Bulk Form Only.

By KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, B.A.

"NO more package cereals weighing less than 20 pounds may be sold in Canada during the progress of the war" rules the Food Controller.

As discussion of the order grows, its objects would appear to be threefold.

1. To effect an increased use of cereals other than wheat.

2. To force a general stocking of all these substitutes so that they will be available to women.

3. To investigate, perhaps, the prices of some of the packaged foods, to see if the public is paying too much for an idea or a process.

As *something done* for the relief of conditions, the first inclination of Canadian women is to accept this ruling in a spirit of approval. They are told it is "a measure to effect economy." Good. It has the aspect of a step in the direction of lowering prices. Good, again.

But gradually, the significance of the measure as it affects Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, as it affects you and me, begins to show itself.

Mrs. Jones lives in a town that boasts of a really high-class grocery store, run by a man who is unscornful of to-day's ideas and to-day's methods.

His store is clean, his clerks are clean, in person and in habit. He is equipped with the best fittings he can get and the best facilities for the proper storing of the foods in his stock.

Fortunate Mrs. Jones! She has been in the habit of purchasing her porridge materials in sealed, air-tight packages and has had no trouble with staleness, mustiness, inferior goods, or uncleanliness in any form.

Her grocer, however, since he can no longer supply her with these branded food-products, will look after her interests as well as he possibly can.

He will, of course, have to add some new equipment to take care of a greatly increased bulk stock. The old-fashioned open bin or the inadequate sack, will, he knows, never store cereals well enough to satisfy his customers. He knows, too, that he will have to contend with mice, (and the cats he must have, to keep them down), with vermin, with dampness, with every deteriorating influence to which these goods are subject. So Mrs. Jones' grocer gets him some metal-lined bins, with close-fitting covers, and goes back, as efficienty as he can, to the methods of his father, with the scoop and the scale, the paper bag and string.

Somebody Pays

OF course, new fixtures will cost money—so will bags and string and the time of his clerks to weigh and measure and package; and labor is scarce, high in price, and often floor space is more valuable to him than shelf-room—but of course Mrs. Jones will have to help meet these costs. They will all be included in his selling price—with an allowance for the inevitable wastage that occurs when hurried clerks do the packaging.

Is Mrs. Jones, even under these circumstances, quite so fortunate? Her cereals are as fresh as possible—one time better than another—her grocer is buying a good quality of bulk meals, he does his best to give them to her free from dust and contamination and she is getting more weight for her money, so, although she feels that she preferred the less tangible things she bought with the meal in her package, still, these are war times . . . . things are different. She "falls in."

In the matter of flour—she seldom purchased it in the small packages so she can still, without hardship, be assured of getting the brand she likes, by buying it in quantity.

But she knows of women who, with just as definite an idea of the flour they want to use, cannot put so much money into it at once—although they know that flour, like most other commodities, is cheaper if bought in quantities.

Such women must buy their seven or fourteen pounds of flour in the *grocers'* package—weighed and parcelled "to order." If he can do so, the grocer will give them their accustomed and proven brand.

But in each instance, he will charge for package, time and waste.

Troubles in Smithville

What of Mrs. Smith? Her town has three grocery shops but they are all oldish, not very progressive, not very up-to-date.

Mrs. Smith has a delicate child of two years of age, who has lately been thriving on a diet that calls for a finely ground, well-cooked wheatlet.

A sealed package gave Mrs. Smith just what she needed—uniformly excellent (the manufacturer is, of course, jealous of his good name so his product is always up to standard), perfectly fresh and in a convenient quantity.

Other cereals and prepared breakfast foods for her family's consumption, she has been buying in handy package form and has taken as a matter of course, their good quality, fine flavor and freshness. The members of her family have always liked porridge—made of oats, wheat or corn-meal—and they liked the prepared foods also for variety. She finds a ready-to-serve cereal very convenient, even in winter, on the morning that she gets up early to get the laundry under way for the wash-woman and on other days when getting the children off to school takes more time than usual. The kiddies like these tasty grains, too, for their early tea, served with hot milk.

"No more package cereals, Mis' Smith—sell you rolled oats or wheatlets by the pound. No, can't get the baby's kind—mebbe the druggist has a baby food like 'em."

Vaguely troubled, Mrs. Smith buys some bulk meal for the family and finds it fairly good. It is not so even as what she has been getting, so it does not cook so nicely; but on the whole, it is not too bad.

But two weeks later, the oatmeal the grocer sends looks very "specky" and it feels soggy to the fingers. No person eats very much of it. Bessie, who is growing too fast and whose appetite is a little bit finnicky, demands a boiled egg, to be cooked in a hurry.

So the rolled oats go back, to find the grocer rather indifferent. They are just what he bought, can't be much wrong with 'em—he hasn't any better.

Mrs. Smith tries some corn meal, instead. It seems so be alright.

The next time she orders rolled oats, they are not musty, but they are flat and flavorless and not very popular in the mornings.

Mrs. Smith, therefore, tries another grocer; but when (with a word of sympathy for the heavy cold he is suffering from and a private hope that he won't package a vigorous germ with her oats), she follows him to the back of the store where some sacks stand, a big, sleepy-eyed grey cat jumps from the half open top of one of them, and although it is not the sack her meal is taken from, she changes her mind about wanting any cereal to-day!

The family eat less—much less—cereal than they used to eat. They demand bacon or eggs or sausage and more muffins and toast—so breakfast in the Smith family is costing much more than formerly, both in money and in work.

What "Isn't" in a Package?

PRUNES, rice, beans and fuzzy dirt.

Human and animal hairs, straight and curly, and fibres of cotton and wool dyed green, yellow, brown, pink and grey.

Straw and a little bit of bran.

Sand, cornstarch, broken wheat and yeast spores.

Pinewood, and fragments of unidentified other timber.

Tobacco leaf, cigarette paper and cigarette tobacco.

Also the wings and legs of a few unfortunate insects.

And of course some raisins!

This was the interesting collection which state chemist Charles H. Lavall named as the constituents of a purchase made by a special agent of the Dairy and Food Commission of Philadelphia. And the grocer had been asked for a pound of raisins!

After the analysis the poor dealer was held at $400 bail, says Printer's Ink, which went on to suggest that if it were necessary for each grocer to maintain a high-priced chemist on his staff, the price of bulk goods might not be very low!

To Consider Ourselves

YOU yourself—perhaps you have found some way of getting fresh, assuredly clean cereals and of keeping them sweet and flavorful—or you may have a good idea for effecting variety with the fewer materials at your disposal. If so, do pass along your suggestions—Canadian women, mothers of growing children, whose catering problem is never a light one, at best—will welcome your ideas.

I—well, I am busy making my adjustments. I shall fit some glass jars with rings and tops, to hold the somewhat larger quantities of cereals I shall have to buy at a time. I know an opportunist who has a little grinding establishment—just a little one-man, grind-to-your-order shop where I have been getting a variety of meals for our war-breads—and I shall fare very well. He and his shop are scrupulously clean; his containers are practically invader-proof; he has no clerk-hostler, to alternately pat his horse and put up my foodstuffs. But few cities and fewer towns have anything like this to fall back on—and as my little shopman becomes better known, things may change a little there.

Also, I am busy comparing prices and just what I can get for my money—and what I *will* get for it, when, the competition with package goods removed, bulk goods prices are no longer indirectly controlled by the package price. Perhaps, however, the food controller's department has already planned to keep down those prices.

Hitherto, I have cheerfully paid for certain unmentioned things when I handed my grocer so many cents for "A package of cereal."

I bought what I knew would be goods of certain quality. The manufacturer's next sale to me would depend on that—a fact he recognizes and takes due pains to meet

I bought *cleanliness*. I have gone through many large plants and have seen grain hoisted from great elevators that held tons of it; I have seen it cleaned and recleaned, sorted according to size, rolled or roasted or toasted or puffed, poured into cartons lined with waxed paper, weighed and sealed—*without ever being touched by a human hand, clean or unclean!*

Concerning Profits

I HAVE talked with big manufacturers of food products. I have learned that they need not depend for their profits on any increase which selling so much cereal, in bulk, at a price, has over selling that same quantity, plus the additional cost of packaging it, at a price that will show a *greater percentage of profit*. That profit should be no larger than the margin on the bulk article allows. Such a manufacturer is financially successful because he gets and *holds* customers. His good name, the success of his product, depend on a steadily maintained standard of excellence. *He stakes his reputation on his product* and depends on the great number of his sales, for his profit.

The man who sells to your grocer an unbranded sack or barrel of foodstuff, assumes no responsibility beyond the dealer. You don't know him, might not be able to find out who he is.

His goods may be kept in open containers. Puss may curl up comfortably on them, leaving hairs and contamination behind her; the ubiquitous mouse is ever with us—and where could she find a better place to rear a family, than right by the source of food-supply?

Of course, if the dealer knows of such visitations, being a decent man, he will throw out a handful—and trust that the rest is all right!

Keeping one's eyes open is truly a bit hard on one's appetite, at times—but it does pay. No use allowing sensitiveness and a dislike of crude, unattractive facts, to blind us.

So for a pleasing sureness on such points, for the better preservation of my cereals, for their uniform good quality and for convenience, I have cheerfully paid a few cents extra for my packaged groceries. I have taken from my pudding at night, if necessary, to add to my porridge in the morning.

But now we have a war-measure to consider—and if it is to help matters, we women will do our best to meet the changes and deal with them. If we are assured prices well-controlled (for competition and reluctance to change a standardized price, have kept packaged goods prices pretty well in hand), that will compensate in some measure for what we must give up. Or if we are being charged too much for articles we know and like, we shall be glad if their prices can be lowered.

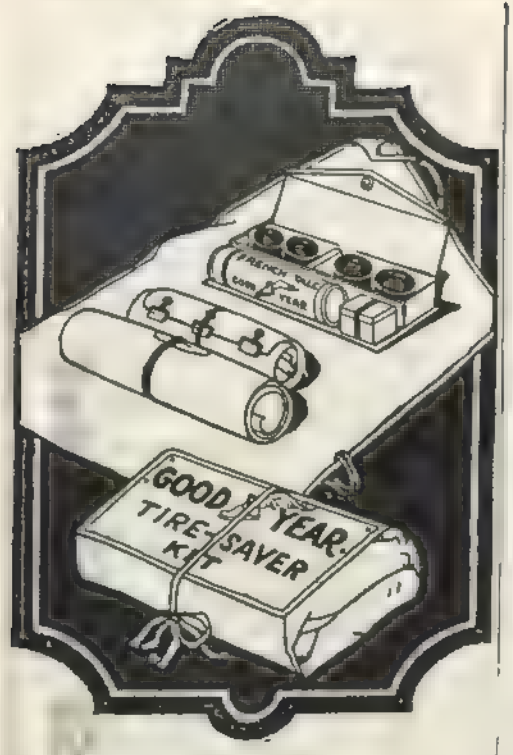
If the measure to do away with package cereals will *really* have a direct bearing on the food problem, we will help.

But every woman of us will look forward to the day when we can get again the safe, sure and sanitary food package that we consider gives us a fair sum total of value.

What Tomorrow May Bring Forth

OF course, at the time of writing, we do not yet know just what the special license under which packages may still be sold, will cover. If the voice of the consumer—the woman—is regarded, there will be a number of these grants. Women have liked, have bought, have encouraged the manufacture of, a variety of "breakfast foods." Are the manufacturers of these products to be ordered to close down the factories that have been supplying a definitely-voiced demand? Few of those products could be handled at all in bulk—an airtight package is essential. Again, a product that is a carefully balanced mixture, with medicinal value, might lose its identity entirely, at the hands of a tricky dealer. Mr. Hanna has championed industry and the "organized

(CONTINUED ON OPPOSITE PAGE)



For the Motorist's Christmas

FOR a year-long Christmas for the motorist—give him a Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit.

It is peace of mind in a package.

It is adequate preparedness against tire trouble.

He may not have tire trouble—but there is always the fear of it.

Until he puts the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit in his car.

It contains all the necessary things for making repairs on the road—tire putty, self-cure tube patches, inside and outside protection patches, cement, talc, friction tape, pressure gauge.

All are neatly packed in a handy canvas roll.

The cost is trivial in view of the peace of mind it brings.

The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co. of Canada Limited

Buy the Goodyear Tire-Saver Kit where Goodyear Tires are sold. Look for the tire with the big diamonds.

GOODYEAR
MADE IN CANADA

What's in a Package?

(CONTINUED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE)

channels of trade." Is this ultimatum consistent?

And those cereals which can be shipped and sold in bulk—will this measure increase their consumption? Will the "idea behind the bomb"—to increase the consumption of cereals—other than wheat—not be defeated by their decreased attractiveness to fastidious housekeepers?

Or the enforced economy represented in this measure—can Canadian women not be trusted to know, themselves, whether they have money to spend on daintiness, flavor, scrupulous cleanliness? The woman who feels that she cannot afford to pay for these things has, even now, the option of purchasing the bulk goods. They are obtainable everywhere, we are assured by wholesalers. So it comes back to this: *What will this measure cost and what will it do?*

It would appear, however, that the present aspect is not by any means the final aspect. Mr. Hanna, non-committal though he be at present, sometimes moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. He has set out, determinedly and definitely, to secure for the patriotic Canadian housewife, the cereals she should be using and, so that she may buy them at their minimum price, to make them available to her in bulk form.

This is as it should be.

If the package, for all its merits, is keeping the cheaper bulk products from the consumer, if the grocers throughout Canada stock the handy carton to the exclusion of the bulk goods—then Mr. Hanna will assuredly do away with the package.

But now that the manufacturers and merchants are being given an opportunity to take the matter up with the Food Controller, they may be able to show him that the housewife can secure the brown flours and staple cereals in bulk, in any desired quantity.

It must be considered that, when Mr. Hanna started the "Save the Wheat" campaign three months ago, he created *news*. He outlined a national duty for women to perform. Wherefore, every publisher in the land caught up the slogan and "Save the Wheat" echoed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Women's Magazines and the Women's pages of general papers, translated the cry into practical terms by publishing no end of recipes for war-breads and new uses for those cheapest of foods, the cereals.

Such popularizing of the movement, associated with the idea of *doing something to help*, moved the nation's housekeepers to rapid action. The demand for hitherto little-used flours and meals doubled and redoubled—to the utter confusion of the grocers of the land.

For the edict went forth just in the hot season when no grocer had stocked whole wheat and its kindred, because the weevil and moth would flourish in them.

It took some time also, for the small retailer to realize what had happened—that there was a demand which bade fair to be both large and constant. But eventually, he "woke up" and sent an order to his wholesaler. He, in turn, appealed to the mills.

Delay, again—for the millers were months behind on their orders.

Supplies were started as soon as possible, and gradually, women have found them available.

Meantime, however, they have not been idle or silent. Very rightly, they have appealed to the food controller—"Yes—we will use brown flour and oatmeal and corn-meal—if you will make it possible for us to buy them."

If he cannot do it otherwise, Mr. Hanna is now out to make it impossible for them *not* to buy them, if they are to have any cereals at all.

We hope, however, that such drastic measures will not be necessary.

With proper co-operation between the food controller, the producers and the distributors of these staple foodstuffs, surely they can be made available to women, without altogether depriving us of free-will in the matter—without taking from us entirely the right to judge whether we will buy the package and all it means to us or the open goods.

We will assuredly welcome all improvements in distribution or in price that the Food Controller can effect for us, but we frankly hope that they can be bought at a smaller price than the surrender of our well-liked package.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Should be in every kitchen. Its use assures complete satisfaction in baking cakes, biscuits and pastry.

YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

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MADE IN CANADA

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

Says

"Canadian women can help make our

VICTORY LOAN

a great success. One third of the American Liberty Loan was taken up by women—we can do as well."

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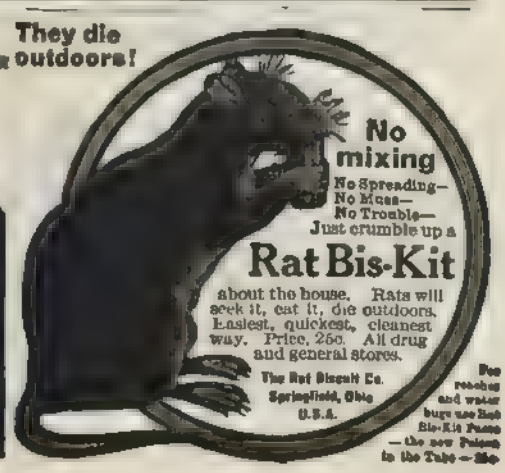
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Canada Needs Nurses

YOU CAN LEARN AT HOME

THE call goes forth for women to take up this interesting and fascinating work. It is the need of the hour—both in Canada and for overseas. It gives unlimited scope for your talents and personality. The deadly monotony found in most lines of work is absent here. The frequent changes bring you into constant touch with new conditions of life, new phases of human nature, and new types of cases. Travel, too, is brought within your reach, as frequently nurses accompany health-seekers on trips to various parts of the world.

You can prepare yourself to take up this great profession by studying in your spare hours at home. No need to spend three or four years at a hospital without pay—the R.C.S. course will fit you to

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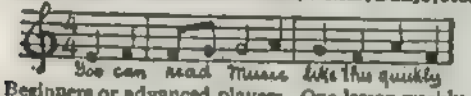

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"You'll Like Home-Made, Whole-Wheat Bread"

Food experts assert that whole-wheat is more nutritious than ordinary white flour. Try this easy Whole-Wheat Bread.

Recipe by Mrs. Ida C. B. Allen
Domestic Science Expert and Author of Mrs. Allen's Cook Book

For Three Whole-Wheat Loaves

Two cupfuls scalded milk, two cupfuls tepid water, one compressed yeast cake one and one-half teaspoonfuls salt, one tablespoonful molasses, twelve cupfuls whole-wheat flour, bread flour to knead. Combine milk and one cupful water, add salt and molasses. When tepid, stir in the yeast dissolved in the remaining water. Beat in whole-wheat flour and add bread flour to knead. Knead until elastic, turn into well oiled bowl, rub over top with warm water, cover and let stand over night in warm place. Cut down, shape put in "Wear-Ever" bread pans and let stand till double in bulk. Bake fifty minutes in moderate oven. Let stand with oven door open and gas turned out ten minutes.

To secure best results and save fuel, use

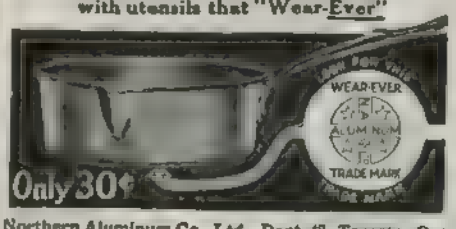
"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Bread Pans

"Wear-Ever" bread pans take the heat evenly with the result that the bread is baked thoroughly all the way through. They require no grease. To remove bread, simply invert pan.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" dense, hard and smooth.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"



Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Dept. 48, Toronto, Ont.

Send prepaid, 1 qt. (wine-measure) "Wear-Ever" stewpan. Enclosed is 30c in stamps—to be refunded if not satisfied. Offer good until Jan. 20th, 1918 only.

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The Hanna Family and Patriotism

An Incident That Reveals Home Application of the Food Controller's Doctrines

FOOD Controller, W. J. Hanna has carried his doctrine of greater production even at the expense of limited profits right down to the farmers themselves. At a convention in Toronto he urged upon the producers of Ontario the urgent necessity for greater individual effort, greater thrift and closer conservation right in the home. In some subtle way, however, his audience seemed at first unable to strike the keynote of his doctrine. Throughout the early session there was remarkable a faint, almost intangible atmosphere of antagonism. There was an unbridged gap evident between speaker and audience. Each seemed to stay on his own side of the fence rather than venture upon common ground.

One farmer arose, just as a speaker took his feet upon the platform, and interrupting, asked "What is being done in Mr. Hanna's *own* home, or by Mr. Hanna's *own* family to win the war?"

The audience applauded the heckler.

The genial Food Controller is seldom fiery, seldom roused, but this was too much. He sprang to his feet and spoke as a father who could point with pride to his children's own patriotic sacrifices.

"My boy—my only boy," he rasped in short staccato utterance, "is where I would have him be—'somewhere in France.' Twice he has been wounded—twice he has returned to his post. That is where I hope and expect him to be until the day hostilities are done!"

"My elder daughter," he continued, "is nursing, caring for returned soldiers. Not until the need for further service is over will she resume her interrupted college course. My younger daughter picked fruit on a farm this summer and is now stuying domestic science at Guelph. She is just fifteen."

It was enough! The tide turned with a rush. Applause rose high, from every father present. In an instant they were with him—ready to do all in their power to help in his plans. The common ground had been reached; the ice was broken.

National Opinion

As Expressed by the Individual

A FEW letters picked at random out of the thousand or more that have accumulated, in eulogy of our new magazine "Rural Canada," tell a tale of appreciation and satisfaction better than any effort to do so on our part. It is noteworthy that these are post-marked at all points from Vancouver to Halifax. Some of these we reproduced in previous issues They all make interesting reading!

"I am very much pleased with your magazine and think it is the very best for its price that I have ever seen. It is a paper that farm women need. On the farm the mother very seldom has much time for general reading, and she needs something that gives her the most information and pleasure in the few spare moments she has.

Your magazine has something interesting and helpful for each member of the family, and I am sure it will create in each one a desire for the better things in all the avenues of occupation and leisure of farm life; and the fulfilment of the ideas suggested in it will do much to make farm life both more remunerative and more attractive. Where can the attractions of either town or city compare with the real pleasure and joy in the hearts of the boys and girls trained as in your article, "'How the Children Are Leading Them?'"

Your magazine also contains much of splendid educational value, bringing the farm homes in the isolated districts of Canada into touch with the educated minds and experts in the various departments. It gives also many useful suggestions for carrying out the economy that is so much needed now, and also for the economy of the mother's time, that she may have more time to give to social and intellectual duties and to be her children's best companion. Wishing you every success with your new magazine, Yours respectfully,

Mrs. W. J. DOOLEY, Wawota, Sask."

"A Magazine that will bring joy and happiness; that will make life easier and better and will give that uplifting power and brightening influence to everyday life, especially in the rural communities, by treating so successfully problems of such industrial, social, moral, domestic, religious, and national value, is sure to be a beacon light to lead the people of Canada to brighter, nobler and higher standards of living and thinking, and better fit and prepare us to do our part in the great struggle to "Win the War."

Only the magazine "Rural Canada," full of articles of human interest, between its attractive covers, could measure up to these requirements.

My very best wishes, therefore, are for the successful launching of the first one hundred thousand subscribers for Rural Canada.

Yours very truly,
ALLAN G. PEIRSON, Weston, Ont."

The Passing of the Christmas Ghost

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5)

phosphorescence, emanating on a dark night from the rotting wood of the wainscoting.

Or worse still, if it were decided that there really was something in it, then the society of Spookical Research or some such body would take the matter up. A delegation would "sit" on Sir Everard and reduce him to cold evidence. A talented lady-medium, at ten shillings an hour, would "call up" Sir Everard and make him explain himself. It would be reported in the proceedings of the society that the talented medium, Miss Babble, in the presence and under the inspection of Professor Piffle, F.R.S., of whose honesty there can not be the faintest astigmatism of a doubt, had been in communication with Sir E— D— Baronet, who passed over to the other side about the year 1660; that Sir E— D— had said that he was very happy and that where he was it was all bright and beautiful: asked if it was true that he stabbed his cousin Ronald Digby with a poignard, Sir E— D— was silent for a while, but on being pressed said that he might have, but was not sure it was a poignard: but that over where he was it was all so bright and beautiful that a little thing like that didn't matter.

With which the whole legend would have vanished and been transformed into the plainest of plain prose without a shadow of romance about it.

So the old-fashioned Ghost Story, like the Ghost itself, has gone up the chimney.

We must wait in patience till our writers invent some new kind of cheerful terror for Christmas time.

An International Daily Newspaper

"It would be a fine thing if this excellent daily newspaper could go into every home in the country, for it is not only a daily newspaper but in fact a daily magazine of tremendous value. The most striking feature of the Monitor at this time is its wonderful foreign news, giving exclusive information and articles in regard to the situation in Europe."

(The Dayton, Ohio, Journal)

Published daily in Boston, U.S.A., The Christian Science Monitor circulates the world over.

The Monitor conducts its own news gathering bureaus in all parts of the world, and because its news of the world war and of all great diplomatic affairs of the nations is said by other newspapers to be the most complete in the world, its news is "news" whenever received by the subscriber.

It omits entirely from its columns the sensationalism which makes up so large a part of the news of the day usually seen by the public.

Advertising columns are also completely censored.

A single article is devoted each day to a discussion of Christian Science for those who are interested.

The paper is in reality *"An International Daily Newspaper"*—the first one ever published.

The Christian Science Monitor is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms at 3c a copy. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c, a sample copy on request.

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING SOCIETY

BOSTON U. S. A.

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Bovril contains the goodness of the beef

There has been no increase in the price of Bovril during the War

A Timely Christmas Gift

Carhartt

Safety First

Allovers

A one-piece oilproof garment, made in Khaki and Blue Denim. It is the most useful and necessary article you can have in your car. Slip on and off in a moment, and save their cost the first time you change a tire or repair your car.

If your dealer does not carry them, and will not order them for you, we will supply you direct.

Hamilton Carhartt Cotton Mills, Ltd.
Toronto Unit

Toronto, Montreal
Winnipeg, Vancouver

Where Everyone Can Help

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

Eggs are scarce and very dear; milk the same; bacon is needed more and yet more.

If I can ensure my own milk supply for eight months in the year, I have helped a little; if I can grow a pig,—take a young pig in the spring and have it ready for the butcher by fall (for a a pig takes but six months to mature for market) if I can keep enough chickens to supply me with eggs and perhaps have a few beyond my own needs—am I not helping?

"But," we say, "it seems so foolish—there has always been enough food—it is just the very high prices that make the trouble."

Here is the point to which years of plenty have brought us. We cannot comprehend a world-wide food shortage. We cannot grasp what it means to have the Great Russian wheat fields cut off, the Bulgarian and Rumanian crops in the hands of the Germans, abnormal conditions ruling Great Britain, France and Italy and too few ships to permit distant Australia and South America to help very much. We cannot realize, even with Belgium before us, that no amount of money will buy food, if the food simply is not there to be bought.

What a tremendous responsibility this situation throws on Canada and the United States!

Let Us Create New Customs

ARE not such critical, such changed, such almost unbelievable conditions enough to jar us out of the little ideas and habits that living in an orderly world of peace and plenty has given us?

Can't we institute some new customs that will suit the times and the needs of the times?

Why not "Got your goat yet?" or "I've got a pig now," when we are exchanging the news of the day?

Pigs instead of pups. Chickens for kittens. Goats instead of rabbits, squirrels, white mice and parrots! Let the children look after them—consider them pets—and know at the same time that they are helping Big Brother or Daddy who is fighting.

Of course, they will require a little other food—the pig will need some chopped grain feed, the goat, a little hay and the chickens some mixed grains or screenings in addition to scraps and waste from the kitchen. But they will far more than pay for their fodder themselves. And to get back to the supplies and money idea, *the cost must stay in second place.*

Germany Leads

IN Germany, there are four million pigs per annum raised in the towns and suburbs. Four million urban and suburban pigs. (And let us remember, Germany is one of the cleanest and healthiest countries in the world). One man, reminiscing on this point, declares he believes he remembers seeing pigs living on the fire-escapes.

Without going quite to the extreme of herding swine on our window ledges, we could raise many more domestic food animals than we dream of doing, in the population centres of this country. In the towns and villages, the lots on which homes are built are bigger than the proverbial pocket-handkerchief back-yard of the city-dweller. A pig or two, or a few hens or a goat, could be kept without difficulty.

Where Can I Get Me a Goat?

IRELAND has goats and to spare. Switzerland abounds with them. A goat—a good milch-goat—is worth over there from one to two guineas—from $5 to $10.

It costs $2.50 to bring a goat across the Atlantic.

The ships that ply back and forth are filled going over—they have plenty of room on the return journey.

The Canadian government some time ago found a simple way of getting a milch cow to the farmer in the West who wanted one.

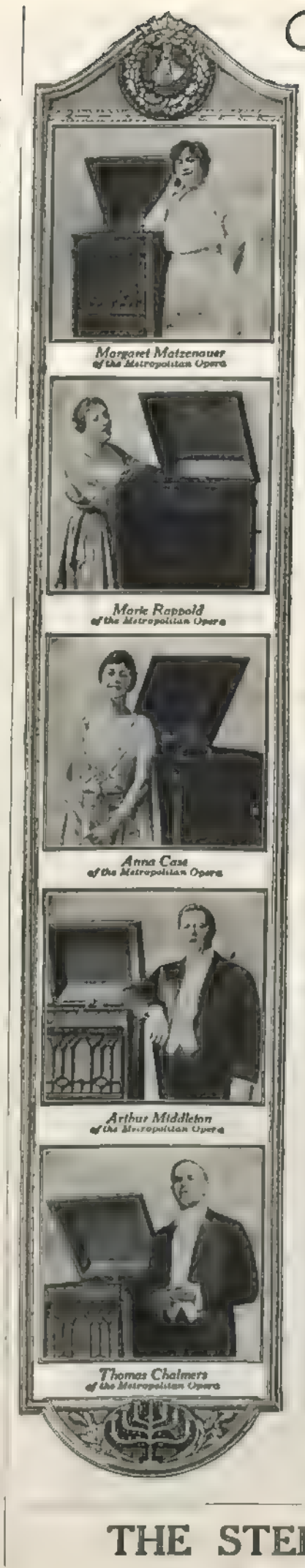
Could it not be arranged with the proper department of the Government at Ottawa—say the Live Stock Branch of the Department of Agriculture—that each person desiring to obtain a goat from across the sea, place an order with the Canadian Government?

Your goat could be delivered at your door.

Nothing to do but tether her, feed her, get acquainted with her, milk her.

She will provide the milk and amuse-for the children, novelty, a sense of helping, and a saving of money, for yourself.

Assuredly, the more *I* think of it, the more I Want My Goat!



Wouldn't you like to have these Metropolitan Stars as your Christmas Guests?

WOULDN'T it be a pleasure to be able to sit down amidst the comfortable surroundings of your own home and listen to Anna Case, Marie Rappold, Margaret Matzenauer, Arthur Middleton, Thomas Chalmers, and the other great singers of the world? That would be a privilege, wouldn't it?

We said *would* be a privilege. But thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison it is a privilege which is now within your grasp. So far as the enjoyment of their voices is concerned you *can* actually have this distinguished group as Yuletide guests. You *can* sit in your own home and revel in the beauty of their magnificent voices.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices—or instrumental performances.

You will, very naturally, feel skeptical about so strong a claim. But before hundreds of audiences we have conducted our famous "tone tests" in which the instrument was pitted against the artist and invariably the verdict was the same; *no difference could be detected.* In a "tone test," the artist sings in his natural voice; then suddenly ceases, leaving the instrument to continue the song alone. Thirty different great artists have made these tests.

More than one million people have attended the tests and not one of them has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the living voice left off and when the New Edison began. With the lights lowered not one could tell when the change took place. 500 unprejudiced newspaper critics who witnessed the recitals unite in this assertion. In this new instrument Mr. Edison has actually succeeded in *re-creating* the human voice.

We have never heard of any sound-producing device whose manufacturer dared to risk so relentless a trial. Until the New Edison was perfected such an achievement was undreamed of.

The actual photographs reproduced on this page depict five Metropolitan Opera Stars singing in direct comparison with the New Edison's Re-Creation of their voices. No listener could detect the slightest shade of difference between the living voices and their Re-Creation.

A ROYAL GIFT
It Means a Richer Life

As a Christmas gift what can surpass this wonderful instrument? It is like a permanent pass to all the operas, all the concerts, all the music of the whole world. It does actually add something real and vital to life.

Have you ever considered the New Edison as a family gift? Nowadays many families are eliminating the smaller individual presents to one another and are pooling their holiday funds for the acquisition of "the phonograph with a soul."

We believe that you'd find our literature of interest. It's different from the usual catalog style. Drop us a line and we'll send you copies of our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," of the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and of the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

Or call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant in your vicinity and receive a demonstration of the New Edison. He advertises in your local papers.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

THE STEPPING-STONE TOWARDS BEAUTY

Physical Culture as It May Be Applied to Every-Day Life

By MURIEL P. JOHNSON

IF you could do a movie "flash-back" into legendary days, and have just one wish in regard to your own person, what would it be?

The reply that a number of women gave to this, almost in one breath was, "Physical perfection."

The wisdom of it! Health as well as beauty!

We can have it too, but as in everything truly modern, we pay a price. And not in dollars this time, but in effort.

Investigations and the piling up of much data have proven that if Physical Culture had its legitimate place in our educational propaganda, it would not only startle our school administrators, but put a stop to the appalling mortality resulting from preventable diseases.

There are such numbers of men and women pressing on in life with an unquenchable desire to accomplish more, or, often, with that haunting fear of a break-down looming up ahead. Jaded frames, weary brains, langour and drooping spirits are playing worse havoc than the prolonged march, short rations and the trench.

So often one hears the objection to exercises—"But I am pretty well, you know, and really I have not the time."

Well, perhaps you haven't, but sometimes you have just got to take time to be ill. And are you going to be content to live on a low plane of vitality, physically as well as intellectually? Just what does your speedometer register, and what CAN it register at a "speed-up" call? The tragedy of so many lives is that reserve power is not taken into account until the extra strain comes, as it inevitably does.

We don't want strength so much as stamina. Do you feel bright, brisk, vigorous? Do you ENJOY your work? Do you feel like tackling the tough spots, riding down impossibilities, and, by the sheer force of you, turning your ambitions into actual achievements?

No? Then, there is a reason.

The Rationale of Home Gymnastics

IN the business world to-day, we stand at attention and a machine does the work. In every home labor-savers—some women call them life-savers—are welcomed and installed, with the result that muscular activity has decreased seventy-five per cent. in the last twenty-five years. Furthermore, it is an incontestable fact that city life is strikingly more sedentary in habits than rural life, so that city families on an average do not last more than three generations without the addition of country stock. Everywhere we observe that the men rising to the top in our great industrial system are the strong, virile men from our country homes. Serious facts!

Anatomists tell us that the skeletal muscles (those attached to the bones) comprise three-quarters of the actual living cells of the body, and hence, if the perfecting of our mechanical inventions is resulting in the stiffness and atrophy of these vital parts of the human machine then—back to the good old days of laborious work.

But Physical Science steps in with a decided—NO! Manual labor will not effectively and constructively exercise all those muscles. No wonder we fall short of our three-score years and ten, and so very far below the old Roman and Grecian standards of physical perfection. How they would have laughed at the fittings of our modern gymnasia. All you need is an open bed-room window and determination.

By raising the physical standard of the individual, like results will be accomplished for the race. It is therefore a positive duty to conserve and increase our bodily and mental powers.

Physical Culture is as necessary as eating and sleeping. Above all, it is the stepping-stone to Beauty.

The Nordheimer
Miniature Upright
A NEW AND GREATER PIANO
Price $400, East of Ft. William

Distinctly a piano for "the Home Beautiful" and for those who appreciate a glorious tone. A Piano that arouses your pride in its possession, when musical friends call.

The purchase of a Nordheimer is not a speculation. It's a sound Investment. Our 78 years of leadership—supplying the best pianos to the best families of Canada—your sure guarantee of satisfaction. Your whole investment is safeguarded by the name "Nordheimer."

This Nordheimer Miniature has been aptly described as "a large piano in a small case." One marvels at its **Grand Piano tone**—a volume and quality heretofore not available in a piano of its size. The development of such a tone would have excited wonderment in a large piano, but to produce it in so compact a case is an achievement that is arousing the enthusiasm of musicians.

There are only two other pianos, in our judgment, made on this continent, that can compare with this Miniature upright. We acknowledge their right to similar claims, but both are American makes and would cost from $200 to $300 more in Canada than we ask for ours.

So far, no advance in Nordheimer prices. Your money has 100% purchasing power. Act quickly, as we can give no guarantee of price remaining as above, beyond Jan. 1st.

Write for Design Book E; containing full particulars.

NORDHEIMER PIANO & MUSIC CO., LIMITED
CORNER YONGE AND ALBERT STS., TORONTO

You will need
DREADNAUGHT CHAINS
in a spot like this

The illustration shows a dangerous hill on the Hamilton-Guelph road, but a slippery city street is probably more dangerous.

The safe and sane method for motorists is to equip with Dreadnaught Tire Chains.

The long lever rim-chain connector shown in the insert is an exclusive feature.

You can't buy better chains than the D[illegible] you can [illegible]

FREE
BEAUTIFUL BIG SEWING SET and A REAL SEWING MACHINE

SEWING BAG
KNITTING NEEDLES
3 COMPLETE PATTERNS FOR MAKING DOLLS DRESS COAT HAT & UNDERWEAR
NEEDLE BOOK
2 SKEINS EMBROIDERY FLOSS
Combination SPOOL STAND & PIN CUSHION
3 IN 1 CROCHET HOOK

GIRLS—Just think of it. You can have this beautiful complete sewing set and a wonderful sewing machine all your own, without spending a single cent to get it. **Just look at what we give you.**

First—A lovely sewing bag—just like mother's—big and roomy, so you can keep in it all your Doll clothes, sewing, embroideries, etc. Then a high grade steel embroidery scissors, a real aluminum thimble and a shiny bright metal stand for holding six spools of thread and all your pins and needles in the top. Next comes a book of high grade needles containing a fine bodkin and all sizes of needles for sewing, darning, etc. Then a set of fine English knitting needles, a 3 in 1 crochet hook, a tape measure two skeins of embroidery floss and **just look** the complete patterns for making all the finest doll clothes that even a little Princess Doll would want—a beautiful dress, a lovely coat with flowing cape, a sweet little hat and a complete outfit of underwear including Princess Slip, nightgown, drawers, etc. The sewing machine is exactly as illustrated and is a little marvel. It operates by hand and will do fine work just like your mother's big $50.00 machine. Everybody says its simply wonderful.

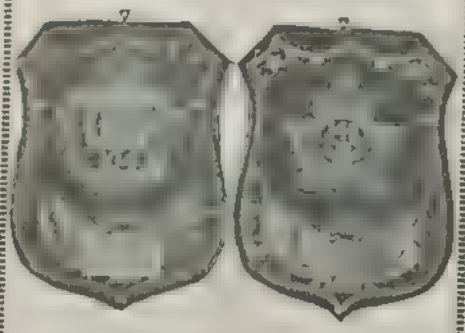
We are giving all these grand prizes in order to get girls to help us to quickly advertise and introduce "Fairy Berries" our new delicious Cream Candy Coated Breathlets. Send your name and address at once and we'll send you free a big **10c** package to try yourself and to offer to your friends. We know you'll just love them. With your sample we will send you just **32** big handsome packages to sell among your friends at only **10c** each. It's easy to do. As soon as you sell them they want a package or two at once. Just one or two little Fairy Berries will perfume the mouth sweeten the breath and leave a lasting fragrance. They are delightful.

Return our money, only **$3.20** when the breathlets are sold and we will at once send you your grand sewing outfit—the sewing bag, scissors, thimble, tape, spool stand, knitting needles, Embroidery floss, Crochet hook, needle book and the doll clothes patterns all complete just as represented and the grand sewing machine you can also receive without selling any more goods by just showing your lovely sewing outfit to your friends and getting only three of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry girls! Write today and you can soon have all these beautiful presents to show to your friends. **16B**

Address: THE FAIRY BERRY CO. Dept. M. 4 TORONTO, ONT.

Patriotic Souvenir
A Practical, Patriotic, Lasting Souvenir of the Great War.



A CREST SHIELD

The ideal souvenir, gives you the Crest of "his" battalion or military unit on a handsome felt hanger. Work is in rich colors, in art process, resembles hand painting, with a metal top and hanger 11 in. x 15 in. Also has a calendar pad for 1918—a dandy feature.

Sold by book, drug, novelty and department stores everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you send us the number of "his" battalion or unit, your name and address and 35c. in coin or stamps and we will send postpaid.

Pugh Specialty Co., Limited
Clifford Street - Toronto, Ont.

Going Home For Christmas!

GOING Home for Christmas! There is art magic in the words. How our hearts thrill to the sound of them, especially if this is the first flight of young wings from the home nest.

And it is true Christmas weather, clear and bright—"a nipping and an eager air." Oh, but the snow will crunch beneath our tread as we walk home from the station, a hand tucked into father's arm, the steel-blue stars twinkling above us and a scimitar blade of moon swung low in the sky. And then at the end of the road, the sparkle of light from window and doorway and the glad home welcome that lies before us!

Going Home for Christmas! The very train has caught the infection of the words as it roars upon its way, and the rails click out the sentence over and over again.

Surely that jolly, fat, white-bearded man has somewhere a host of children waiting for Grandpa's Christmas visit. The pretty girl in the seat before us looks up with laughing, sympathetic eyes, as we blunder up the aisle, oozing parcels as we go. She, too, has an armful of Christmassy-looking bundles—but she has been wiser than we and has consigned them all to the capacious embraces of a brown and white string bag, the very marrow of which hangs in the cupboard of our little room in the city, having been rejected by us as far too countrified for use. *Now* we wish that we had been more sensible, as we scramble round upon the floor of the car collecting our various belongings.

The conductor calls the name of the familiar station. We hurriedly gather up our impedimenta and alight, to find, as we expected, father's face beaming a welcome to us. Then comes the walk home through the whispering pine-woods, the sudden rush of warmth and light as the door is thrown wide; the aroma of Christmas goodies; mother's outstretched hands and glad cry of welcome; the crowd of dear home faces—oh, but it is good to be home once more, in the heart of it all!

Follows much laughter and chatter—tales of the life of the great city, eager queries for this one and that all the little happenings of the home to be recounted to our eager ears. But at last we go up to our own old room; mother tucks us into bed once more as she has done so often in the past; the lights wink into darkness one by one, and sleep descends upon us.

And the next day! What distribution of gifts to all the family! What marvelling at the cleverness with which we have anticipated the exact wants of each member of the household. Little brother's exultation over his new hockey skates more than makes up for the chocolates and sundaes we have denied ourself in order to make the purchase. Father is wearing his gold-rimmed eyeglasses proudly. Mother hangs enchanted above the misty laces that her soul loves.

And ourself! Fondly we declare that our every desire has been fulfilled—that our cup of blessing is shaken together, pressed down and running over. We look with tenderness upon the impossible butterfly, with its purple body and yellow wings stained with much gore from little sister's unaccustomed fingers in her ardor to make for us "a really truly penwiper, all by myself." We are ready, for the moment at least, to swear that it is an object of art unsurpassed by the masterpieces of all the ages. It is the love that goes with the little gifts that gives them their transcendent value—the love that nowhere on earth is gathered and stored up for us save here in the heart of home.

And then comes the sound of the Christmas bells, the drive to church behind Frank and Brit, the old grey horses that we have known from childhood. We kneel at the Christmas Eucharist our hearts going back to that first Christmas among the snowy hills of Bethlehem with a sudden realization of all the day has meant to the world through the flight of two hundred centuries.

And then home again to the Christmas dinner and Christmas games, the dance and laughter, the jest and jollity of the day, consecrated for us now by those moments when, kneeling at God's altar, we gave thanks for the Birth that has given us all the joy of Christmas. Resolutely we put aside all thoughts of the morrow, when we must fare forth into the world again for another year leaving the dear home nest until, a twelvemonth hence, we shall once more be looking forward with joyful hearts to Going Home for Christmas.

National Power

According to the most optimistic opinion the war will last until the end of 1918. Should it end then, Canada will have piled up a staggering debt amounting to over $3,000 per family of five. Taking into account greatly increased revenues from tariffs, there will remain an annual interest charge averaging from $50 to $100 per family.

To meet this heavy burden each and every family will have to pay a Direct Tax into the Dominion Treasury.

When that time comes, Canadians will take a real part in Government.

Canadians will be jolted into thinking nationally.

They will demand to KNOW how the nation's affairs—their affairs—are being administered.

The High Price of Citizenship will compel National Thinking. And with National Thought will come National Power.

This country will need then, more than ever before, publications of a national nature. For the broad national view is formed by what the people read.

Is it not highly desirable that the periodicals most widely read should be Canadian in tone? Should not the Canadian view, the Canadian spirit, Canadian ideals, breathe through the literature that enters our homes? Should not the men in power encourage the publication of magazines for national distribution?

YET, IN CANADA, IT COSTS LESS—MUCH LESS—TO DISTRIBUTE FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS THAN THOSE OF CANADIAN ORIGIN.

Everywoman's World has battled against all precedent in gaining a Canadian-wide audience. According to the highest independent auditor of publications it has more subscribers in Canada than any other magazine either Canadian or American.

Among the English-speaking families one in every seven receives Everywoman's World each month. It has become an educational factor that has done much, and will do more and more to stimulate united thought among the scattered peoples of this vast nation.

But this magazine like other great Canadian publications suffers under a peculiar handicap. The state of our raw material markets, and our customs laws, is such that Everywoman's World could move to Buffalo, issue identically the same magazine, circulate it in Canada AND SAVE $25,000.00 PER YEAR; this in duty alone.

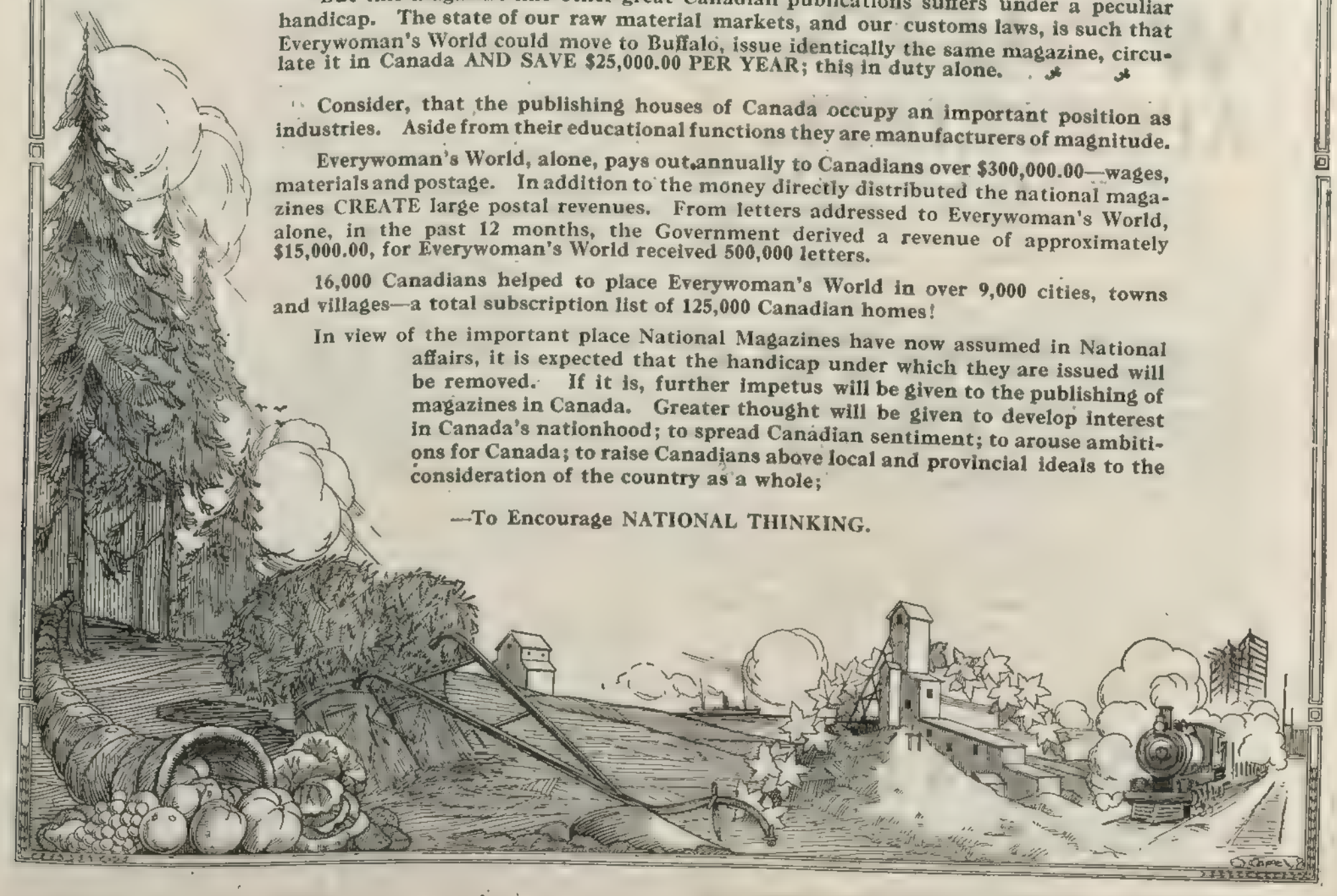
Consider, that the publishing houses of Canada occupy an important position as industries. Aside from their educational functions they are manufacturers of magnitude.

Everywoman's World, alone, pays out annually to Canadians over $300,000.00—wages, materials and postage. In addition to the money directly distributed the national magazines CREATE large postal revenues. From letters addressed to Everywoman's World, alone, in the past 12 months, the Government derived a revenue of approximately $15,000.00, for Everywoman's World received 500,000 letters.

16,000 Canadians helped to place Everywoman's World in over 9,000 cities, towns and villages—a total subscription list of 125,000 Canadian homes!

In view of the important place National Magazines have now assumed in National affairs, it is expected that the handicap under which they are issued will be removed. If it is, further impetus will be given to the publishing of magazines in Canada. Greater thought will be given to develop interest in Canada's nationhood; to spread Canadian sentiment; to arouse ambitions for Canada; to raise Canadians above local and provincial ideals to the consideration of the country as a whole;

—To Encourage NATIONAL THINKING.



The One New Idea in Phonographs

The "Organola" Model of our "Phonola" is the only really new idea — the only radical improvement—in phonographs in years.

Into this model we have built tone control pipes, carrying out the principle of the church organ. The tone result is remarkable and marks the "Phonola Organola" as the supreme achievement in phonograph construction.

Model Organola
$250

The "Organola" cabinet is superbly finished. The winding crank is concealed. The motor is noiseless. It is an instrument of real distinction.

Other models of the "Phonola" from $18 up. They play all makes of disc records.

"Phonola" REGISTERED

The Pollock Manufacturing Co., Limited
Kitchener, Canada

37

WOMEN APPRECIATE

the satisfaction and attraction of having bright eyes, red lips, clear skin, a buoyant step and lively manner. Only well women possess these charms, for they are the outward signs of good health. If your skin is sallow, the eyes dull, the steps heavy, and you feel depressed you certainly need

THE GOOD EFFECTS OF

Beecham's Pills, a tested remedy for weak and run-down conditions. They have a prompt and beneficial action on the organs of elimination, relieve headache and biliousness, tone the stomach and restore appetite. These pills are made of medicinal herbs, without admixture of any harmful drug. They are safe, gentle and effective. For over sixty years women of many nations have been helped and strengthened by

Beecham's Pills

At All Druggists, 25c.

Directions of special value to women are with every box

"The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World"

Random Reminiscences

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15)

air, this Peace and Goodwill feeling surely will have some effect on the situation here to-day!' And I wasn't far wrong; it did around us, anyway, and I have always been so glad to think of my luck in, firstly, being actually in the trenches on Christmas Day, and, secondly, being on the spot where quite a unique little episode took place.

"Walking about the trench discussing the curious affair of the night before, we suddenly became aware of the fact that we were seeing a lot of evidences of Germans. Heads were bobbing about and showing over their parapet in a most reckless way, and, as we looked, this phenomenon became more and more pronounced.

"A complete Boche figure suddenly appeared on the parapet, and looked about itself. This complaint became infectious. It didn't take 'Our Bert' long to be up on the skyline (it is one long grind to ever keep him off it). This was the signal for more Boche anatomy to be disclosed, and this was replied to by all our Alf's and Bill's, until, in less time than it takes to tell, half a dozen or so of each of the belligerents were outside their trenches and were advancing towards each other in no-man's land.

"A strange sight, truly!

"I clambered up and over our parapet, and moved out across the field to look. Clad in a muddy suit of khaki and wearing a sheepskin coat and Balaclava helmet, I joined the throng about half-way across to the German trenches.

"IT all felt most curious; here were these sausage-eating wretches, who had elected to start this informal European fracas, and in so doing had brought us all into the same muddy pickle as themselves.

"This was my first real sight of them at close quarters. Here they were—the actual, practical soldiers of the German army. There was not an atom of hate in either side that day; and yet, on our side, not for a moment was the will to war and the will to beat them relaxed. It was just like the interval between the rounds in a friendly boxing match. The difference in type between our men and theirs was very marked. There was no contrasting the spirit of the two parties. Our men, in their scratch costumes of dirty, muddy khaki, with their various assorted head-dresses of woollen helmets mufflers and battered hats, were a light-hearted, open, humorous collection as opposed to the sombre demeanour and stolid appearance of the Huns in their grey-green faded uniforms, top boots, and pork-pie hats.

"The shortest effect I can give of the impression I had was that our men, superior, broadminded, more frank, and lovable beings, were regarding these faded, unimaginative products of perverted kulture as a set of objectionable but amusing lunatics whose heads had got to be eventually smacked.

"I spotted a German officer, some sort of lieutenant, I should think, and being a bit of a collector, I intimated to him that I had taken a fancy to some of his buttons.

"We both then said things to each other which neither understood, and agreed to do a swap. I brought out my wire clippers, and, with a few deft snips, removed a couple of his buttons and put them in my pocket. I then gave him two of mine in exchange.

"Whilst this was going on a babbling of guttural ejaculations emanating from one of the laager-schisters, told me that some idea had occurred to some one.

"Suddenly, one of the Boches ran back to his trench and presently reappeared with a large camera. I posed in a mixed group for several photographs, and have ever since wished I had fixed up some arrangement for getting a copy. No doubt framed editions of this photograph are reposing on some Hun mantelpieces, showing clearly and unmistakably to admiring strafers how a group of perfidious British surrendered unconditionally on Christmas Day to the brave Deutschers.

"Slowly the meeting began to disperse; a sort of feeling that the authorities on both sides were not very enthusiastic about this fraternizing seemed to creep across the gathering. We parted, but there was a distinct and friendly understanding that Christmas Day would be left to finish in tranquility. The last I saw of this little affair was a vision of one of my machine gunners, who was a bit of an amateur hairdresser in civil life, cutting the unnaturally long hair of a docile Boche who was patiently kneeling on the ground whilst the automatic clippers crept up the back of his neck."

WITHOUT a word of comment 'Short' closed the book, threw it up on the mantelpiece and disappeared through a rear door.

"Funny youngster, that," one of the crowd broke the silence. "Can sort of make you re-live it, in the telling, eh?"

Everyone agreed, but no one answered. Each was deep in his thoughts, for another Christmas was but a few days off and they were all home again—home, in such varying conditions!

Then—"I remember one rather funny experience I had," laughed one, "though it didn't seem funny to me then. Rather a tragedy! It was Christmas Eve and we expected to spend our Christmas in Rest Billets behind the line, but we were unexpectedly moved into the trenches. How we did curse! The air was blue with it.

"It was very cold and raining hard. We had no dug-out, only a little shelter trench. You couldn't light a fire for fear of Fritz spotting it. So our Christmas breakfast consisted of bully beef and hardtack and our Christmas dinner was hardtack and bully beef. Well, late in the afternoon I discovered in my pocket half a dozen squares of soup—not Oxo, some vegetable soup it was. So we rigged up a screen with macintoshes and lighted a little trench heater, filled a billy full of water and dropped in the whole half dozen squares. I had two mates, a big fellow, whom we called Long, and a little bit of a wizened up Scotchman. We watched that thing boiling and thought how much we were going to enjoy the nice hot soup. I tell you it smelled heavenly. Then, just as we were going to take it off, what does Long do but upset the whole pot of it. We couldn't even save a drop. We laughed—we couldn't help it. The look on Long's face would have made a cat laugh. But he never smiled again that day. He went round for the next twenty-four hours looking so gloomy that he made us all miserable—and I tell you we didn't need it. It rained for seven weeks on end and none of us knew what it was to be dry all that time. The worst of it was that we hadn't any more soup tablets. You can imagine what a pleasant Christmas we put in!"

All this time, the Outsider sat and smoked. Everyone had, on first sight, wondered who, or what he could be, but somehow, he seemed to *belong*, so they, in true fraternal spirit, asked no questions.

Suddenly, he leaned forward in his chair and pointed his pipe at them.

"Well," he said, and his voice was deep and resonant. Everyone turned in his direction, expecting something worth hearing.

"I had one pretty exciting experience myself. You fellows in the army think you get all the fighting, but I tell you it isn't so.

"Until the last three or four weeks I have been foreman on a boat running horses and mules across the Atlantic for the use of the Allies. I'm taking a short holiday just now, but I expect before long to be off again. I had made five or six uneventful voyages, and come through quite safely, but the luck was too good to hold and the last voyage did me for some little time. We had horses on board for Brest, France, and for Genoa, Italy. Dead calm all the way over and we made fine time.

"We delivered our horses at Brest and left there on a glorious summer morning, with two hundred horses still on board to steam to Genoa. Ten miles off the Italian coast, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, I had gone below to my bunk for a snooze. I had been up all the previous night, doctoring some sick horses and I was good and tired. I dropped asleep as soon as I struck my bunk and first thing I knew I was roused by wild yells from the deck. Then there was dead silence. I lay half awake wondering what it all meant and presently I began to feel that there was something funny about the motion of the vessel.

"'Bill, old man,' says I, 'It's time you were getting on deck.'

"SO I got up and left my bunk and the first thing I heard was the horses screaming. Say, did you ever hear that sound? It's worse than a hundred battlefields. I know, because I've been there. I fought on land before you boys knew what war was.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 47)

The Great Movie Mystery!

"THEY'RE COMING SOON."
WHO ARE THEY?
1. I PARCK MY FORD
2. A FOUND A GLASS BRIK
3. MAKER A CUTER GIRL
4. A BAD HEART
5. WET A SATIN RAT
6. ROAM OR DIE
7. FUN MUST DRAIN
8. A LETS BEN CHEW
9. NEVER LYE BABY
10. I PREACH ALL CHIN
"THEY'RE ALL GREAT MOVIE STARS!"
"I'VE GOT NO.1!"
?
"I KNOW NO.2 HE'S GREAT!"
"I'VE GOT NO.10. IT IS CHARLIE CHAPLIN!"
"SURE — SHE'S A CANADIAN!"

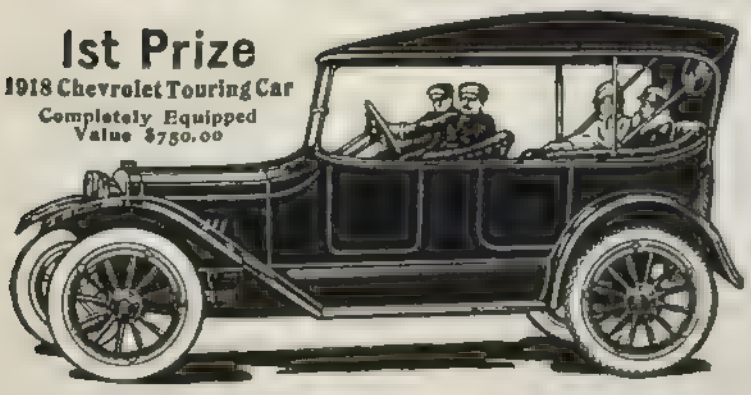
Here's a Problem that Kept an Entire Audience Puzzled a Whole Evening. Can You Solve It?

IT'S so interesting that you will get an hour's stimulating mental exercise from it and no end of amusement. You see the owner of this particular Movie Theatre was very proud of the excellent character of the plays he produced and each night would flash on the screen the names of the famous players who would soon be appearing in his pictures. But on this particular night the operator, wanting to play a little joke on his audience, took the names of the players and so mixed up the letters in each name that they spelt out the funny sentences you see above. Time and time again this film was flashed on the screen only to be demanded back. Many of the audience are still trying to solve the mysterious names. Can you help them? If you are not familiar with the names of the best known moving picture actors and actresses the list below may help you.

Two Magnificent 1918 Motor Cars

and $373.00 in CASH PRIZES for Best Replies

1st Prize
1918 Chevrolet Touring Car
Completely Equipped
Value $750.00



1st Prize—1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, Value $750.
2nd Prize—1918 Ford Touring Car, Value $490.
3rd Prize, $100.00 Cash; 4th Prize, $75.00; 5th Prize, $50.00; 6th Prize, $25.00; 7th Prize, $20.00; 8th Prize, $15.00; 9th Prize, $10.00; 10th Prize, $10.00; 11th Prize, $10.00; 12th Prize, $10.00; 13th Prize, $5.00; 14th Prize, $5.00; 15th Prize, $5.00; 16th Prize, $5.00; 17th Prize, $5.00; 18th Prize, $5.00; 19th Prize, $3.00; 20th Prize, $3.00; 21st Prize, $3.00; 22nd Prize, $3.00; 23rd Prize, $3.00; 24th Prize, $3.00; and 25 extra Cash Prizes of $1.00 each.

Prize List

2nd Prize
1918 Ford Touring Car
Value $490.00

CAN YOU NAME THE MOST POPULAR MOVIE STARS

PROBABLY you know the names of most of the famous players but just to refresh your memory we mention below the names of a few of the most popular players.

Charlie Chaplin, Hazel Dawn, Francis X. Bushman, Beverly Bayne, Francis Ford, Grace Cunard, Marguerite Clark, Clara Kimball Young, Fannie Ward, Max Linder, Dustin Farnum, Alice Brady, Theda Bara, Wilton Lackaye, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Julia Sanderson, Marie Doro, Pauline Frederick, Robert Warwick, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Norma Talmage, Lou Tellegan, George Beban, Annette Kellerman, Mary Pickford, Lillian Walker, Mabel Normand, Pearl White.

All the puzzle names can be re-arranged to spell out the correct names of one of the great stars. So sharpen your pencil, put on your thinking cap and when you think you have the right names, send your solution promptly to us.

WHY WE ARE AWARDING THESE MAGNIFICENT PRIZES

This great contest is being conducted by the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, one of the largest and best known publishing houses in Canada. That is your guarantee that the prizes will be awarded with absolute fairness and squareness to you and every other contestant.

Frankly, it is intended to further introduce EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Great Home Magazine. You may enter and win one of the fine Motor Cars or the $100.00 cash prize whether you are a subscriber to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD or not, and moreover you will neither be asked nor expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny of your money in order to compete. **Here's the idea:**

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is so popular everywhere that it now has the vast circulation of over 125,000 copies a month; but our motto is "EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD in Every Woman's Home." We want all Canadian women to become better acquainted with Canada's great home magazine, knowing that when they are they will be glad to have it every month. Therefore, when we acknowledge your entry to this contest and you know your standing for the prizes, we shall send you **without cost** a special copy of the very latest issue and a review of many of the fine stories, fashions, house-keeping and money-making features, soon to appear. Then, in order to qualify your entry to be sent on for the judging and awarding of the grand prizes, you will be asked to assist us in carrying on this big introduction plan by showing your sample copy to just four of your friends or neighbors who will appreciate this really worth-while **All-Canadian** magazine and want it to come to them every month. You will easily fulfil this simple condition in a few minutes of your spare time and we will even send sample copies for you to leave with each of your friends if you would like to have them.

RULES FOR SENDING YOUR ENTRY

1. Write on one side of the paper only. Your solutions of the names should appear on one sheet with your full name (stating Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address in the upper right hand corner. Use a separate sheet of paper if you wish to write anything else.

2. Employees of this company and their relatives are absolutely debarred from competing.

3. Boys and girls under 12 years of age will not be allowed to compete.

4. Three independent judges, having no connection with the firm, will judge the qualified entries and award the prizes according to the number of points gained on each entry, the answer gaining 160 points, which is the maximum, taking first prize. 10 points will be awarded for the correct solution of each of the names from No. 1 to No. 9 inclusive (No. 10 being given as a "Key" will not count). 20 points will be given for general neatness, style, spelling, punctuation, etc., 10 for handwriting and 40 for fulfilling the condition of the contest. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 30th, immediately after which the prizes will be awarded. The names and addresses of the judges will be published in due course and contestants must agree to abide by the judges' decisions.

5. Contestants may send as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set may be awarded a prize.

6. In the event of different members of a family competing, only one prize will be awarded in any one household or family. Address your reply to

Movie Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Ltd., 1 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

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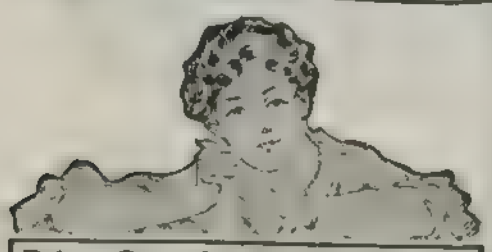

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Mercolized Wax in one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

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Whether disease or neglect has left disfiguring marks upon your face, our treatments perfected by 25 years experience, will positively cure or in confirmed cases, greatly improve conditions. We successfully treat Pimples, Wrinkles, Redness of Skin, Blackheads, Blotches, etc. You should have our Princess Complexion Purifier, $1.50; Princess Skin Food, $1.50; Hiscott Hair Rejuvenator, $1.00; Princess Nerve Tonic and Blood Builder, $1.00; Goitre Cure $5.00, Lily Lotion 75c. FREE sample Skin Food, 5c in stamps to cover postage and packing.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR permanently removed by Electrolysis. Consultation FREE. Call or write

Write for copy of Catalog and Booklet "W"

HISCOTT INSTITUTE, LIMITED

61E College Street Toronto, Ontario

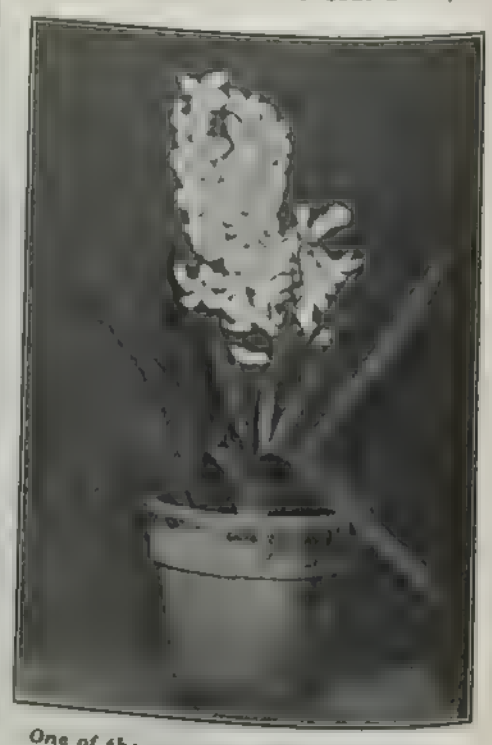
Those Flowering Bulbs for Winter

"WHY is it we often have such 'bad luck' with bulbs after we get them safely planted?" we asked Professor Wm. Hunt, the florist at the O.A.C. early in October, when we were going through his greenhouses and we noticed him planting or potting his bulbs—hyacinths, daffodils, tulips and Chinese lilies.

And he replied:

"So much depends on the care of the bulb after it has been planted, for if neglected and uncared for, it will not thrive. Place the pots or boxes away at once in a cool, dark place in a temperature of 45. to 50°.

"A cool, damp cellar is the best place for them. Place the pots or boxes on the floor, and then cover or bury them with sand, light soil or coal ashes, so



One of the most attractive of the indoor plants is the White Hyacinth

that they are buried about an inch in depth. The covering of sand, ashes or soil should be packed well around the pots. If this covering is dry, it should be well watered.

"If a cellar or basement is not available, the pots may be placed in a dark cupboard, or even covered up with a close box, so as to obstruct the light. The reason for caring for bulbs in this way, is to secure a good development of roots before the top growth starts.

Develop Root System

"THE development of a good strong root system before top growth starts, is one of the main points in the successful culture of bulbs. Do not be impatient for the little green shoots to appear. They will need three or four weeks or more, for the bulbs to put forth a good strong root, and seven or eight weeks before the top appears. Keep the earth moist but not soddened with water. Frost must not reach the bulb.

"To determine whether the bulbs have been in the celler long enough, turn the pot upside down, placing the fingers across the top so as to hold the earth intact, and knock gently to remove the ball of earth. If earth in the pot is found to be filled with fine white roots, there can be no doubt that the bulb is ready for its next stage. Then the wise plan is to bring the pots up and place them in rather a cool room. Set them in a semi-dark place until the shoots have turned green.

Getting Tall Spikes

"TO produce strong, tall flower spikes, place cones of paper or cardboard over the plants or if they can be had, the corrugated paper covers of bottles are just the thing to cause the flower spikes to grow up above the foliage. Water more abundantly as flowering period approaches. With very little care the flower stems will shoot up quickly and the blossoms soon unfold.

"It is bad for the plant to keep the pots in saucers filled with water. The saucers are good to prevent water from running through and soiling floor or window, but that is all.

"There is no better plan than to have a little tray board, have it lined with zinc, the tray then being lined with loose stones. If the pots are set on stones without saucers the surplus water will escape quickly by exaporation, and the bulbs will thrive better than when grown on a shelf or table."

Your Victory Bond

Questions You May Have Asked About It

QUESTION:—Just what is a Government Bond?

ANSWER:—The Canadian Government acknowledges that you have lent them a stated sum of money and assumes an obligation to repay that sum of money to the holder of a Government Bond, by a certain specified time, with a specified rate of interest to be paid half-yearly.

QUESTION:—What is meant by interest on the Bond?

ANSWER:—The interest is the amount of money which the Government is willing to pay for the use of your money during the period of the loan. It will be paid twice a year—a certain amount on each dollar you lend.

QUESTION:—Why is the Victory Loan called the People's Loan?

ANSWER:—We expect bonds in denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1,000 will be offered to the public, so that everyone may be able to take part and all share in the loan will not have to be confined to those who have large sums to invest.

QUESTION:—For what length of time am I asked to lend my money?

ANSWER:—For terms of 5, 10, or 20 years.

QUESTION:—To whom do I lend my money?

ANSWER:—To the Dominion of Canada.

QUESTION:—What security have I for my money?

ANSWER:—All the holdings of the Dominion of Canada are massed as security for the money borrowed—Crown lands, timber lands, waterways, Crown rights to Canada's tremendous mineral wealth, Government railways, public buildings, all sources of Government income, (such as customs revenue, Postal revenue, revenue from Fisheries and other departments), and all taxes collected by the government.

QUESTION:—What shall I receive in payment for the loan of my money?

ANSWER:—It is anticipated that 5½% per annum will be the interest rate on the new loan—that is for each $100.00 which you invest in the Victory Loan, you will receive from the Government $5.50 a year, or $2.25 every six months.

QUESTION:—How shall I collect this interest money?

ANSWER:—If you buy a coupon Bond, you will just have to cut off a coupon, every six months. Your bank will give you (at a 5½% interest rate) $2.25 for a coupon off a $100 Bond, or a proportionate amount for any other, or your coupon will will be accepted just like cash anywhere.

If you prefer to own a "registered Bond, you will not have any coupons to present—your ownership of the Bond will be registered at Ottawa and you will receive a cheque for the amount of your interest from the Finance Department of the Government.

QUESTION:—Supposing I need cash at any time, is my money irretrievably tied up in these Bonds?

ANSWER:—Any bank will lend you money more readily on a War-Bond than on any other security you can offer. Also, you can borrow money almost to the face value of your Bond. (Compare this with the 50% of the assessed value which is usually all you can borrow on real estate).

QUESTION:—Can I sell these Bonds outright, rather than borrow on them?

ANSWER:—There is nothing to prevent your disposing of them at any time.

QUESTION:—Is a Canadian War-Bond a *safe* investment for my money?

ANSWER—There is no safer investment in existence.

QUESTION: What does the Government do with the money raised? Does it go out of the country?

ANSWER:—The money is kept in circulation in Canada. It is used to purchase Canadian wheat for overseas shipment to purchase munitions or supplies, to pay the hosts of people employed to turn them out. Thus it is kept circulating in Canada. At the same time, such a sum of money guarantees us a market for our products.

QUESTION—Is the War Bond subject to the income tax?

ANSWER:—It is the only security you can have on which no income tax is levied.

QUESTION:—Is not another $150,000,000 a large debt for Canada to assume?

ANSWER:—Not when her National income is considered. This year's crops alone are estimated as being worth more than a billion dollars.

QUESTION:—Am I safe to pay over my money to a stranger who comes to sell me a Bond?

ANSWER—You can make no mistake if you will give in payment a cheque made out payable to the "Credit Minister of Finance." It can then be cashed only by the Department of Finance at Ottawa

QUESTION:—Why is the war being financed by money raised through the sale of these Bonds, rather than by the levying of general taxes?

ANSWER:—So that the expense of the war will not fall on those who are ill able to afford it.

By the "War Loan" system, everyone who *can* do so is urged to help. As we all know that this is our war, *yours and mine*, we will strain to do our utmost to win it. That we are repaid in real money, at a high rate of interest, is our great good fortune in belonging to so prosperous a country.

QUESTION:—Has not the entry of the United States into the war lessened our need of raising money?

ANSWER:—There are other nations of the Allies to whom financial assistance from the United States is so much more urgent, that it is better for us to call on our neighbor as little as possible, in order that she may be able to open her purse where help is vital.

QUESTION:—Is there any definite advantage to Canada in our domestic Loans over a loan from another country?

ANSWER:—Decidedly. A debt to another country is heavier to carry than a debt at home. It calls for payment of interest and principal, in goods and services, that might be better utilized at home.

With Apologies to Kipling

A nation spoke to a nation
Concerning a Victory Loan:
"Men have I sent and dollars spent
That the land may be our own.
The gates are mine to open
And the gates are mine to close;
But I'm in the fight to the finish."
Said Our Lady of the Snows.

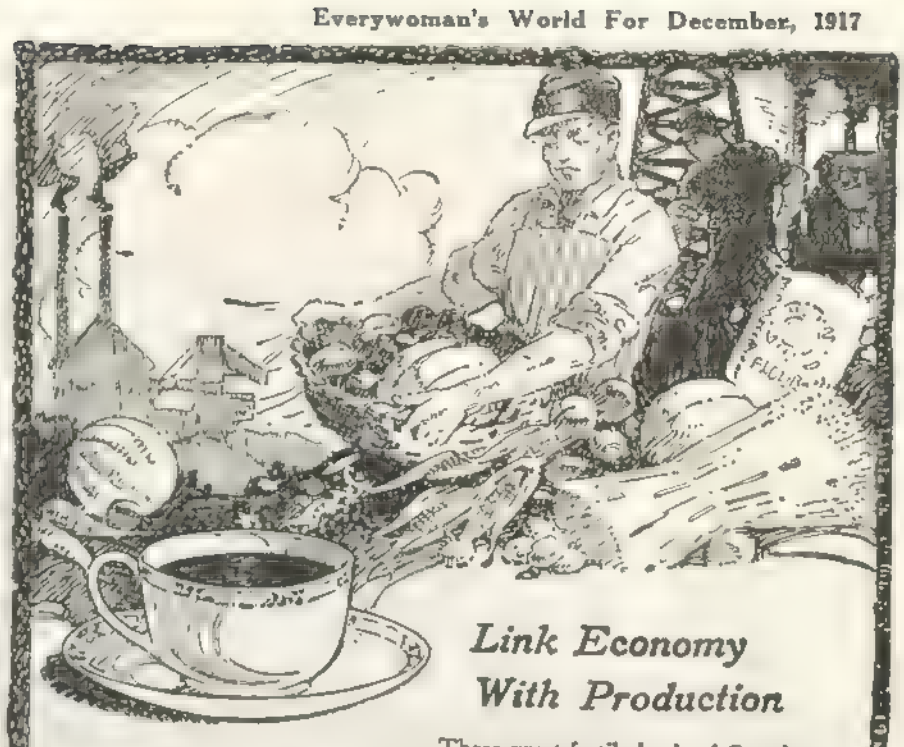
The Nursing Sister's Xmas

You want to make some Nursing Sister's Christmas, a real "merry" one—don't you?

Well, you can.

Send her a year's subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Send it immediately so that it will include this Christmas issue.

She will welcome it. Very few of us over here, in the centre of the Canadian feminine world realize how our nurses abroad yearn for news of us, our public movements and achievements.



"The kitchen must help as well as the work shop and the trenches"—Lloyd George.

Link Economy With Production

These great fertile lands of Canada are playing and will play an enormous part in winning this world war. With their wonderful production and resources the Allies are dependent on them to a large extent for food supplies. Be careful then and economise while you produce. Buy for your table suitable economical articles full of food value. Eliminate waste and study thrift. Don't overlook the fact that Cocoa has great body building propensities. It is nourishing and sustaining and within the reach of every purse. For the best results be sure to ask for this great food drink.

COWAN'S COCOA—"Perfection Brand" Purest and Best

For the safest and best results order this special brand.

B-29

Victory Loan

Why You Should Support It

Every citizen should buy at least one Victory Bond.

Not only as a patriotic act but in the interest of Canadian labor and business generally.

The money you thus lend the Canadian Government will be used to pay Canadian workmen and not one penny will leave this country.

Buy and see that your friends buy.

"SALADA" TEA COMPANY

Packers of the Finest Tea in America

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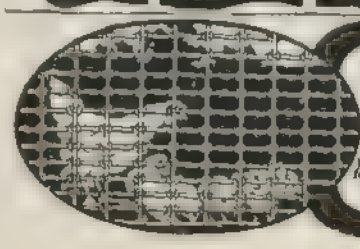

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Strongly made and closely spaced, making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which, tests and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

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Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

The Wonderful Mission of the Internal Bath

By C. G. PERCIVAL, M.D.

DO you know that over five hundred thousand Americans and Canadians are at the present time seeking freedom from small, as well as serious ailments, by the practice of Internal Bathing?

Do you know that hosts of enlightened physicians all over the country, as well as osteopaths, physical culturists, etc., etc., are recommending and recognizing this practice as the most likely way now known to secure and preserve perfect health?

There are the best of logical reasons for this practice and these opinions, and these reasons will be very interesting to every one.

In the first place, every physician realizes and agrees that 95 per cent. of human illnesses is caused directly or indirectly by accumulated waste in the colon; this is bound to accumulate, because we of to-day neither eat the kind of food nor take the amount of exercise which Nature demands in order that she may thoroughly eliminate the waste unaided—

That's the reason when you are ill the physician always gives you something to remove this accumulation of waste before commencing to treat your specific trouble.

It's ten to one that no specific trouble would have developed if there were no accumulation of waste in the colon—

And that's the reason that the famous Professor Metchnikoff, one of the world's greatest scientists, has boldly and specifically stated that if our colons were taken away in infancy, the length of our lives would be increased to probably 150 years. You see, this waste is extremely poisonous, and as the blood flows through the walls of the colon, it absorbs the poisons and carries them through the circulation—that's what causes Auto-Intoxication, with all its pernicious, enervating and weakening results. These pull down our powers of resistance and render us subject to almost any serious complaint which may be prevalent at the time. And the worst feature of it is that there are few of us who know when we are Auto-Intoxicated.

But you never can be Auto-Intoxicated if you periodically use the proper kind of an Internal Bath—that is sure.

It is nature's own relief and corrector—just warm water, which, used in the right way, cleanses the colon thoroughly its entire length and makes and keeps it sweet clean and pure, as nature demands it shall be for the entire system to work properly.

The following enlightening news article is quoted from the New York Times.

"What may lead to a remarkable advance in the operative treatment of certain forms of tuberculosis is said to have been achieved at Guy's Hospital. Briefly, the operation of the removal of the lower intestines has been applied to cases of tuberculosis, and the results are said to be in every way satisfactory.

"The principle of the treatment is the removal of the cause of the disease. Recent researches of Metchnikoff and others have led doctors to suppose that many conditions of chronic ill-health, such as nervous debility, rheumatism, and other disorders, are due to poisoning set up by unhealthy conditions in the large intestine, and it has even been suggested that the lowering of the vitality resulting from such poisoning is favourable to the development of cancer and tuberculosis.

"At the Guy's Hospital Sir William Arbuthnot Lane decided on the heroic plan of removing the diseased organ. A child who appeared in the final stage of what was believed to be an incurable form of tubercular joint disease, was operated on. The lower intestine, with the exception of nine inches, was removed, and the portion left was joined to the smaller intestine.

"The result was astonishing. In a week's time the internal organs resumed all their normal functions, and in a few weeks the patient was apparently in perfect health."

You undoubtedly know, from your own personal experience, how dull and unfit to work or think properly, biliousness and, many other apparently simple troubles make you feel. And you probably know, too, that these irregularities, all directly traceable to accumulated waste, make you really sick if permitted to continue.

You also probably know that the old-fashioned method of drugging for these complaints is at best only partially effective; the doses must be increased if continued, and finally they cease to be effective at all.

It is true that more drugs are probably used for this than all other human ills combined, which simply goes to prove how universal the trouble caused by accumulated waste really is—but there is not a doubt that drugs are being dropped as Internal Bathing is becoming better known—

For it is not possible to conceive, until you have had the experience yourself, what a wonderful bracer an Internal Bath really is; taken at night, you awake in the morning with a feeling of lightness and buoyancy that cannot be described—you are absolutely clean, everything is working in perfect accord, your appetite is better, your brain is clearer, and you feel full of vim and confidence for the day's duties.

There is nothing new about Internal Baths except the way of administering them. Some years ago Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, of New York, was so miraculously benefited by faithfully using the method then in vogue, that he made Internal Baths his special study and improved materially in administering the Bath and in getting the result desired.

This perfected Bath he called the "J.B.L." Cascade, and it is the one which has so quickly popularized and recommended itself that hundreds of thousands are to-day using it.

Dr. Tyrrell, in his practice and researches, discovered many unique and interesting facts in connection with this subject; these he has collected in a little book; "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which will be sent free on request if you address Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 444, 163 College St., Toronto, and mention having read this in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

This book tells us facts that we never knew about ourselves before, and there is no doubt that every one who has an interest in his or her own physical well-being, or that of the family, will be very greatly instructed and enlightened by reading this carefully prepared and scientifically correct little book.

For your Infant or Invalid

Benger's Food is appetising and delicious. Even the fresh new milk used to prepare it is made lighter and easier to digest!

In the tin one food may look like another, but there the resemblance of any other food to Benger's ends. You prepare

BENGER'S Food

in a way different from others! Fresh new milk is always used, and in a few minutes (see directions) both the Food and the milk become blended into a dainty cream by a gentle first process of digestion, self-contained in the Food.

To this, and to its great nutritive power, Benger's owes its unique position as *"the Food the Doctor orders."*

Benger's Food is entirely British in origin, ownership and manufacture. It is sold in sealed tins by all Stores, Grocers, etc. Carefully follow the directions when preparing it.

Booklet and full particulars post free from:

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You Can Earn Money with EVERYWOMANS' WORLD

This work is easy and the rewards are large. Write to-day for free outfit and instructions.

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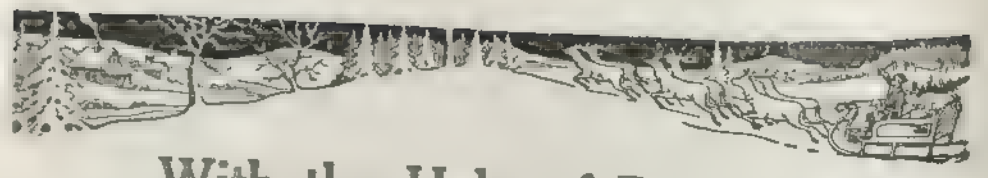

With the Help of Pandora

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6)

china asters seemed to have been redipped in brilliant hues. Everything in Nature seemed more poignantly vivid than ever before.

The woman looked into the deep blue sky. There, floating almost overhead was a single mass of snow white clouds, and even as she looked it seemed to form itself into the shape of an air ship . . . "Jack" Anne Pennington murmured. "A message from my Jack . . ." and she turned and walked between the rows of nodding asters into the house.

Edna Jarvis was more than awe-struck; she was shocked when a few minutes later she came upon Jack's mother calmly preparing her simple lunch.

"Mrs. Pennington!" she gasped. "Is there—news? I saw Mr. Bolton on the road, and he told me—that—that—"

"Yes, there was a letter."

The older woman raised her chin and drew a deep breath, almost as though she were inhaling some loved fragrance. "There was a letter from Ottawa. They say that my Jack is dead."

Edna gave a cry and buried her face in her hands. "I knew it," she sobbed, "I knew it the moment I saw Mr. Bolton's face . . . and yet," she flung the words indignantly at Anne Pennington, "yet you can eat your lunch!"

The woman with so much to lose was silent under the passionate reproof. She looked again into the deep blue sky to see fleets of clouds assembled over the row of poplar's under which Jack used to play. Somewhere up yonder, she knew that her boy was flying. She picked out (from the rest) a particular cloud and knew he would float forward of his companions just that way.

"I don't believe the letter," said Anne Pennington, quietly. "Of course, there has been some mistake. He will come home as he said."

THE neighbours gathered at one another's homes and talked about her. They said it was a blessing that her mind should have been affected in so merciful a manner. If they were slightly outraged because she did not swathe herself in mourning, they tried honestly not to show it, and there was very little protest when she set to work at Christmas cake and pudding to be sent Overseas.

"It's pathetic," they said, "but after all, some poor fellow will enjoy her good things."

She waited by the letter box as regularly as before. Once or twice Jim Bolton had mail for her—small bulky envelopes, splashed over with Censor's strips and red post marks from the field. But they were written before that other letter came and told of terrific air battles with the Hun.

"I ought to be a Mason, Mumsy dear," Jack wrote in the last one. "33rd degree . . . For I got my 33rd Fritzi-plane to-day! Gee whiz, but duck shooting is tame compared with this sport and I'm afraid that I'll be some spoiled boy when I come home."

Then silence!

Ah, yes, it was hard to bear, for the nights would shroud their darkness over busy days and offer long stretches in which to think . . . and think . . . and wonder if . . .

And September flamed into October, and October withered and crept gratefully under the snows of November, and still Anne Pennington's faith shone strong. She knew her boy was coming home.

"I have a plan," she said to Edna Jarvis one bitter day early in December. "I have written to the Militia Department and through them to a Convalescent Hospital offering to take a Returned man in for the Christmas holidays. There are certain to be some boys sent home just about that time almost better and perhaps they won't be able to get to their own people—especially those who live out west."

"I haven't very much in the way of Christmas cheer, this year," Mrs. Pennington went on, "but I have an idea that I could make it seem like home to—to a boy back from the trenches."

NO one denied that it was owing to her that the neighbourhood was so gay, in spite of heart aches, and a constant dread of what might be in Jim Bolton's mail bag. Mrs. Pennington's boy, and what could be done for him, occupied a goodly portion of people's thought. Speculation was rife as to what he would be like; some spiteful person even started the rumor that one of the Morgan girls made up her rose poplin on purpose . . .

There was some disappointment when the Hospital formally notified Mrs. Pennington that she need not expect a Returned Soldier until Christmas Eve, but after all, it simply meant postponing the festivities.

"The trouble is that I don't know whether he will be sick or well, wounded or fit," she said to Edna. "If he is ill, we won't want to do anything but put him to bed when he comes. But if he is all right, we ought to have a real party. And there's the matter of food—"

She worried a good deal about it, and she bustled up stairs and down till Edna thought she would have dropped. She prepared the spare room next her own, hanging it with evergreens and red bells and putting little silly loving gifts in odd places where he would be sure to find them. And all day she had bricks roasting in the oven and mince pies all ready to heat. Jack had loved her mince pies and doughnuts.

But dinner came and no soldier boy. She and Edna ate with one eye on the road and an ear cocked to hear the latch of the gate. And darkness slipped over the snow clad country, and supper time drew near.

A roaring fire blazed in the dining room. They thought it was cosier to bring him right in there. The table was set with an extra place. In the kitchen everything stood in readiness to be cooked.

Eight o'clock chimed noisily through the silence and as the last note died away, the two restless pairs of eyes leaped to meet, and stared into one another unseeing.

Far away on the frosty road sleigh bells sounded.

"They are coming here," announced Anne Pennington stubborn as usual in her faith.

"It sounds as though everybody in the county had come," whispered Edna.

It did, indeed. Shouts, snatches of song, three cheers for Mrs. Pennington and noise, just noise, accompanied the cheery jingle of sleigh bells. A dozen voices admonished the horse to stop, and then there was silence.

"You go to the door," said Anne Pennington, feeling for the first time quite unable to trust herself. She sank into the arm chair all ready for the soldier and covered her white face with her hands.

She heard the door open. She thought she heard whisperings and giggling from the road. She knew that Edna strangled a cry which was followed by a kiss. Then some one strode into the room and stopped.

"They told me about the jolly mess the Department made," a voice throbbed in the intense stillness of the room. "Awful mix-ups sometimes. Heard of a fellow who turned up after his Colonel claimed to have seen him killed. Everybody along the road thought I was a ghost . . . You, poor brave, darling thing . . ." the voice grew husky, "I'm afraid to touch you. . . . I'll crush you to pulp if I ever get my arms around you . . ."

She opened her eyes. Into them sprang the light that is born of Motherhood, of Sacrifice, of a Love greater than which no man hath; into them sprang joy and thanksgiving and praise of God.

Anne Pennington was looking at her son.

Suddenly he seized her and swung her out of the chair. He carried her unprotesting about the room and he squeezed her until she gasped in his arms. Then he strode to the door against which Edna Jarvis still leaned, and which he had forgotten to close, and he bellowed raucously:

"Come on in, girls and boys! We're going to have a celebration, a real cheery, old time Christmas Eve party . . ." his voice broke and he pretended to cough. "We'll eat up all this other Returned Soldier's food, for 'I love to see my dear old Mother work.'"

For the first time in her life Anne Pennington did not scold him and tell him to put her down. She only turned her head toward Edna Jarvis and whispered:

"We will have to change all those presents in the spare room, otherwise Jack's is quite ready!"

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

PURE

Everybody's Favourite Table Syrup

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. Tins ——— and "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

Write for Free Cook Book

The Canada Starch Co., Limited - - Montreal 21

OUR CLUB'S BIG CHRISTMAS TREE

WHAT PRESENTS ARE ON IT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

$25 Cash for the Boy or Girl Sending Best Reply

$15.00 Cash for the 2nd Best; $10.00 Cash for the 3rd Prize, and 50 bright new, crisp $1.00 Bills for Boys and Girls sending the next nearest correct and best written answers

SO that we may become better acquainted with more of our boys and girls this Christmas, we are asking you this fine Christmas Tree loaded down with beautiful and valuable presents. Ten of the presents are in sealed boxes. Nobody but Uncle Peter has seen what they contain, but on each one has been drawn a puzzle picture that tells what is in it. No. 8 represents Boxing Gloves. Now can you guess what Christmas present for a boy or girl is in each of the other nine? Get some one to help you if you like, but write out yourself your answers to all of the ten pictures. On Jan. 31, 1918, Uncle Peter, who edits our page for Boys and Girls, will judge the answers and award the big cash prizes as above to the boys and girls, complying with the conditions of the contest whose answers are all correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an answer to-day, and this Christmas may be the happiest you have ever had

Some Xmas Presents on the Tree for Boys and Girls

Baseball
Air Rifle
Boxing Gloves
Candy
Doll
Doll Carriage
Dumb Bells
Nose Pipe
Desk
Bracelet
Brooch
Build'g Blocks
Mouth Organ
Bicycle
Furs
Doll's House
Hockey Stick
Football
Perfume
Aeroplane
Dime Bank
Silk Handkerchief
Wrist Watch
Chest of Tools
Skates
Ring
Rocking Horse
Necktie
Sail Boat

Our "Success Club" for Boys and Girls has provided these fine prizes and hundreds of Christmas presents as well. You'll hear all about the "Success Club" when you send your answers, and if you wish you can become a member free and receive the lovely Club Emblem Pin. It is a beautiful emblem with initials finished in rich red and blue on a gold background. The endless chain of friendship forms the border, the Lamp of Knowledge is at the top, and at the bottom are the Laurel Leaves, emblematic of everlasting reward for good work.

Thousands of boys and girls in Canada are already in the "Success Club" and proudly wear the Club Pin. If you are bright and quick to send in the answers, you can join the "Success Club" too, and win a big cash prize and a dandy Christmas present as well.

Only boys and girls under fifteen years of age may send answers and each boy and girl desiring his entry to compete for one of the fine prizes will be required to perform a small service for the Club for which an additional valuable reward will be given. Address your answers to

THE "SUCCESS CLUB"
c/o Rural Canada, A Continental Bldg.,
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F. F. Dalley Corporation Limited, Hamilton, Canada

What Did Little Mary Plant?

What vegetables do these pictures represent?

TELL US AND

Win a Motor Car, Piano, Pony Bicycle, Phonograph

Range, Watch, Sewing Machine Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Little Mary did National Service Work this year had her own garden. What did she plant in it? The pictures tell you! Put your wits to work, and make out the secrets of the pictures! Those who send us correct, or near correct, answers qualify for the prizes

BIG PRIZES

1st prize	1918 Chevrolet Touring Car, completely equiped — Electric self-starter, electric lights, speedometer, etc.; value	$750
2nd prize	Sweet-toned Ennis Piano; value	$350
3rd prize	Lovable Shetland Pony and Cart value	$100
4th prize	Gilson Gas Engine (or cash)	
5th prize	Famous Clare Bros. High Oven Range (or cash)	
6th prize	Singer Sewing Machine (or cash)	
7th prize	Standard Cream Separator	
8th prize	Hoosier Beauty Kitchen Cabinet (or cash)	
9th prize	High Grade Bicycle (or cash)	

And 41 other desirable prizes, including Waltham Watches, Sewing Machine, Rogers Silverplate, Cedar Chest, Gramophone, Sport Dog, Rifle, Field Glasses and Student Lamp. Books etc. (Cash may be chosen if preferred

MAKE this interesting Contest your entertainment for these autumn evenings. Let all the family try to solve the pictures. Remember that **every** qualifying contestant gets a nice reward, or cash, and stands a chance to win, in addition, one of the fine Big Prizes—perhaps the Chevrolet Touring Car. Send your entry now—get in first!

Big Complete Prize List Sent Free.

Address Solutions to

The Contest Editor, RURAL CANADA - 13 Continental Building, Toronto

What vegetables do these pictures represent?

YOU WILL BE PAID A REWARD OR CASH

EVERY qualified contestant will receive either a valuable reward, or cash, as may be preferred, send for list) for introducing the new magazine, **Rural Canada** for Women, to some of your friends and neighbors. These rewards, or cash, are *in addition* to the Big Prizes which may be won.

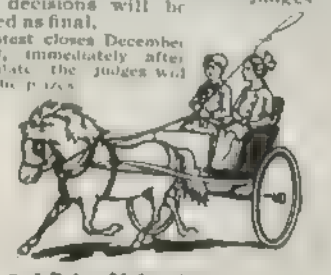
So begin right now to solve the puzzling pictures. Tell us what Little Mary planted in her garden.

To help you get right started I say that picture No. 1 is Cauliflower (Cool-eye-flower) and picture No. 8 is Beets (Bee Eats). So you see how to study the pictures. Can you get them all right? Try!

RULES

Please observe these simple rules:

1. Write on only one side of the paper.
2. Put your answers on one sheet of paper, with your full name and address (stating Mr. or Mrs. or Miss), in the upper right-hand corner. Anything other than this must be written on a separate sheet. Remember only those over **14** years may compete.
3. Qualified entries will be judged by a committee of three outside judges whose decisions will be accepted as final.
4. Contest closes December 27 1917, immediately after which date the judges will award the prizes



3rd Prize Value $100

2nd Prize Value $350

You do not have to buy a cent, or buy anything, to enter this interesting contest, and to qualify for one of the Big Prizes. All you have to do is to send in your answers. Then you will be promptly told how correctly you have solved the pictures and whether you have qualified for an opportunity to win the Big Prizes (full list on request). Also you will receive post free a copy of RURAL CANADA for Women, "the new magazine for women, and we'll be asked to show your copy to some of your rural friends or neighbours, to make them acquainted with it and interested in it.

The Prizes will be awarded to the duly qualified contestants whose entries have the greatest number of correct or nearly correct, neat answers, as judged by the judges to be the neatest and best written (proper spelling, punctuation, etc.

The Competition is open to all persons over 14 years of age, in any country, boys and girls. Members of a family or household may compete, but not more than one prize will be awarded any family or household.

So send along your answers and try for one of the Big Prizes. YOU may win the $750 car or the piano, or the pony.

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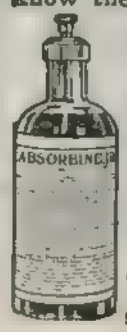

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The Faith of Paul Duchaine

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Mont Carmel, and traversed what is now Ste. Genevieve. And now the bare and shot-furrowed slope of the citadel was seen. It towered above them toward the summit of the mighty fortress, till Quebec dwindled in the distance below. Near the summit of the glacis the sleigh stopped, and Monsieur Gagnon descended from his seat. 'They are already here, Monsieur Duchaine,' he said.

"Paul stepped down, and at that moment the edge of the sun thrust itself over the citadel, bathing the frosty air in an effulgence of yellow light. It cleared Paul's brain, too. The sudden advent of the situation had numbed his faculties, and all night he had lain in a stupor, incredulous that such joy was to be his as to fight for the honor of that love which filled his heart. But now he understood quite clearly that it was true, and that a weightier thing than the lives of himself and of Auguste Dion was to be put to the proving.

"Monsieur Gagnon saluted the party that was lined up twelve paces away. At Paul's feet was a half obliterated groove in the soil; Paul stepped behind it and took the pistol which his friend placed in his hand. 'Aim low,' whispered Monsieur Gagnon. 'I fire at the word *three*. His hand is trembling, but yours is firm and steady, Monsieur.'

"'There is more need that mine be firm,' Paul answered.

"He could see the whites of Auguste Dion's eyes, and the wavering pistol mouth; but he could see also that a carriage was speeding along Louis Street, far beneath him, and making for the gate. The horses, galloping, seemed to grow larger momentarily as they sped up the hillside.

"'Messieurs,' said a tall surgeon, 'you will understand—'

"The seconds had seen the vehicle and had taken alarm.

"'Messieurs, no time must be wasted,' said Monsieur Dion's friend. 'There are meddlesome persons in Quebec. Come! You are ready? Will you give the word, Monsieur Gagnon!

"'One,' counted Monsieur Gagnon, and the carriage bounded furiously over the stones and boulders. It had left the city behind and was directing its course almost vertically upward toward the Citadel. There was no longer doubt as to its destination.

"'Two,'—and the carriage drew near and stopped, and a woman descended

"'Three!' A puff of smoke appeared at the mouth of Auguste's pistol, and Paul, watching it, saw it expand into a swelling cloud that rolled toward him, obscuring the faces of the seconds and that of the tall surgeon; then out of it appeared the hooded face of Marguérite Thiboult, and her body, shaken with grief, and her groping, outstretched hands. Then the air had grown clear, and the bare hillside was disclosed, and Auguste Dion, flat on his face.

"'Mademoiselle's hands found Paul's. 'Monsieur Duchaine! she gasped. 'It was for me —'

"Paul put her aside gently and strode toward Auguste. The tall surgeon was turning him over. The ball had passed through his thigh.

"'Monsieur Dion,' said Monsieur Gagnon sternly, 'we are waiting for you.'

"Auguste lifted his pale face toward Paul. 'I will tell you the truth, Monsieur,' he gasped.

"'It is not necessary, Monsieur—from you,' said Paul. And suddenly his heart leaped up with joy, for he knew at last that he had neither believed in his own doubts nor doubted where he thought he had believed.

"'Mademoiselle!' said Paul, offering her his arm.

"The carriage and the sleigh were drawn up side by side, but at the carriage step both halted and looked into each other's eyes, and each read there that which made speech necessary no more. In that instant Paul understood everything, and all the past seemed like the whirling smoke-clouds from Auguste Dion's pistol-mouth, through which his love shone, radiant and pure.

"Paul placed her in the sleigh and took the reins. He wrapped his cloak about her. Lightly, for the first time, their lips met. The horses started

"Behind, staring incredulously after them, stood the little group on the bare hillside. Before lay Montreal and the future, and the life together. So Paul's faith had proved victorious over doubts, and nothing was said or needed to be said. I like to think of that especially, Monsieur."

This chic mink cape-coat, fringed with tails, is extremely fashionable. The muff is finished with frills of soft brown panne velvet

In and Around the Shops

Canada's Devotees of Fashion are Enjoying a Breathing Spell While Considering the Bewitching Winter Models

THE hectic flush of excitement has gone out of the clothes question for the moment. The Canadian woman has now finished the task of assembling the real necessities of her autumn wardrobe and is enjoying a breathing spell before attacking the more vital winter problem. It is just in this breathing spell that she should take unto herself a few hours for the consideration of the winter models before she attempts to buy. Designs of more than usual attraction have been manufactured by and imported into leading Canadian fashion depots. Very few of these have, it is true, come direct from Paris. War-time shipping restrictions are rather drastic.

But the adaptations of French ideas by designers on this continent have been very cleverly worked out and are, indeed, more practicable and useful in our present day social life than the originals. We have progressed so far in fashions that we can take the French silhouette, a peculiar kind of material or trimming, a high neck, or a long sleeve, and concoct a salad of our own special make, from these ingredients that is more delectable than the rather extreme, ultra-modern ideas of the creative designer.

The stress of war naturally lessens the social pace and women of all classes of society will require fewer clothes than in other years, but it is obvious that they should be of good material and becomingly designed.

Silk and velvet weaves fulfil so many varied services according to the color and individual design, that for this reason they offer the best investment for most women. The one-piece dress worn with a top coat will fill a greater number of occasions satisfactorily than a coat and skirt costume, though to be sure the latter has never been equalled for its own particular kind of service.

The exploitation of velvet and satin for afternoon wear, indoors and out, is hailed with universal approval.

In examining the fabrics themselves and, later, the gowns which are fashioned of them, no one would suspect that the market for silks and dyes had experienced any irregularities, so beautiful are the weaves and so glorious the season's favorite colors. Foreign and domestic manufacturers assuredly deserve much praise for their splendid efforts in providing womankind in war-time with such an array of faultless fabrics, ideally adapted for present styles. Satins, silk weaves and silk velvets are as supple as chiffon. Striking drapery effects are achieved, but so cunningly manipulated that the slender silhouette is still maintained. Moreover, these silk weaves are so exquisite in themselves that they require little trimming, relying on their own beauty and the lines of the gown for distinction.

FEARFUL lest the narrow skirt degenerate into the sheath of former times, designers have regaled us with every variety of drapery effects known to their fertile brains. But be it known that they have kept the flight of their fancies well under control, for draperies of this season are all suggestive of clinging, subtle grace.

One-side drapery effects for skirts and for tunics or overskirts are having pronounced vogue. Long lines drop to the ankle on the right side, rising a little higher in the centre, until the opposite side shows soft folds which still, however, follow the silhouette. Draperies reach their most complicated lines at the sides and back, where they cascade and frequently form the much talked of new bustle. Just a little trick or two under these, placed at the right angle for balance and beauty, and there is the bustle effect, with none of the old-time terrors of whalebone, canvas, wire and dear knows what else, forming this grotesque bit of artifice.

Plaits have not had their day since draperies have come strongly to the front, but more than one draped skirt is indebted to deftly laid plaits for its grace and beauty.

Plaits employed this season are narrower and laid more closely together. The all-round plaited skirt has given way to plaits that drop somewhere below the hip line, which are reserved for the sides and a back panel effect.

A new skirt, seen recently at a small, exclusive shop in one of our large centres, had its sides and back in plaits, its front plain, over which dropped a shorter tunic. In an imported collection, a gown of sapphire satin had its short yoke and back panel in one piece, laced up the back, while the front dropped over plaits that carried a band of chiffon on the edge.

Among the amazing quantities of new gowns shown this month there are so many waistcoats that appear to be substitutes for blouses that no one can miss them. If one should happen to be overlooked, the mannequin who parades in the gown will throw back the slight coat and stick her hands into the slashed pockets of the waistcoat, to draw the attention of the onlookers.

They are fashioned after the manner of sleeveless sweaters, these new vests, and they may be found in tan colored jersey cloth, apple green velveteen, leather colored suede, midnight blue corduroy, velvet and satin in white. They are worn only with coats that can drop open in front. Many of them have little belts across the front, which look as though they belonged in the back. They are narrow, with merely a conventional mannish buckle to fasten the ends. These waistcoats are single breasted and some of them are cut to the neck and then flare upward above the chin in a collar of their own fabric.

Buff colored corduroy with flat gilt buttons is the kind of waistcoat that has been taken up with the colonial blue cloth suit, and when one adds to such a costume the new modified George Washington hat with its colored brim flaring back over the crown, the imaginative onlooker sees a symbol of the "spirit of '76" in which our American neighbors take such pride. The difference is that these feminine Continentals are not in "ragged regimentals." They're wearing very smart, very expensive and very well-cut new clothes.

Because women are now working harder than ever before does not mean that they are lounging with any less ease and grace. There is a good reason why the robe d'interieur has wedged its way so universally into popular favor—the idea of conserving—that poor word is being worked overtime just now, but it has its place—the street suit of wool and of fabulous cost must be conserved or the day is lost for the women. And into their lives, as an instrument of Providence, has stepped this gown, in time to be donned the minute their feet have passed the threshold into their dwellings and to be clung to until the last minute before they pass again into the street. Like every other economy that has been sprung on us, it has its healthful side. How much better to dress according to the temperature of the place occupied!

When you enter your intimate friend's apartment, you may find her, not the tailored woman you left recently at the Red Cross offices or workrooms, but a modern portrait of Madame de Pompadour, a charming Greuze maid, a laughing Yo San, a Mme. Recamier or some mediaeval princess. We are told in the shops that purvey to dainty women that the boudoir gown department has become very important. One buyer is noted for the fact that not only does she buy lovely indoor frocks for her department, but she also designs them herself and has them carried out under her direction.

Paris gown of chiffon broadcloth in buff, trimmed with sable; V-shaped vest and lower sleeves of emerald green velvet and velvet panel of same color on skirt.

One of the newest of the neatly tailored winter suits

Of negligees, the old-fashioned affair of ribbon and lace and ruffles, and soft, plaited silken folds holds an unassailable place. Every woman at any time, in almost any place, looks well in a drapery of this sort, and every woman knows it. She is not obliged to study her style to tie herself down to certain lines and types.

One gown of this variety had an underdress of accordion pleated azure blue crepe de chine, and an overdress of a most beautiful pattern of Spanish lace, reaching just below the knees, where the huge roses of its pattern showed to the best advantage.

Where pastel blue chiffon was draped over pastel pink charmeuse, and the whole strung together at an Empire waistline with a band of mixed pastel-colored ribbons—there was a negligee that defied a description of the way it was made. Its effect was just a dazzling mass of loveliness; it must have been put together by someone in a most dazed moment of inspiration.

Of this class of modern art, house gowns, there is a great deal to be said, for one looks on at their development and wonders whether they will not be permanently adopted by women, they are so entirely comfortable. The beauty and gracefulness of these gowns cannot be denied.

Boudoir caps have their place in the world, no doubt, and while they are not so prominent as they once were, they still have a strong hold wherever women's intimate clothing is displayed. Even here, in the shadow of the boudoir, simplicity is best for the season in which we are now living, and perhaps the most satisfactory boudoir cap worn is one of crepe de chine. It is picoted at the edge where the frill falls over the face and is pleated into a head size by the simple medium of a series of French knots one on every pleat. An infinitesimal bunch of ribbon flowers over one eye is the sole trimming.

FROM negligees to furs is a big jump. Now that America seems to be the fur market of the world one sees on every hand the most beautiful coats and scarfs of pelts. Judging from the wonderful chinchilla coats fur cannot be as scarce as it was last winter. Ermine is made up in a fashion that fits it for the most exclusive taste. One does not see so much sable, but there is plenty of its near relation, Kolinsky, which is really the old-time red sable, made into the most luxurious and pliable shoulder scarfs, richly decorated with tails.

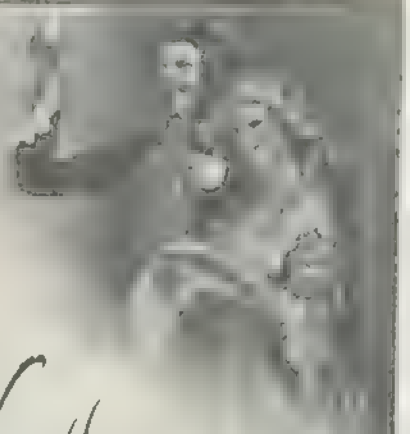
The new thing about the animal scarfs, fox to the fore, is that though still flat they are shaped to curve a little like the cape about the shoulders instead of straight, as they were last winter. Lined with the same colored satin as the fur, they also have a double fold that extends a bit beyond the edge, and really protects the fur, besides making it look richer and thicker.

A really new thing is a bunchy collar of fur that will go on over any coat or dress and look as if it belonged to it; for this, we are told, we are indebted to Callot. It is really a big shoulder cape but can be bunched up into folds about the face, and is cut so that it stands rather high before rolling over. A hat with crown of fur, large or small of brim, goes always with this collar; the same fur hats look like Russian officers' caps, and the aviator's cap is also new.

In furs, both long and short capes fashioned of one or more kinds, finished with a fringe of tails in the more expensive designs, are worn. Ermine is now favored above all other furs for combination with mole, sealskin, broadtail, Persian lamb and other rich, short haired pelts. It is employed to enliven darker furs, which it does most becomingly, appearing as collars and revers that reflect directly on the face. Mink, too, is greatly in vogue, as the illustration above will demonstrate.

Capes appear as part of the new long coats of cloth and velvet. These are of good length and have quite outgrown the shoulder style. Capes are splendidly adapted to wear over one-piece dresses, no matter the hour of the day or night. Furthermore, they are featured in the new sporting togs in heavy weaves impervious to sun or storm. There is less voluminous flare to the new cape models—though there is still ample room for physical freedom. The outline is narrower, conforming more to the increasingly popular idea of the slim silhouette.

The originality of this Georgette crepe blouse lies in its intricate wool embroidery, thereby changing a suit into a complete costume



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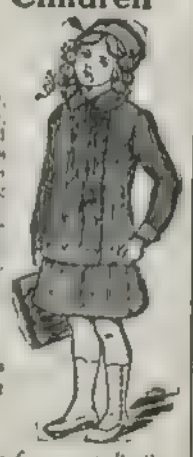

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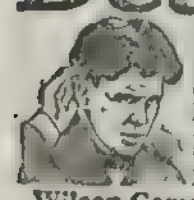

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Fashionable Costumes for Holiday Needs

No. 9549. Tie-On Bodice, 34 to 42 bust.

No. 9574. Skirt in Zouave or Tunic Style, 24 to 30 waist.

Soft, lustrous satin is the material that makes this gown, and the trimming portions are of Georgette crepe braided with soutache. The combination is a very charming and attractive one while it involves very little expense and very little labor. There is a fitted under bodice to which the sleeves are attached and the over bodice is finished with sash ends. The skirt can be made as it is here, or you can omit the panel and make the skirt a little shorter and let it hang over the under-skirt to give a tunic effect. For the medium size the bodice will require 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide, and the skirt 4¼ yards 36 with 2½ yards for the foundation and 1 yard 7 inches wide for the panel. Price 15 cents for each.

No. 9568. Four Piece Skirt with Over Bodice, 34 to 44 bust. To be worn over any blouse or gumpe

This is an exceedingly novel and exceedingly attractive garment. It can be utilized in combination with any blouse you may have in your wardrobe, and you can make it all of velvet or of serge or of silk or of satin as you like, and it will be smart which ever you choose. In the picture, it is trimmed with a little fur edging that is extremely fashionable and gives a very distinctive touch. You can make the collar of fur or of a different material as you like. If you do not care for the fur, it would be pretty to make the collar of Georgette and to embroider with a little border of soutache braid around the edges. For the medium size will be needed, 5¼ yards of material 44 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

No. 9540. Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

This is essentially a season of the dress and this one can be made available for various uses. The box plaits that are applied over the seams and buttoned up onto the bodice make a novel feature and give becoming lines. There is a fitted under bodice to which the sleeves are joined and the over bodice is sleeveless, and if you like you can make the sleeves of a thinner material. For the 16-year size will be needed, 5½ yards of material 36 inches wide, with ½ yard for the collar. Price 15 cents.

No. 9553. One-Piece Dress for Misses and Small Women 16 and 18 years.

There is no model better liked for the simple one piece dress than this one that is laid in box plaits. It is essentially youthful and girl-like and it lends itself to service with singular success. Serge makes a useful frock of the sort, chosen here, while cloth is pretty treated in this way and there are velvets that make up most attractively while you can use the same model for charmeuse if you want something handsomer or more dressy. For the 16-year size will be needed 5 yards of material 44 inches wide, with ¼ yard for the collar and cuffs. Price 15 cents.

No. 9558. Dress with Side Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.

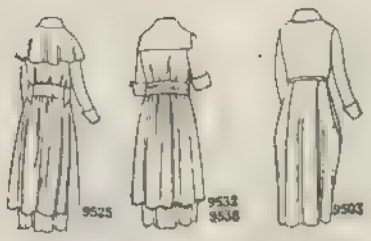
This tunic that hangs at the sides only, giving a panel effect at the front and back, is one of the best liked that the season has to offer. The bodice that accompanies it is made sleeveless over a fitted foundation to give just a hint of the jacket effect that is so much liked this season, and it is closed invisibly at the shoulder and under-arm seams. The under-skirt is in two pieces. For the medium size will be needed, 6 yards of material 44 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

No. 9546. Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

This is a model that you can treat as it is here to be adapted to afternoon use and which you can make with short sleeves and with the skirt shirred to form a little heading that extends up over the bodice, to become adapted to dinners and to the theatre and to simple dances. It is a very charming little dress and it is such a simple one that any girl who can sew can make it. The straight skirt is simply hemmed and tucked. The plain little bodice allows you a choice of three sleeves, those that are illustrated, short puffed sleeves and three-quarter sleeves in bell shape. In the illustration, the trimming is the soutache braid that is so very generally liked and which appears upon so many of the handsomest and most costly models. For the 16-year size will be needed 4¼ yards of material 44 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

Patterns are 15 cents each, post paid. When ordering, write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Smart Models for Indoors and Out



No. 9525. Dress with Tunic for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

This is one of the prettiest possible dresses for the young girl and for the small woman of girlish figure, and it can be treated in a variety of ways. In the illustration, broadcloth that is braided with soutache is combined with satin to be extremely attractive, but you could make this dress all of the broadcloth, all of serge, or all of charmeuse or other satin. If you have a two-piece skirt from last season that is made of silk or of satin or of serge, and you want to utilize it, you could not do better than to use it for the foundation of this dress and make the tunic and bodice of a different material. This year, there are so many combinations of materials and even combinations of color that it is easy to remake without the annoying problem of matching. Blue is beautiful with black and with sand color and with the new shade known as Democracy, and you could combine brown with sand or brown with tan color. The little cape that is attached to the surplice closing makes a very novel and a smart feature. For the 16-year size will be needed, 3½ yards of material 44 inches wide for the bodice and tunic, 2¾ yards for the skirt and trimming. Price 15 cents.

No. 9532. One-Piece Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years. Perforated for Tunic.

No. 9538. Two-Piece Skirt for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

In the costume illustrated, two patterns are combined, the dress that has been cut off to form a tunic and the plain, narrow skirt worn beneath. If you like you can utilize the pattern No. 9532 for this purpose and also for an entire dress made without the opening at the front, and either with the big collar or without it, with long sleeves or with elbow sleeves. As you see it here, it is adapted to every-day service. If you make it in the way just mentioned and of satin or some such material with trimming of a little embroidery you will have a very attractive and charming afternoon costume. For the costume illustrated, serge is handsome in combination with satin or with velvet or plain serge in combination with plaid would make a good effect. In the picture, a dark blue wool jersey is shown in combination with the same material in a sand color. If you are making an afternoon dress with the full length single skirt, it would be pretty to omit the belt and use a narrow girdle in its place, for such use, extending the trimming that finishes the V-shaped opening below the waist line to give becoming lines.

For the 16-year size the tunic length illustrated will require 2¾ yards of material 54 inches wide with ¾ yard 36 for the collar. For the skirt will be needed 2¼ yards 36 or 44 inches wide. Price 15 cents for the tunic dress, 10 cents for the skirt.

No. 9503. Coat Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

What we know as the coat dress or the dress that is closed in such manner as this is one of the smartest of the season, and is a model that you will find desirable for every material from velvet to serge. It would be very handsome made of velvet, and very serviceable made of serge. If you use broadcloth or poplin or charmeuse satin you will have a dressy and attractive dress that will take an intermediate place, therefore, the pattern is an exceptionally available one. Here, the collar and cuffs are of a contrasting material but a great many girls will like to use the same material and to braid with soutache or to use a heavy worsted thread couched over a braiding design. Such trimmings are eminently fashionable, they mean very little labor and little expense, yet they give an exceedingly good effect. Broadcloth and serge are very attractive treated in such ways. Velvet would be handsome with a satin collar and cuffs, and if you like you can edge the collar and the cuffs with a bit of fur.

For the 15-year size will be needed, 3¼ yards of material 44 inches wide, with ¼ yard 36 for the collar and cuffs. Price 15 cents.

No. 9535. Surplice Blouse, 34 to 42 bust.
No. 9528. Panel Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.

There is scarcely a design this season that cannot be treated in a variety of ways. This costume consists of one of the new tie-on bodices and a skirt that can be made just as it is here with full sides and a panel front or with an under-skirt and a tunic at the sides and back as indicated in the small view. It is one of the prettiest models for an afternoon gown and incidentally, it is an exceedingly easy one to handle. Even the amateur could make the gown without the least little bit of difficulty. The pretty blouse is loose fitting and lapped in the surplice style that makes such a feature of the season. You can leave the sash ends plain or you can put a little embroidery on them if you like, or you can finish them with fringe across the ends. Or fringe is being extensively used as trimming upon the latest and most attractive models. The sleeves show the very new shape that makes an important feature of the season. Here, the collar is of Georgette crepe with filet lace making the finish.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 44 inches wide, with ⅝ yard for the collar. For the skirt will be needed, 4¼ yards of material 36 inches wide to make as illustrated. Price 15 cents for each.

No. 9536. Coat with Detachable Cape for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.

Every wardrobe needs its separate coat this season and this one with the cape is among the newest and smartest that could be offered. The cape, however, is quite separate and is attached with snap fasteners, therefore you can use it when the day is cold and omit it when the day is mild. As it is shown here, it is made from a plain cloaking cloth in a soft shade of brown with trimming of natural beaver that is so popular, but you could make the coat from any seasonable cloaking material. It is adapted to velvet, to duvetyn and to velours cloths that are so much liked, to broadcloth and to serge. The fur trimming is eminently fashionable and always handsome, but there are very beautiful fur cloths that are being extensively used this season and which can be substituted with good effect. Or you can leave the cape plain and use only the collar of fur, or you can finish the cape with soutache braid applied over a simple stamped design to be pretty.

For the 16-year size will be needed, 3½ yards of material 54 inches wide with ⅞ yard for the cape. Price 15 cents.

Patterns are 15 cents post paid. When ordering, write very plainly, give name and address, number and size pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

My Favorite Christmas Plum Pudding

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 5 minutes. Put one pint milk in double boiler, add 1½ squares melted chocolate, and when scalding hot sweetened add 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoonful of salt and soaked Gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add ½ teaspoonful vanilla, 1 cup seeded raisins, ½ cup of dates or figs, ¼ cup sliced citron or nuts and ½ cup currants. Turn into mold first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

My Dear Housewife:

Christmas-tide again and with it the happiest days of the year.

And the longest, too, for it begins before daylight when Christmas candles shine and children shout and shake the laden branches of the Christmas tree.

When the Christmas dinner comes and at its close a good old-fashioned Knox Plum Pudding there is nothing more to be desired. I suppose you know the recipe. Thousand of housewives do, but I am printing it so that thousands of others may enjoy it this year and in the years to come.

In this somewhat personal way I pass along to you my favorite recipe and thank you for your maintained confidence in Knox Sparkling Gelatine throughout all these years. Extending to you the season's greetings, I am,

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. Charles B. Knox.
President

FREE RECIPE BOOK
of Desserts, Salads and Xmas Candies sent for your grocer's name. If you have never used Knox Sparkling Gelatine enclose 4c for enough to make a dessert or salad.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE
Dept. F 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, Can.

MILLER CHOIR GOWNS

Miller Choir Gowns impart to church service a most desirable uniformity — with a special dignity and sincerity that is most impressive.

Write to-day for full particulars and samples.

THE MILLER MFG. CO., Ltd.
Suite 5, 44 York St.
Toronto

A BOOK THAT NEVER GROWS OLD
Of Two Thousand Valuable Proverbs and Helpful Sayings that Everyone Should Know

THEY CONTAIN - The Seeds for True Success; The Golden Buds for Noble Manhood and Womanhood, And the Silver Blossoms for a Peaceful, Prosperous and Useful Life.

This book should be found in every Home for the welfare and betterment of the family in general. Refusing to get one of these books, you refuse one of the best books ever offered to the public and thereby letting slip from your grasp a golden opportunity of becoming great, successful, and happy.

The price is within reach of all. Price, $2.00 post paid. Along with this book will be given Free a character reading of your future possibilities, as told from the twelve tribes of Israel, it may mean thousands of dollars to you, your happiness and blessing; the readings alone are worth the price quoted. Those sending for the books be sure and fill out the coupon below and mail together with your order. The books without the readings can be purchased from The T. Eaton Co., Toronto, or from the Author, Theo. Stone, 1211 College St., Toronto. Readings separate: for Adults, $1.00; Children from one to seven years old, 25c. Mothers will find these little readings very helpful to them in rearing their Children to the best possible advantage. For books and readings address your envelope to MRS. F. HOWES, 1211 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO, ONT., CANADA.

COUPON Fill out this coupon and receive a character reading of yourself, the true value of which cannot be estimated. Do not confuse this Art with the foolish fortune telling scheme.

Name and Address ....Where Born.....
Age.. .. ..Birth Date ....
Religious Denomination if any . . . . . .

"VIYELLA"
Registered)

Flannel for Kimonos

The warm softness and lightness of "Viyella" make it an ideal material for this purpose.

A Kimono made with "Viyella" Flannel makes an excellent Christmas present for yourself or a friend.

Be sure you get the genuine

"Viyella"

Does Not Shrink

I Always Wear

Turnbull's

PERFECT FITTING

UNDERWEAR

and buy it for my "Hubby" and the kiddies, too!

It is so clean, soft and well made—in fact I have never seen better knitting—and it fits so neatly and comfy that one's clothing always looks well.

Of course, Turnbull's have a reputation all over Canada as makers of GOOD underwear for 59 years.

You just try it once!

Most good dealers sell it.

Made only by

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited

Also sole manufacturers of the famous "CEETEE" full fashioned underclothing.

Winter Suggestions for the Juniors

No. **9376.** Girl's Belted Coat, 8 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be needed, 3¼ yards of material 54 inches wide, with ⅞ yard of velvet. Price 15 cents.

No. **9594.** Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years. For the 13-year size will be needed, 3 yards of material 44 inches wide, with 1¼ yards 36 for the blouse, collar and cuffs. Price 15 cents.

No. **9245.** Child's Night Drawers, 2 to 8 years. For the 6-year size will be needed, 2½ yards of material 36 inches wide. Price 10 cents.

No. **9588.** Girl's Dress, 8 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be needed, 2⅞ yards of material 36 inches wide for the upper portion and sleeves, 1¼ yards 44 for the lower portion, collar and cuffs. Price 15 cents.

No. **9529.** Girl's Guimpe Dress, 8 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be needed, 3½ yards of material 36 inches wide, with 1¼ yards for the blouse. Price 15 cents.

No. **9604.** Girl's Coat, 6 to 10 years. For the 8-year size will be needed, 2⅝ yards of material 44 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

No. **9478.** Child's Rompers, 1 or 2 years and 4 years. For the 4-year size will be needed, 2¼ yards of material 36 inches wide. Price 10 cents.

No. **9513.** Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be needed, 2¼ yards of material 54 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

No. **9542.** Girl's Suit, 10 to 14 years. For the 12-year size will be needed, 3 yards of material 44 inches wide. Price 15 cents.

(Nos. 9502, 9577, 9503, 9534 and 9600 continued on page 52)

Patterns are 15 cents each, post paid. When ordering, write very plainly, give name and address, number and size of pattern wanted, and enclose 15 cents for each. Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

Gifts The Men Will Welcome

There is Still Much Need of Knitting for the Heroes Overseas

To Provide Winter Comforts They Will Need in the Trenches

AGAIN, as Christmas draws near, comes the cry: "Give us suggestions! Tell us what we can knit."

And, again the reply is: "Don't look for novelties. Knit the necessities."

The men on active service still need the warmth and the comfort they needed in the first year of the war. The lapse of time has only accentuated their discomforts.

No Christmas gift you can think of will be more acceptable than those outlined in the accompanying illustrations. Each design has explanatory directions that should be followed faithfully.

For the benefit of the woman who has not yet learned to knit, and who wants to begin on these articles, it may be said that not one of these garments is complicated, and the most necessary, the sweater, the wristlets and bed sock represent really, the A, B, C of the knitting art.

In regard to the yarn—you may have to give a little more time to the knitting of the rough yarn than to the knitting of smooth yarn, but that time will be well spent because you will be conserving material as well as providing the garment. When you buy be sure you buy the full quantity. It is well to have a little over because sometimes a beginner will make a mistake and be apt to run out, or a little closer knitting will mean more yarn than the looser ones.

Directions Cover Amply

Wristlets

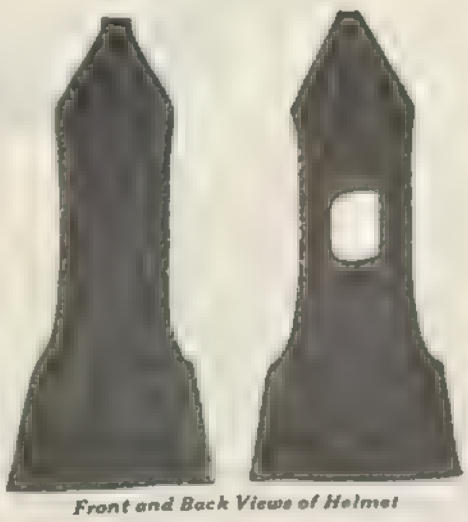
No. 1. ½ hank of yarn (⅛ lb.), 1 pair needles. Cast on 48 stitches, knit 2 and purl 2 for 12 inches and sew up, leaving 2 inches open space for thum 2 inches from the top.

THE directions are supposed to cover amply, however, and if you are sure that you are getting full weight, the amount mentioned should be sufficient. Avoid joining the thread as much as possible for any roughness or ridge is apt to mean discomfort especially when a sock is being knitted. It is not so important in the case of a sweater or a scarf. Take care not to cast the stitches on too tightly and to do your knitting easily and comfortably, but not too loosely. When the knitting is too loose, the garment pulls out and becomes so thin that it does not mean the requisite amount of warmth.

Then always remember to finish your work well and to fasten the thread with great care, and to make ripping an absolute impossibility. If you will finish the neck and the arm-holes with a single crocheted stitch after all the knitting is done, you add greatly to the strength and you prevent that catastrophe of ripping. If you will cast on the stitches for your sweater with a double thread in place of a single one you will make a firm edge that will go a long way toward increasing the durability of the completed garment. Then, when you cast off, break a sufficient length of thread to provide you with two in place of one and knit that last row with the double thread.

In all the directions for the knitting of garments, there is a number of inches given as well as a number of stitches. Be sure you heed those inches carefully because if your needles vary or your wool varies, you must accommodate the number of stitches to the required size. If you are sure you have those correctly selected you can work by stitches only, but if for any reason you are compelled to use a slightly different needle or a wool of a different weight, watch the number of inches as well as the number of stitches to be sure of the correct garment when the work is done.

Helmet



Front and Back Views of Helmet

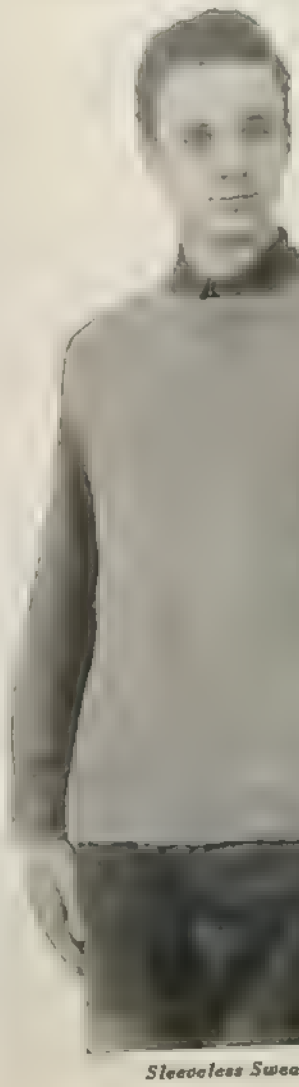
It's a Pleasure

KNITTING is really a fascinating work. It is not irksome. It is restful and has a curious quieting effect upon the nerves.

In spite of this, many women have tired of it after about two years of endeavour. They seem to forget that it is still all-important. Take, for instance, the sleeveless sweater as illustrated.

"It is one of the greatest blessings we have yet received" writes one boy to his mother. "The other kind always made our coat sleeves tight and bulky and uncomfortable."

And similarly do they write of the other garments. They expect them—a number of them this Christmas. Let's not disappoint them.



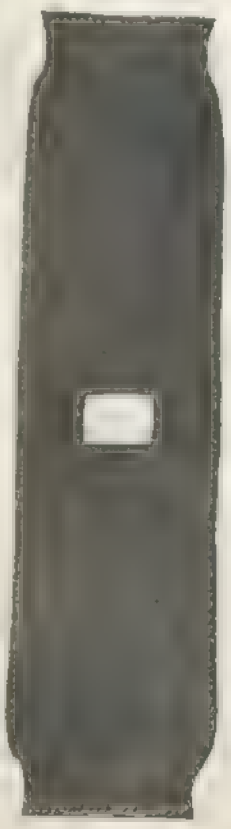
Sleeveless Sweater

Helmet

One and one-half hanks of yarn (⅝ lb.); 1 pair needles. The helmet is made in two parts, which afterward are sewed together.

FRONT OF HELMET: Cast on 48 stitches (11 inches), knit plain for 25 ribs (6 inches) and knit 2, purl 2, for 35 rows. On the next row the opening for the face is made as follows: knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, knit and bind off loosely the next 28 stitches and purl 1, knit 2, purl 2, knit 2, purl 2. Ran the stitches before the opening on a spare needle and on the stitches at other side of opening knit 2, purl 2 for 12 rows. The last row will end at the opening, and at that point cast on 28 stitches to offset those bound off. Begin at the face opening of stitches on spare needle and knit 2, purl 2 for 12 rows. At the end of the 12th row continue all across to the end of other needle, when there should be 48 stitches on needle as at first. Knit 2, purl 2 for 24 rows.

TOP OF HELMET: Knit 2 narrow (knitting 2 stitches together), knit 14, narrow, knit 14, narrow, knit 12 Purl the entire next row. On the 3rd row knit 2, narrow, knit 13, narrow, knit 13, narrow, knit 11. Purl 4th row. On the 5th row knit 2, narrow, knit 12, narrow, knit 12, narrow, knit 10. Purl 6th row. Continue to narrow in the 3 places every plain knitted row with 1 stitch less between narrowings until 9 stitches are left.

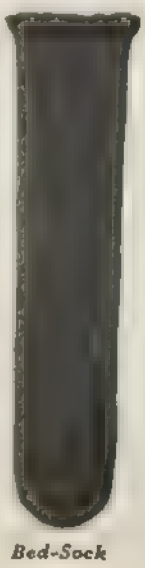


BACK OF HELMET: Work in same manner as for front, but omit the face opening. Sew the stitches of upper edges together with joining stitch. Sew up the side seams, leaving the plain knitting at shoulders open.

Sleeveless Sweater

2½ hanks of yarn (⅛ lb); 1 pair needles.

Cast on 80 stitches. Knit 2, purl 2 stitches for 4 inches. Knit plain until sweater measures 25 inches. Knit 28 stitches, bind off 24 stitches for neck, loose. Knit 28 stitches. Knit 5 ridges on each shoulder, cast on 24 stitches. Knit plain for 21 inches. Purl 2, knit 2 stitches for 4 inches Sew up sides, leaving 9 inches for arm-holes 2 rows single crochet around neck and 1 row single crochet around the arm-holes.



Bed-Sock

Bed-Sock

4 Needles, 1 hank yarn (¼ lb.).

Cast on 48 stitches on 3 needles, 16 on each.

Knit plain and loosely for 20 inches. Decrease every other stitch by knitting 2 together with 12 stitches and weave together.

The End *of a* Perfect Day

There is nothing like a brisk day's sport on the ice rink or the bob-sleds to develop rosy-cheeked, clear-eyed youngsters.

There is nothing like **"Vaseline" Camphor Ice** for protecting them against chapping from cold winter winds.

Vaseline
Trade Mark
Camphor Ice

A little "Vaseline" Camphor Ice applied before going out and after coming in keeps hands and lips soft, smooth and healthy. Good for boys and girls—and grown ups too—the simple, natural skin protection against the hurts of frost and winter. No one who is fond of winter sports should be without it.

Write for new illustrated booklet. Free on request.

Insist on "Vaseline" Camphor Ice. Put up in tubes and boxes, 10 cents. Chemists and Department Stores everywhere.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co.
(Consolidated)
1880 Chabot Ave. Montreal

You Get Better Cough Syrup by Making it at Home

What's more, you save about $2 by it. Easily made and costs little.

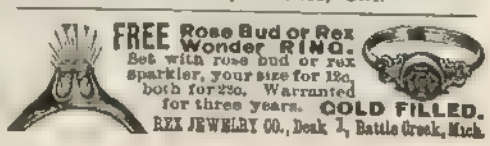
You'll never really know what a fine cough syrup you can make until you prepare this famous home-made remedy. You not only save $2 as compared with the ready-made kind, but you will also have a more effective and dependable remedy in every way. It overcomes the usual coughs, throat and chest colds in 24 hours—relieves even whooping cough quickly.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any good drug store, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Here you have 16 ounces—a family supply—of the most effective cough syrup that money can buy—at a cost of only 55 cents or less. It never spoils.

The prompt and positive results given by this pleasant tasting cough syrup have caused it to be used in more homes than any other remedy. It quickly loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough, heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes, and relief comes almost immediately. Splendid for throat tickle, hoarseness, bronchitis, croup and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and has been used for generations for throat and chest ailments.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for 2½ ounces of "Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



FREE Rose Bud or Rex Wonder RING.
Set with rose bud or rex sparkler, your size for 12c, both for 25c. Warranted for three years. GOLD FILLED.
REX JEWELRY CO., Desk 1, Battle Creek, Mich.

Contest Closes Soon—LAST CHANCE to Receive

$100 in Christmas Prizes

WHAT PRESENTS ARE IN THE CARS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

$100 IN CASH PRIZES FOR THE BEST REPLIES

SO that we may become acquainted with more young people this Christmas, we are giving you this train loaded down with Christmas presents. Each car contains one kind of present and the name is on each car but the man who painted the name got the letters all jumbled. Worse still, the man who coupled the cars got them in the wrong order. Now, can you straighten things out and re-arrange the letters in the names of the presents in each car and put the cars in their right order behind the locomotive?

Car No. 6, DOES ILL, contains "Dollies." The other cars may contain gloves, candy, baseballs, animals, bicycles, building blocks, skipping ropes, nine pins, engines, skates, Noah's Ark, perfume, lanterns, tools, footballs, games, or something else. It is for you to find out.

Should you get the cars behind the locomotive in their right order, you will find that the first letter of the correct name of each Christmas present in each car when these first letters are all put together will spell out the name of a great Nation in Europe, one of the Allies—a Nation whose Navy controls the Oceans.

On Christmas Day, Uncle Peter, who edits the Bunny Page in EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, will judge the answers and award the following big cash prizes to young people under seventeen years of age complying with the conditions of the contest, whose answers are all correct or nearest correct, neatest and best written. So get busy and send in an answer to-day, and this Christmas Season may be the happiest you have ever had.

The Big Cash Prizes

$25.00 Cash to the Boy or Girl who sends us the best reply. **$15.00 Cash** to the Boy or Girl sending the second best reply. **$10.00 Cash** to the Boy or Girl sending the third best reply. **DOLLAR BILLS.** Fifty bright, new, crisp $1.00 bills to the fifty next Boys and Girls with the 50 next best replies.

If you are bright and quick you will also have the opportunity of winning a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle and many other fine prizes in a pleasant contest even more interesting that this one.

Write your answers in pen and ink, using only one side of the paper. Put your name, address and age, in the upper right hand corner of each sheet.

Send Your Answer This Very Evening!

THERE are 53 Cash Prizes and in addition other fine awards for every young person who qualifies his or her entry in this fascinating contest. Every boy or girl sending a letter will be entitled to receive one of the handsome prizes we will be pleased to present as a reward for their service for Everywoman's World for which Special Rewards or Cash Payment will be given. Wouldn't you like $25.00 Cash? Wouldn't you like a Shetland Pony and Cart or Bicycle? These fine prizes will go to our young friends and we would like you to get the best of them. **Address your answers as follows:**

Uncle Peter, c/o Everywoman's World, 2 Continental Building, Toronto.

WHETHER you want durable LONGCLOTHS, sheer NAINSOOKS, fine MADAPOLAMS the very best FLANNELETTES, SHEETINGS, made-up PILLOW-CASES and SHEETS,

ask for and get

"HORROCKSES"

HORROCKSES' name on the selvedge is a protection for you

For information as to the nearest store where procurable, apply to agent, John E. Ritchie, 591 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal

DOMINION EXPRESS MONEY ORDERS

There is no better way to pay your out-of-town accounts.

Get them in all Dominion Express offices and Canadian Pacific Railway stations.

$5.00 costs 3 cents.

Concerning Myself

BABY WAITS FOR CHRISTMAS

WELL, here I am again, a whole month older than I was when you heard from me last, and a month is *such* a long time in my history that I have lots of things to tell you.

Just lately Mother has started feeding me from a bottle. At first I did not like it very much, but now that I have got used to it I do. Before Mother started feeding me in this way she had quite a number of talks with Father and with doctor, and together they discussed all the different kinds of foods that are made specially for baby's meals, and said what they thought of each one.

Doctor says that the principal thing to bear in mind is, that while baby's natural food is milk, it is a special milk designed by nature specially for baby, and one which baby is able to digest easily. He says that cow's milk in its natural state is not the best food for baby, because it was intended for baby cows instead of for babies like me. Doctor says that baby cows have much stronger digestions than I have, and that it is foolish to expect a little baby like me to digest the milk at all well.

My mother asked Doctor whether adding water to the milk would make it all right for me, and he said that it would not, as the proportions of cream in the cows' milk are always changing, and the addition of water only makes these proportions worse than ever, unless great care is taken to make this modification in the milk in an absolutely correct way. Mother asked whether she would be able to do this herself and Doctor said that he did not think that it would be wise for her to try.

He thought that it would be better for her to give me a food especially prepared for babies so that it would be the same for each meal and not continually changing, and he told Mother to look out for a food which contained a full supply of cream, and which was made entirely of milk.

"A young baby needs nothing but milk," said Doctor.

He also told her to be sure not to give me any other food at all until I was older. He thinks it is a very bad thing for young babies to be fed with little bits of food intended for older people.

Real Good Food

SO Mother got me some very nice food. I did not hear the name of it, but I do know that she said it was just the kind doctor told her to get. In the day time she mixes it up fresh for each meal (it only takes a few moments to get it ready) and for my night meal she has it all ready for me in a Thermos Bottle, nice and warm.

The bottle that my mother fed me from at first was a bottle with a narrow neck and a very small rubber nipple. I did not like it a bit. The top was so small that my mouth got very tired by the time I had finished my meal, and doctor told Mother that it would put my mouth out of shape.

So, the other day, when she was down town she bought me a new kind of bottle which I like very much. The new bottle is the same size at the top as it is at the bottom, so that the rubber nipple is very much bigger than it was on the other bottle, and it does not tire my mouth at all. Mother says that she likes it just as much as I do, because it is so easy to keep it clean. It only takes a moment to wash it perfectly, as the mouth of it is so wide, but with the narrow necked bottle she used to have a lot of trouble.

When Doctor was talking to Mother and Father about foods, he said that he had many reasons for recommending them to use a prepared food instead of ordinary milk. One of these reasons was, that it is so difficult to know just where the milk comes from and whether it is perfectly clean. Doctor says that sterilizing dirty milk never made it clean, and that pasteurizing milk never was able to add any cream to it. Another reason was that the solids of cow's milk are very difficult to digest, and particularly for a little baby like me. In drying the milk these solids are in some way broken up, and when hot water is added to it later on, the solids are much more easy to digest than they would have been if the milk had been taken raw.

Doctor is a very nice man and he seems to know a great deal about the kind of food babies should have. I am glad that Mother was able to get so much good advice from Doctor.

Doctor told her that in his opinion the responsibility of a mother to her baby was a very big one, because so much of a baby's later life depends upon the way he is fed during the first few months of his life.

"There are lots of people about to-day," said Doctor, "who are suffering from indigestion and other troubles that started when they were babies. Nowadays it is so easy to find out the right way of doing things that there is not the same excuse for mothers making mistakes in feeding as there used to be."

The only variety that I have in my feeding is an occasional drink of water out of my bottle. I am quite sure that all babies should have drinks of plain water. All people, both big and little, need plenty of water to keep them well. Taking drinks of plain water is quite a different thing to taking the water which is mixed with my food, and I always enjoy them. Mother gives me one or two drinks of plain water every day.

Christmas Presents

MOTHER and Father were talking about Christmas the other evening, and I heard them say that they expected that I will be getting quite a lot of nice presents.

I heard about little pairs of knitted bootees, and little caps and crocheted jackets, and sets of babies' furs for going out in the cold weather. Then they talked about little silver baby spoons which would be useful to some of them, and also about baby-sleighs and carriage robes. The babies that mother and Father know are some of them older than I am, and they will be interested in rubber dolls and little rubber animals, and I think that I would be quite interested in the same things myself. I wonder whether I shall get some of these things for Christmas, I think the whole list sounds very nice, don't you!

Naturally I am looking forward very much to this time they call Christmas. The other night Mother and Father came and sat down by my bed and talked about Christmas to each other. They talked about another little Baby who was born hundreds and hundreds of years ago at Christmas time. Although this little Baby did not have a nice cot like I have, and had to sleep in a manger full of hay, yet they said that He changed the whole world, and showed everybody, children and big people too, when He grew up, how to live better lives. And they said that Christmas time was named after this wonderful little Baby, and that people had kept Christmas ever since in memory of the day that He was born. Mother said to Father, that some day, when I grew older, she would teach me about the life of that little Baby of long ago.

I wish all little babies, and all big people, too, just as nice a Christmas as my mother and father will give me. Next month I will be able to tell you all about it.

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The Bunnies' Christmas

PART I.

In winter, when the Snow-Queen reigns,
And all is bound by frost,
The Bunnies don't go out so much
For fear they might get lost.

The Bunnies could not go to school
Like you do, so I'm told
They had their lessons right at home
To save them from the cold.

And there they learned that three times eight
And also six times four,
Are just the same as twelve times two
And not a fraction more.

And four and twenty Bunnies
Sat quietly in a row,
While good John Bunny taught them all
The things they ought to know.

They learned that beets and carrots
Both grew beneath the ground
And where the choicest woodland plants
Might readily be found.

They also learned that foxes
Are fond of rabbit pie
And all were warned to stay at home
When Mr. Fox went by.

John Bunny to the black board went
Said he, "You must remember
That there are one and thirty days,
This month, which is December!

And thirty of them you will find
Like other days to be!
All but the twenty fifth, which you
Will please describe to me."

Then up rose all the bunnies,
(Their manners were most shocking!)
And each one had a lot to say
Relating to a stocking.

John Bunny cried "Sit down, sit down
I don't want so much noise,
If your manners are not better
You'll deserve no Christmas toys."

PART II.

He called on little Fluffy
To make a little speech
(For a modest Bunny's Christmas wish
It surely was a "peach.")

Said Fluffy "I would like to get
A little wooden fox,
A train, a boat, a painting book
Some candy in a box———

Some Bunny Dolls, some woollen mitts,
A ball with colours bright,
A box of blocks to build with,
Some carrots and a kite———

A baby-carriage for my doll,
An india-rubber pup———"
But here poor Fluffy had to stop,
His breath was all used up.

UNCLE PETER'S MONTHLY LETTER

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

The very first thing I must do this month is to wish you all, Bunny-Boys and Bunny-Girls, Bunnies big and Bunnies small, Bunnies very good, and Bunnies only fairly good, all of you, wherever you may be, A Very Happy Christmas.

All of you Canadian children may consider yourselves very fortunate this Christmas. Living in a country which is at war, we are all none the less able to spend our Christmas Day in Peace and security in our own homes, almost as we would if there were no war at all, though many of us will miss from our firesides the dear faces of the brave men who have helped to make this security possible for us.

So, although our joy will be tempered and restrained by many sad experiences, we can all be thankful for the blessings we are able to enjoy, and we can all look forward and pray for the coming of peace, on that day we keep in remembrance of the birth of the One who brought into the world the gospel of "Peace on earth and good will towards men."

And how well the Bunny-Club Motto will work into this Christmas Day. "Contentment" with our present blessings, and "Effort" towards making this day and the days to follow as cheerful and happy as we can for ourselves and for our friends.

There were a nice lot of entries for the Bunny-Club Competition in the September issue. Six Bunnies have won prizes, and you will find their names on this page. I hope that you have all gone in for the big competition in the October issue. Those of you who have not, may still do so, for that competition does not close until Christmas Day. Hurry up, Bunnies, those of you who have not already sent in your answers.

Again wishing you one and all the happiest possible Christmas.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

Competition

Bunnies, here is another new kind of competition for you. It is quite different to anything we have had before, and I hope you will like it and be able to send in the right answers to it.

Each of the following sentences stands for something you know quite well. Take this one for example—A swimming match. If someone asked you to show them what a swimming match looked like, how would you show them? Why, you would take a saucer of water and drop a match into it, and at once you would have a swimming match. See how many of the following sentences you can describe in the same way. There will be six prizes given for the most correct descriptions according to age, as usual. All answers must be addressed to Uncle Peter, Bunny Club, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto, and must reach me not later than January 20th. Here are the sentences, see what you can do with them:

The Lost Soul.	An absorbing subject.
Pillars of Greece.	Ruins of China.
Drawn from Life.	The Black Friar.
A Perfect Foot.	A Morning caller.
The Home of Burns.	The Peacemakers.

Bunnies! Be Careful!

A Bunny once wanted to stay up all night,
Because
Some one might come through the moon-beams bright
Santa Claus!
He would not go to bed, for to catch Santa Claus
He must try
That poor little Bunny got left, Santa Claus
Passed him by!

The Smallest Man in the World

Say, Bunnies, what do you think? We had the smallest man in the world to see us in Toronto one day last week. Don't you think that was a great experience? Of course, you want to know just how small he was. All Bunnies want to know everything about everybody. Well, here's the answer:

"Two feet in his boots!"

If you don't see the joke in one second, just pinch yourself to make sure that you're awake.

The Bunnies' Christmas

(Continued)

(I'm not quite sure that Fluffy asked
For just the things I mention,
I may not have the story right
Though such was my intention.)

John Bunny laughed. Said he "I meant
You all to have your say,
But now I see we could not get
The list by Christmas Day."

"To-night, my dears, is Christmas Eve
So I may safely guess,
To-night you'll hang your stockings up,"
The bunnies ALL said "Yes."

When late that night John Bunny
To the children's room did go
Four and twenty stockings
Were hanging in a row.

Said Mr. B. to Mrs. B.
"Are all those Bunnies sleeping?
Or are some rascals shamming sleep
And through their lashes peeping?"

Said Mrs. B. "They've gone to sleep
Too fast, there's something in it!"
John Bunny said "I have a plan,
Just watch me for a minute."

PART III.

He seized a little table
Which was standing by quite handy
And on the middle of it placed
A glorious bag of candy.

Now when John Bunny went to bed
He did not lock the doors,
He left the way quite clear, of course,
For good old Santa Claus.

The Bunnies did not hear him come,
No Bunnies ever do!
And yet he came, and so he'll come
I hope, to each of you!

And early in the morning,
As up in bed they sat,
Those four and twenty stockings
Were very, very fat.

I can't say what was in them,
But this I know's a fact,
Those four and twenty stockings
Were very soon unpacked.

And hour by hour the Bunnies
Enjoyed their merry play,
And that is how the Bunnies spent
The Bunnies' Christmas Day.

Attention Bunnies!

Here are the names of the six Bunnies who won prizes in the September Bunny-Club Competition:

Miss Irene Pollard, Windsor, N.S.; Miss N. Miron, Miron, P.Q.; Miss Helen Boutilier, Cape Breton, N.S.; Miss Kathleen Galbraith, Todmorden, Ont.; Miss Alison Killam, Weymouth, N.S.; Master Harry Nelson, Kapuskasing, New Ontario.

New Bunnies who join the Bunny Club will find that these competitions are very interesting.

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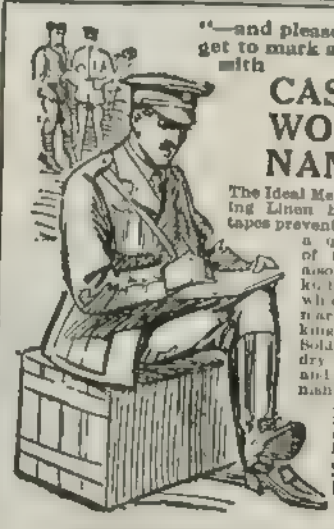

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The Child's Teeth
And Xmas Goodies

By
A PROMINENT SPECIALIST

Children! Do you want to be able to eat your Christmas sweets this year without toothache? Then join this ten-minute class with me and let me tell you how.

I AM going to begin my talk with you by asking a question. I would rather ask questions than answer them because it is easier sometimes.

How many of you washed your faces before going to school this morning?

Well, that is good. All of you washed your faces. Now I am going to ask you another question, cross-your-heart-truth, about it?

How many of you cleaned your teeth before going to school this morning? Well that is fairly good, but quite a number of you did not do so. Now, I think if you are going to omit one of those cleanings you had better clean your teeth and let your faces go dirty. But I would not omit either of them if I were you for if you do not wash your faces they will look badly and if you do not wash your teeth it will be bad for you in a number of ways. Now for another question!

How many of you ever had the toothache?

Oh my! Nearly every one of you! Well, if you have had the toothache it is not necessary for me to tell you it is not nice. It hurts. But maybe I can help you some by telling you what makes the teeth ache and how you can keep from having it. Nobody likes toothache, do they? Is there any one of you that would like to have toothache? Not one. Well, you know teeth do not ache unless they are decayed.

So, first I want to tell what makes them decay. Let us suppose the evening meal is over. Every one has left the table and mother is clearing things away. Here is a nice piece of meat and here are some good fried potatoes and some butter and here is some nice strawberry jam. It is all good to eat and mother wants to keep it until tomorrow. Where does she put it? (A voice, "In the ice box.") That is right. She puts it in the ice box. But why does she put it in the icebox? Why not put it on the back steps where the sun and rain would get at it? (A voice, "It would spoil or decay.") That is right it would rot or decay if it were left out in the sun and rain.

Now that is just what the food that stays in your mouth does. It rots or decays there. Every time you eat anything a little food is left between the teeth and around the necks of the teeth, and as the mouth is warm and moist, after a while the food rots and decays just as the food from the table would do if Mother put it on the back steps.

When it decays in the mouth acids are formed which eat into the teeth. They dissolve a tooth just like sugar will be dissolved in lemonade, only not so quickly. For a long time it will not hurt much, if any. Maybe it will hurt a little some day when you take a drink of cold water but it does not ache.

BUT the acid keeps on eating away at the tooth and the hole keeps on getting bigger and bigger, until one day that tooth just aches and aches like everything. And that is the way teeth decay.

Now another question! When the week's washing is all ready to be put away, Mother picks up your stockings and runs her hand way down inside to the toe. Sometimes she finds a little hole there. When she does find a hole, what does she do? (A voice, "She mends it.") That is right: she mends it. Now, if mother misses that little hole and you put those stockings on again and wear them that little hole becomes a big one and the next time mother sees it she says, "Oh my! I wish I had found that and mended it while it was little for it has been getting bigger and bigger and now it will take a good deal longer to mend."

That is just the way with these holes the acid makes in your teeth. They keep on getting bigger and bigger. It is much easier and better to mend them when they are little holes than to wait until they become big ones.

Now, here is something I want you to think about.

I have told you the rotting or decay

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

Christmas Customs and Superstitions

SINCE that first Christmas Eve so many centuries ago, there has gathered around the Christmas Festival a mass of old customs and superstitions, some quaint, some interesting and some horrible, but all inextricably bound up, in the hearts of the people who believe in them, with the celebration of Christmas Day.

Among the prettiest of the customs is that which is still observed in the west of England, of "greeting the orchards." In certain towns and villages of England, as late as the year 1883, it was the custom on Christmas Eve for the clergyman, at the head of his parishioners, to walk in procession through the town, visiting the principal orchards of the parish. In each orchard one tree was selected as the representative of the rest; this was saluted with a certain form of words, which had in it the form of an incantation. The tree was then sprinkled with cider, to ensure its bearing plentifully in the coming season.

In other places it was the custom for the farmers and their servants only to assemble on this occasion and after immersing apples in cider to hang them upon the tree, which was then sprinkled plentifully with cider, after which the company returned to the house and refreshed themselves with copious draughts of the same beverage.

In Cornwall a few of the household took out a jar of cider, a bottle and a gun to the orchard and having broken off a small bough from one of the trees they filled the bottle with the cider and stuck the bough in it. They then repeated the following incantation:—

Hail to thee, old apple tree!
Hats full, packs full, great bushel bags full!
Hurrah, and fire off the gun.

Then small sugared cakes were laid on the branches for the robins to eat, as without this the charm would have no effect. All over the west of England the belief holds that if the sun shines through the apple trees on Christmas Day, there will be a heavy crop of fruit the ensuing Autumn.

In most English speaking countries, it is held as a token of great good luck to be born on Christmas Day, but among the Greeks this is not so. Those who are unhappy enough to have their birthday at this season are accursed, because they thus impiously mimic the beginning of our Lord's life upon earth. They become what the Greek Islanders call "Kallikazari," curious monsters combining the worst features of were wolves, vampires and satyrs in their own single persons. According to one old writer, such Christmas children are "not born as infants, but by the power of Beelzebub they become full grown men and women or take upon them some other shape." They remain on earth for twelve days, until the Epiphany, for upon that day the whole earth was made holy by the baptism of our Lord and all demons must depart from it. The "Kallikazari" accordingly flee away.

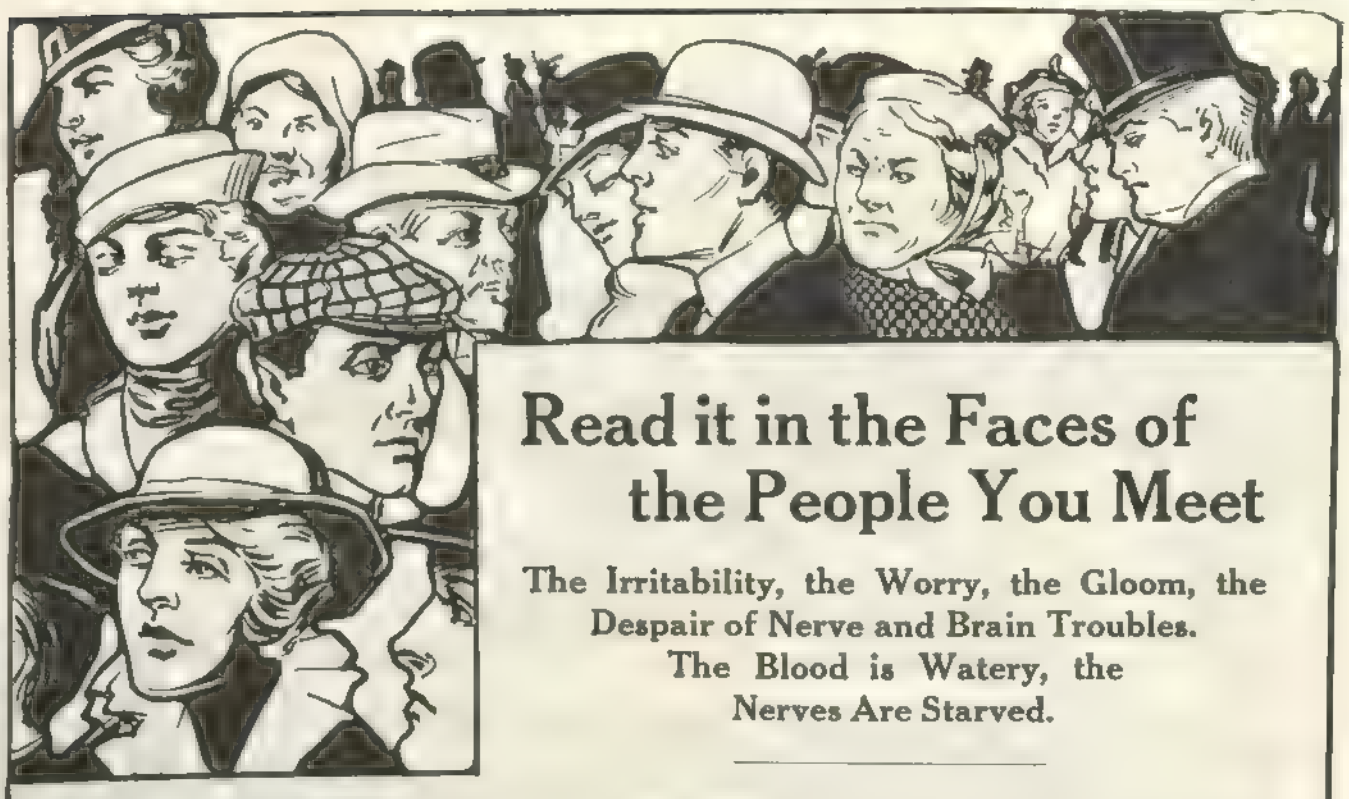
Italy's Superstition

CHRISTMAS Eve is considered to be most particularly favorable to divination and the Italians have a superstition that whosoever invokes the devil at this season before a mirror, becomes a witch and is endowed with all the evil powers peculiar to these weird people.

In Ireland at the present day there exists a curious custom called "Hunting the Wren." A wren is caught and tied in a bush and, bearing this, the boys of the country side go from house to house, demanding donations of food and money and singing a song appropriate to the occasion.

In "Silly Suffolk" the owl and the squirrel take the place of the wren in the Christmas hunting. It is hard to believe that this custom bears a most intimate relation to the game which is familiar to all of us as "Blind Man's Buff," but nevertheless this is so. According to a famous antiquarian, the game was first known as "Blind Mumm" or "Blind Mask," and was a sacrificial rite, entailing the sacrifice of some animal, which had first to be hunted. The Christmas Mummers, who were so popular a means of entertainment with our forefathers, were a variant of the same rite.

Of late years, however, the meaning of many of these rites has been lost and they remain with us only as innocent pastimes, helping us to enjoy the Christmas revels.



Read it in the Faces of the People You Meet

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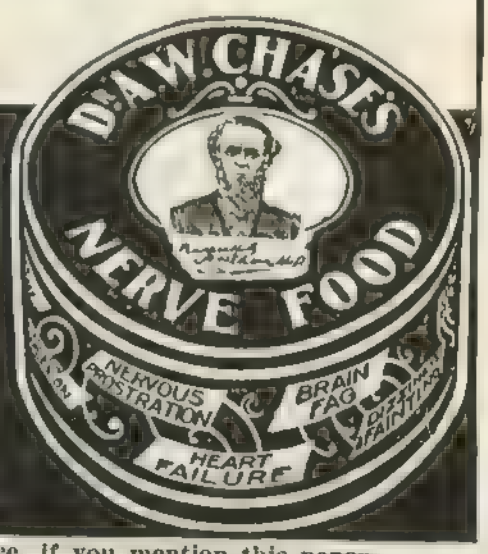
50c a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Dr. Chase's Recipe Book, 1,000 selected recipes, sent free, if you mention this paper.

Be Proud of Your Carpets and Floors

WELCOME your visitors with the certain knowledge that they will find nothing to criticize.

Dustbane

will keep your carpets looking bright and new. Your floors will appear freshly polished if you sweep them with Dustbane. It makes the work so much easier too, because it settles the dust.

Order a tin from your grocer. If he doesn't stock it, ask him to get it for you or write the manufacturers.

DUSTBANE MFG. CO., LIMITED
OTTAWA, ONT.

Yours the Opportunity

We want your spare time. Will you sell it? All about you are subscribers for EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and RURAL CANADA. You can earn $20 a week renewing expiring subscriptions and taking new orders. Inquire of The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont

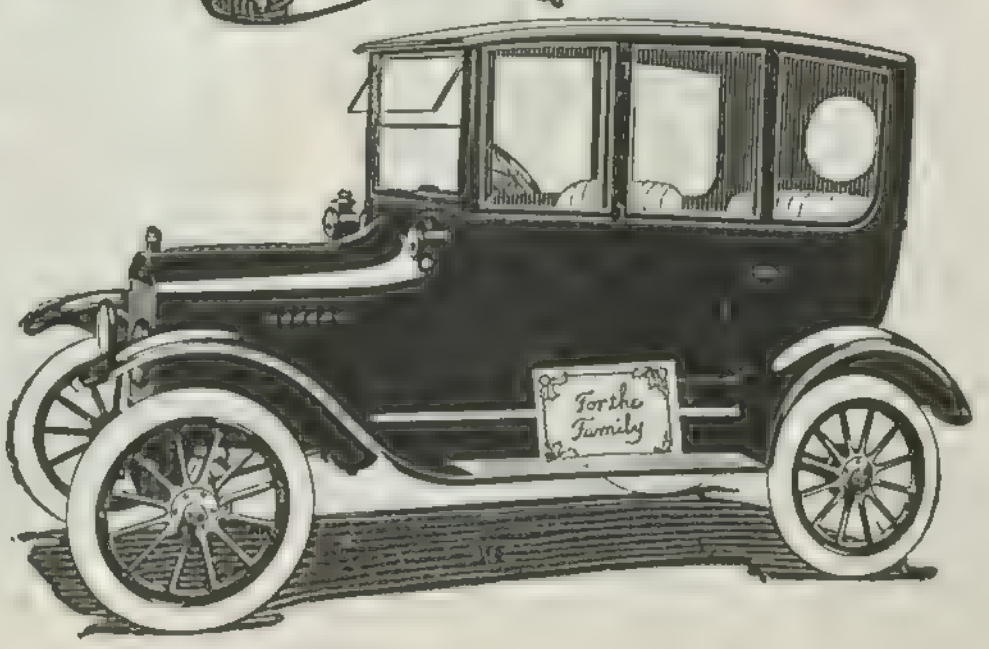
Disappointed again! No delivery of your laundry from town! No collar ready to wear!

The Arlington Washable Collar will make you independent of the laundry. Fine in appearance, made of the best linen and always ready for use. Just a moment's work with a little soap and water and the Arlington is as good as new again.

Send for Style Books, enclosing 25c. for a sample collar. Give your size and say the kind of collar you prefer.

Arlington washable Collar

The Arlington Company, Limited
Toronto, Canada



The One Gift the Whole Family Will Enjoy

THERE is no other Christmas gift that the whole family can so thoroughly enjoy as a motor car—especially if it is a Ford, because the Ford is so simple and so easily operated that mother can run it as well as father, sister as well as brother, and there is always room for the kiddies.

The Ford Sedan is your most appropriate family Christmas gift. It is a luxurious winter car affording complete protection against rain, snow and wind. It is a cool summer car, too. Its handsome appearance makes it a great favorite with ladies for shopping, theatre and calling use.

Speak for your Ford now and we can arrange for delivery on Christmas morning.

Ford

MADE IN CANADA

Ford Motor Company
of Canada, Limited
Ford, Ont.

Random Reminiscences

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

When I got on deck there lay a German submarine at a little distance, watching us.

"She had struck us all right and we were sinking. The boats were off and away. They had forgotten me in their hurry and I had been so fast asleep that I had never even felt the shock of the torpedo. Well, I found a couple of planks and jumping overboard, I swam for all my might. It wasn't a minute after I struck the water that the old ship went down.

"I swam towards the Germans and called to them to pull me aboard, but the men on deck only laughed and shouted back at me in their infernal lingo which I don't understand. Then they turned and scuttled off and you had better believe I cursed the brutes to some purpose. The beggars! How I hated them! But the German is an uncivil beast even in peace and he is a million times worse in war.

"I spent the next couple of hours slipping off a thousand slippery planks and trying to get a little nearer to the shore. Luckily, I am a good swimmer and the water was warm or I wouldn't be here now. Then, along came an Italian fishing smack and rescued me and took me into Genoa. I must say they treated me well. The United States consul there, who by the way is an Italian, gave me a suit of his own clothes and ten pounds in English money and they shipped me to London as a distressed seaman with my pockets fuller than they had been for some time past. From London they shipped me back here and as my money is nearly gone again, I suppose I shall be off once more before long, and getting torpedoed again. The boats? Oh, they all landed safely, though one was three days at sea, but we lost all the horses, poor brutes.

"Have any of you seen anything of the war in the East?" he went on. "I had one voyage to Salonika, and I tell you there's where you see the picturesque side of the war. We started for Alexandria but we were wirelessed just past Malta to go to Salonika.

"How am I to describe one of the most talked of cities in the world to you who have not seen it?

"Crawling up the side of a mountain—like a picture from the Holy Land—camped in by English and French soldiers, modern to a dot—punctured with the minarets of Turkish mosques, ancient to a degree—flanked by the walls where Saul of Tarsus drove home hard his amazing novel thesis to the minds of the doubting Macedonians—for this is Thessaly and this the Thessalonica of the Acts.

"I wish I could show you the beauty of it all—the great grey French gun boats in the bay—the sliding submarines—the ghostly, grey, venomous torpedo boats; all the pomp and wickedness of war as it never struck me before. Over the peace of the night or the glory of the morning in the Aegean sea, night and day, never ceasing, the low ominous thunder of the British guns sounded, guarding the Serbian frontier fifty miles away. If I never realized it before, I realized then that we are winning the war. I tell you Britain wins!"

He looked round him with flushed cheeks, as if ashamed of his sudden enthusiasm.

"Well, I must be going," he said. "So long, boys."

He stuffed his pipe in an inner pocket and with a nod to the crowd, went out. His departure seemed to have a discouraging effect. One by one, they hobbled or wheeled off in various directions.

From the rear came a voice, irresistibly musical:

"Here we are, here we are, here we are again,
We beat you on the Marne and we beat you on the Aisne
We kicked you out of Armentieres and here we are again."

"What's the noise out there?"

"Oh," came a voice from under blankets, "it's that disturbing Irishman, 'Short,' with his 'Dublin Fusiliers' anthem, again."

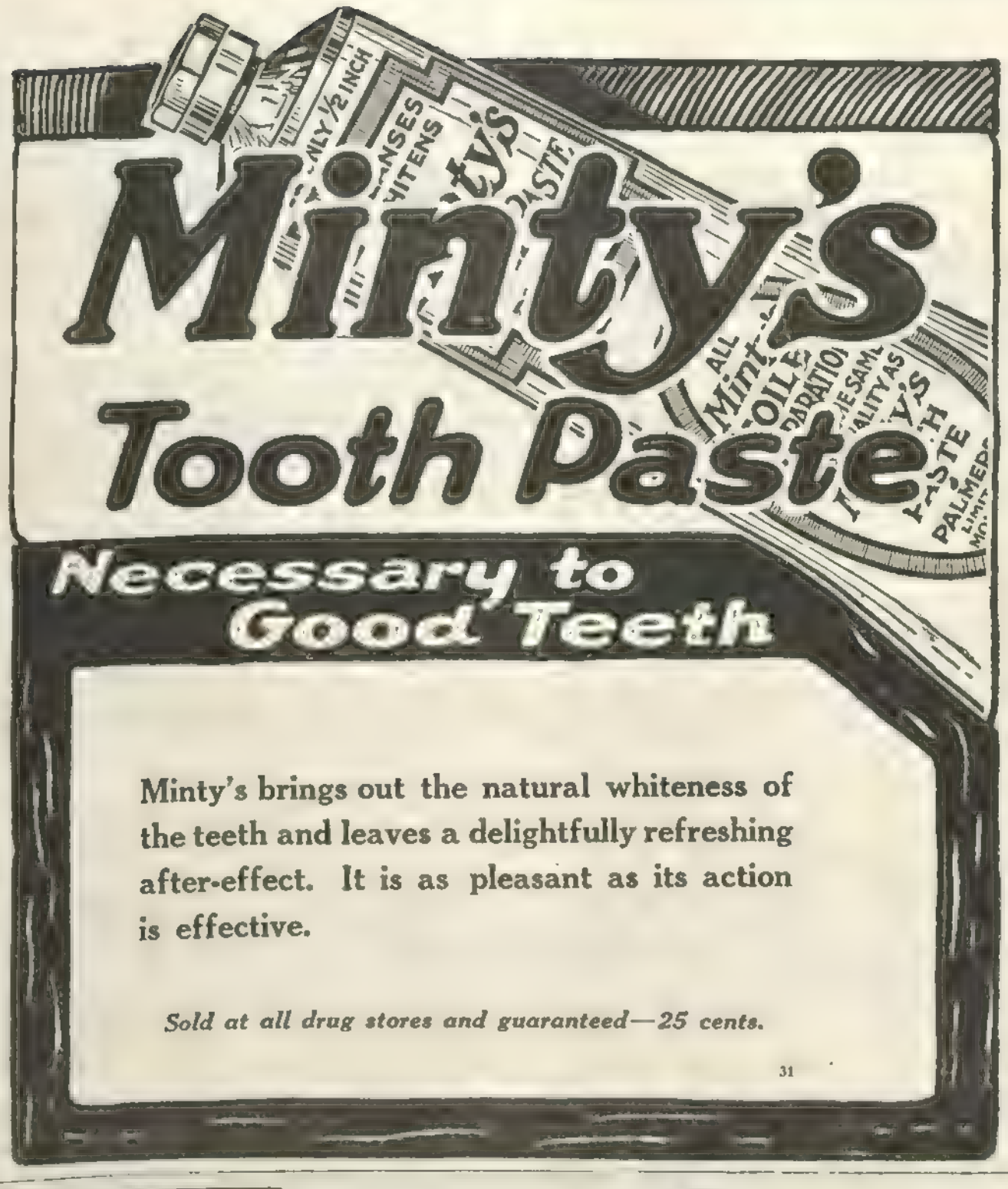
After much persuasion, the singer was subdued and a stillness seemed to take possession of the place.

The only non-resident left, the lone Private who tells you this, gathered himself together and lost himself in the night without.

HISTORIC LANDMARKS

When you read of the destruction in Belgium and France, the devastation of so many of the historic landmarks, do you ever stop to think that right here, in Canada are landmarks that should be more dear to us?

In the January issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD — our great "CANADA AHEAD" number, Mrs. J. B. Simpson, an authority on the subject, one of the oldest and most prominent members of the Ontario Historical Society, will contribute an article on Canada's Historic Landmarks, that will touch the heart of every Canadian.


Minty's
Tooth Paste
Necessary to
Good Teeth
Minty's brings out the natural whiteness of the teeth and leaves a delightfully refreshing after-effect. It is as pleasant as its action is effective.
Sold at all drug stores and guaranteed—25 cents.
31

Best for Baby

After many years' use by parents of all classes, in Royal Nurseries and humble homes, Savory and Moore's Food has the reputation of being a thoroughly reliable food for infants.

The experience of parents, nurses, and medical men all goes to show that babies *do* thrive remarkably well on this famous food, that its use prevents infant ailments, and that it builds up a strong constitution, so important in later life. You may therefore bring up baby on Savory & Moore's Food with the assurance that you are doing the best you can for your child.

MOTHER'S GUIDE FREE

Savory & Moore's little Book, "The Baby," is full of useful information on Infant Management, and contains hints on Feeding, Teething, the Toilet, Infant Ailments, and many other subjects. It is just what a young mother needs, and will prove invaluable in the home. A Free Copy may be obtained on application to Savory and Moore, P.O. Box 1601, Montreal.

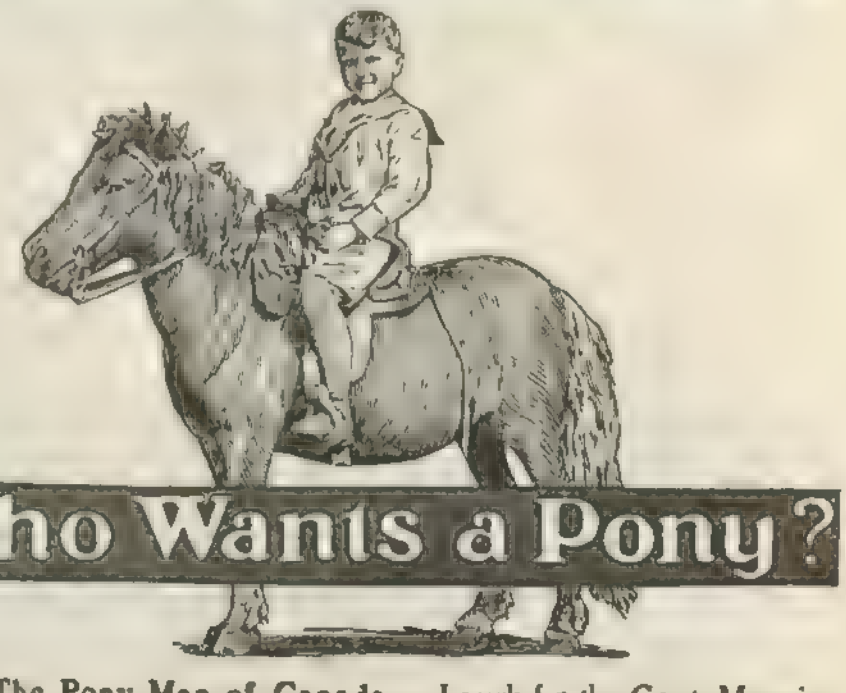
SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

Of all Druggists and Stores

You Can Earn Money with Everywoman's World

The work is easy and the rewards are large. Write to-day for free outfit and instructions.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD
6 CONTINENTAL BUILDING TORONTO



Who Wants a Pony?

I Am The Pony Man of Canada. I work for the Great Magazine "Rural Canada." I am going to give Shetland Ponies to Canadian Boys and Girls

SOME BOY OR GIRL will get this dandy Shetland Pony. I WANT YOU to have an equal chance with every boy and girl. I want every family in Canada who takes this paper to have an equal chance.

BOYS AND GIRLS should send their own names. Fathers and Mothers should send the names of their children.

Relatives and Neighbours should send in the names of bright youngsters they know I will enter the name for my intelligent and clever Shetland Pony for Boys and Girls.

No matter where you live, on the farm, in the village or town, send in your name and address quickly.

Given to Boys and Girls

Upon receipt of your name and address, I will write you a letter and send you complete information on how you may win this dandy little fellow that you have always wanted. Don't wait a minute, send in your name and address quickly.

Parents:—Look at our captains of industry, our leading men and women. They look mighty big and important—don't they?—yet they were boys and girls once—and many of them did not have the opportunities that boys and girls have now. Help your boy or girl to a good start now. Let them try to win out. Let them have our interesting business training now. Your boy or girl can earn money and win a pony. There are no insurmountable difficulties. No matter where you live your boy or girl can make good.

Boys and Girls:—You can stand just the same chance and can win this little pony if you really want it.

I will send you all particulars as soon as you send the coupon properly filled out.

Clip and Mail this Coupon—Properly filled out

PONY COUPON

THE PONY MAN
RURAL CANADA for Women,
62 Temperance St., Toronto.

Please send me full information as to how I may win the clever little Shetland Pony you are offering. Enter my name for the Pony so that I will have the opportunity of winning it.

My Name is.....

Post Office

Age... Province...

The Gift of Freedom is bought with Blood, but Money will help preserve it.

Let this great truth burn itself into your soul---the Gift of Freedom cannot be bought with money, but money will help to preserve it.

From the four corners of the earth those who love Freedom have united to defend it from enslavement by Germany.

Millions of free men have already sacrificed their lives on Freedom's altar.

Still other millions stand ready to make the supreme sacrifice.

Noble women have sent loved ones to Freedom's service with an anguish harder to bear than death.

Still other millions have yielded their entire resources in service or in money to the need of their countries.

Canada proudly claims her full share of these noble souls.

And now, for their sakes, asks her citizens (men and women) to support with money Canada's part in the mighty efforts of the free peoples of the earth to save themselves from the ghastly crucible into which the Hun would pour and then remould mankind.

To prevent this, brave men are giving their lives. Will you hesitate to lend your money?

Canada must raise more money in order to continue to play her great part in the prosecution of the war.

This money must come from the people of Canada. Outside financial markets are closed and it is in the interests of Canada that as much as possible of our war indebtedness should be held within the Dominion and interest upon it paid to our own people.

The money is here. The only question is, will Canadians, now that they know the need, respond magnificently to this appeal? They will!

Get Ready to Buy in November Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee
in co-operation with the Minister of Finance
of the Dominion of Canada.

2

What To Give HIM If He Drives a Car

Christmas Gift Suggestions That Will Help You Solve The Old, Old Problem

A Trusty Light

AN electric lantern-bright, steady, clear—is a fine thing to have for roadside emergencies or in the garage. A new version of the flashlight gives us, on the same principle, a light that will burn steadily in a lantern that is equipped with a flat base to stand on, or a ring to hang by.

The old-time danger of coal-oil leaks is completely done away with. A draft will not cause sensisitive flickerings and your light will glow serenely through the wettest rain storm. To light or turn off, press a button—no danger of matches round the gasoline or of being caught matchless in time of need. Another portable lantern comes with an extension cord and can be connected by just putting in a plug. The price of such lanterns varies from $2.00 to $4.00.

"As Through a Glass"—Brightly

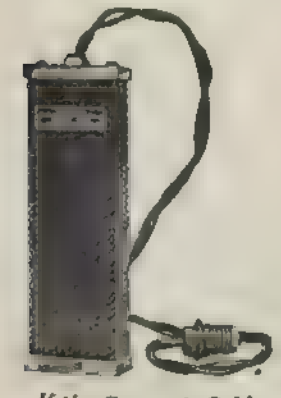
A simple device is offered to motorists that does away with the discomfort and danger of a clouded wind-shield. A tempered steel bar over seven inches long with an insert of specially prepared rubber, is curved over the glass, leaving a handle *inside*. When the wind-shield is misty or filmed by snow or rain, one need only grasp this handle and move it to right and left to clear the glass promptly. No stretching round, (while the snow blows up one's sleeve) to wipe the outside of the glass with an inadequate cloth. The Price is $3.00.

Has a Score of Uses

You have decided to give something useful, of course. Why not make your present one of those neat, tire-repair kits? They contain an inside protection patch for blowouts or side breaks in a casing; an outside protection patch that laces around the injured spot, giving an emergency repair; a generous roll of adhesive rubber tape; a can of tire putty for filling tread cuts; a can of patching cement; a dozen "self-cure" patches for repairing tube punctures; a tube of French Talc, which acts as a lubricant between tube and casing; and a tire-pressure guage—in fact, first aid for any emergency. Such a repair kit as this is one of the handiest things an autoist can carry and costs but $4.50 and $5.50.

A Hand-Warmer on the Wheel Means Great Comfort

Cold hands while driving cease to be a habit, if the steering wheel is fitted with the new warming equipment. Two grips made of copper and covered with leather, lace onto the wheel wherever desired. When wired up, they will be heated from the storage battery or if your car is a Ford, from the magneto. The current used is very trifling, the comfort derived very important. They cost, complete, from $7.25 to $11.00.



If the Garage is Cold

It is not the car that requires to be pampered and cajoled, summer and winter—it is the engine. Its special demand during the cold months, is for heat—a cold engine and frozen water in the circulating system are equally undesirable. A small quota of heat *entirely devoted to the engine*, is quite sufficient to keep it ready to run smoothly on an instant's notice. This happy solution is made possible by a small electric heater that is hung under the hood, and radiates quite enough heat to keep the most temperamental engine happy and active. Its valuable services are assured you for $3.00 or $3.50.

New Goggles That are Safe in the Face of Accident

A new type of automobile goggles comes to the motorist with a claim that wins his prompt attention—that of almost total indestructability. Two thin layers of optical glass, with a layer of celluloid between, are welded into a solid mass which the manufacturer says "even a hammer will not break." If the unusual does happen and the glass is shattered, it will not throw off any dangerous splinters—the eyes are absolutely protected in every way.

The right time all the time—without the man at the wheel having to move in order to see it! This pleasant arrangement is possible when you have, fastened right on the steering wheel, a little time-piece that is as outspoken by night as by day. Radium-touched figures and hands, that glow frankly through the darkest dark or look like any other watch-face by day, make possible this most convenient arrangement—one which every driver of a car will appreciate. The moderate price too, adds to the popularity of such a time-piece as a Christmas gift—it costs about $4.50 complete.

Sureness That Means Long Life to a Tire

Every tire-maker recommends the pressure at which his tires should be kept, but with the best intentions in the world, it is difficult to know just how far we are living up to his advice. It assuredly pays us to do so, for the tire will live longer and be much less susceptible in the matter of punctures and blisters, if it is kept inflated to the correct degree.

The only way to effect this is to use a pressure gauge—a good one may be bought for $1.50. Accuracy is then as easy as inaccuracy—and is a much better investment.

WE are such slaves to our physical comfort, that many pleasures are almost spoiled for us by a relatively small inconvenience. The bug-bear of motoring in winter, is, of course, cold. Given warm wraps and a foot-warming rail, however, and Jack Frost becomes a pal rather than a spoil-sport.

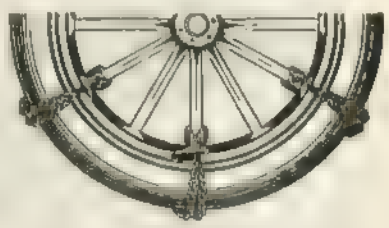
A foot-rail, comprising a tube 2½ inches in diameter and a perforated metal shield to protect one's feet or the robes from burning, is a source of unlimited warmth and comfort for winter motoring. It is fitted by a length of flexible metal hose, onto the exhaust pipe and when the controlling valve is open, the gas from the exhaust will heat it in a couple of minutes. It is made to fit any car and costs from $7.50 to $15.00. Easily adjusted and with no expense of upkeep to consider, it is a great addition to any car.

Foot-Warming Rail

A Gift That Borrows Timeliness from a New Headlight Law

A lens that will throw a clear white light low down on the road, without creating a blinding glare, and at the same time cast a side light that will illumine the road to left and right, is the lens that is in demand to-day. The Christmas season should send many of these improved prisms to light the path of the man-at-the-wheel—in fact, after January first, the law will demand some such lens to modify any lamp of more than four candle power. Price from two dollars upwards.

Regular chains are as unpopular as they are superfluous, for smooth driving in good weather. But the best of apparent conditions cannot always guarantee the road against a slippery pavement or a bit of heavy going. A set of eight small chains that will snap quickly into place, is the saving of many a muddy situation. On each rear wheel, four chains are adjusted circling the tire and clamping firmly into place; the engine is started and when the first chain strikes the sticky clay or too-smooth surface, it will grip at once. Such a set costs from $3.50 upwards.



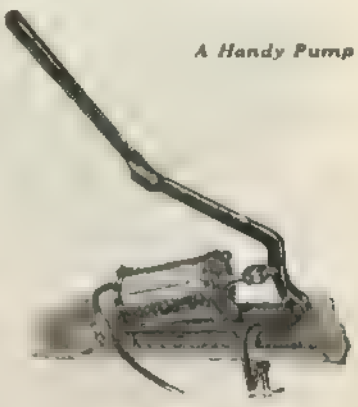
Useful Chains

A Chain-Jack Can be Something of a Pocket Hercules

An easy way to raise even a heavy car is yours if you have a chain jack. A sturdy jack on a broad base is equipped with gears and a chain wheel. You stand erect and pull on the chain—much less tiring and a cleaner method than the old jack offered. This style jack removes the dread of a puncture on a muddy day. Six dollars will purchase one for any size pleasure car.

A fold-up pump that will tuck away in the tool-chest, is one of the first accessories a car-owner needs. It assures him air at any time or in any place and freedom from obligation incurred by frequent borrowings. A small pump that will supply a high pressure can be bought for $6.00 without the gauge, $7.50 with it.

Just supposing one should puncture one's spare wheel on an icy "down-below" day with a brisk wind blowing, fumbling with an old-fashioned pump would be something to avoid. With this invention, however, a tire may be inflated to road pressure with the minimum of trouble and exertion.



A Handy Pump

Hot and Cold Drinks May be Yours When You Want Them

A hot drink is ever with us—if we have a thermos kit or bottle. On long winter trips, one is almost invaluable and when summer comes, it will keep cold drinks at an icy temperature for hours. The bottles cost from $1.75 up and the kits, which are a most complete addition to one's motoring outfit, are priced at $3.00 and upwards. The motorist who contemplates running his car through the winter will appreciate the luxury of such a present.

A small, portable vulcanizer that can be called into action on short notice and in any place, will save its price the first time it is called into use in some out-of-the-way spot, far from the expert and his charges. The car-owner who has one of the handy vulcanizers that need only to be connected with the battery or the lighting system and put to work on the puncture, is happily independent. The simplicity and ease of operation are surprising—there is nothing intricate or difficult about it. Two to five dollars will purchase a vulcanizer that will do all this work on your car.

Mending Your Tires

Inspiriting and Gay Are the Little Silk Automobile Flags

It has taken war and a lot of it, to make Canadians forget that they had never been much given to "flag-waving." To-day, we fly flags—our own and our allies'—wherever and whenever we have an opportunity. The man who drives a car will be delighted if Santa Claus leaves one of the new flag-holders for him, with a complete set of silk flags of the seven nations of the allies. The holder can be adjusted in a moment, with a couple of screws The price, complete, varies with the size of the flags, from 80 cents to $1.00.

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SALES AND EXCHANGES

A responsible directory arranged for the convenience of the vast number of more than 500,000 readers of Everywoman's World who wish to buy, sell or exchange. Each little adlet has much of interest for you.

Agents and Salesmen Wanted

MRS. COPE, MAGGRATH, ALBERTA, cleared $102.00 in four days. Sold to every home in Maggrath. You can do as well. Fine territory open for live agents. Catalogue and terms free on request. Perfection Sanitary Brush Co., 1118 Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont. Only manufacturers in Canada.

MANY BIG ADVERTISERS first started with a little ad. this size. The cost so small, and the results so big. We will gladly send you full particulars. Drop us a postal to-day. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

EVERY HOME ON FARM, in Small Town or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin kerosene (coal oil) Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and 34 leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One Farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No capital required. We furnish Goods on Time to reliable men. Write quick for distributor's proposition, and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 512 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal, Can.

$1,700 YEARLY INCOME FROM ONLY TWO SALES A DAY. Big field, no competition. Exclusive territory to producers. Profits unlimited. A. T. Freer & Co., Foster, Que.

Business Opportunities

"HOW I CAN BUILD Business in Canada," is the title of a leaflet, containing letters from a few of our advertisers in this section. It tells of the results received; sent gladly on request. Classified Advertising Dept., EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Toronto.

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LEARN BOOKKEEPING, Stenography, Matriculation, Story Writing. Beginner's Course, Engineering, by mail at home. Write Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.W., Toronto, Canada.

Family Remedies

SORE EYES—Try Murine Eye Remedy in your own Eyes and in Baby's Eyes when they Need Care. Relieves Redness, Soreness, Granulated Eyelids and Scales on the Lids. No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Ask your Druggist for Murine.

Help Wanted—Female

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 427 St. Louis, Mo.

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WRITE for our large, photo-illustrated catalogue No. 2. We pay freight to any station in Ontario. Adams Furniture Company, Limited, Toronto.

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HOTEL LENOX
North Street at Delaware Avenue,
BUFFALO, N.Y.

Hotel Lenox is the stopping place for distinguished persons from all over the world. The building is a modern, fireproof structure, and the cuisine and service is unexcelled. Write for complimentary "Guide of Buffalo and Niagara Falls." C. A. Miner, Managing Director.

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PRIVATE NURSES earn $10 to $25 weekly. Learn without leaving home. Booklet free. Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.

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HERBERT J. S. DENNISON, Patent Expert, Canada, United States and Foreign patents, designs and trade marks. 18 King W., Toronto.

PATENTS SECURED or fee returned. Actual search free. Send sketch. 1917 Edition, 90-page patent book free. George P. Kimmel, 205 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D.C.

Photoplays—Stories

SEND US YOUR IDEAS for Photoplays, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form—correct free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now! Writer's Selling Service, Dept. 32 Main, Auburn, N.Y.

Photo Plays—Stories—*Continued*

EARN $25 WEEKLY, spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Press Syndicate, 4275 St. Louis, Mo.

WRITERS—STORIES, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, E.W., 3 Hannibal, Mo.

WRITE MOTION PICTURE plays. $50 each. Experience unnecessary. Details free to beginners. Producers League, 325 Wainwright, St. Louis.

$1,200 A YEAR for spare time writing one moving picture play a week. We show you how. Send for free book of valuable information of special prize offer. Photo Playwright College, Box 278 K 18, Chicago.

LEARN TO WRITE Short Stories and Scenarios. The Arts and Letters School perfects you in the art, and markets your manuscripts. An All Canadian School with instructors, all authors of unquestionable standing. Founded for the purpose of developing Canadian Story Talent. Instructions prepared to meet individual requirements. The only school of its kind requiring the passing of an Entrance Examination. This test is Free. Send for it and descriptive booklet. The Arts and Letters School, 1 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Archie P. McKishnie, Principal.

Razor Blades Sharpened

RAZOR BLADES SHARPENED by experts—Gillette, 35c. dozen; Ever Ready, 25c. Mail to A. L. Keen Edge Co., 180 Bathurst Street, Toronto.

Real Estate—Farm Lands

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, 941 Keystone, Pittsburg, Pa., U.S.A. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profits should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness.

Songs

LIFE SONGS—10 sacred solos, duets, quartettes. Over 200,000 sold in sheet music at $1.00 per set. Now only 15c for 10 in book form postpaid. Send to-day. Thompson Publishing Co., 75 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

Typewriters—Rebuilt

REBUILT TYPEWRITERS.—We carry at all times a large stock of rebuilt typewriters. All standard makes. Prices from $35.00 up. No matter what your needs are, we can supply them. Machines shipped anywhere. Write now for our catalogues and price list. United Typewriter Co., Ltd., 135 Victoria St., Toronto.

Wearing Apparel—Fancy-Work

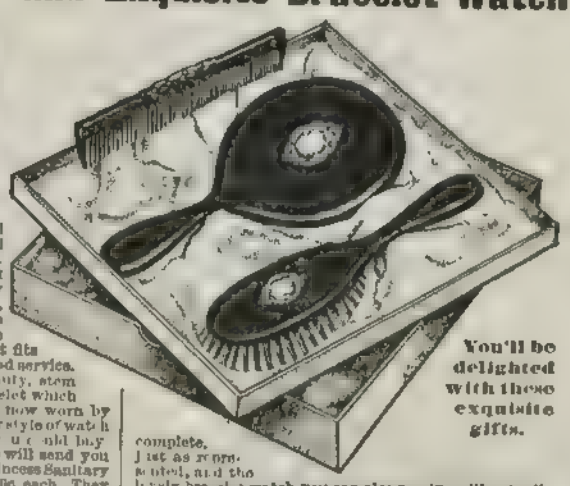
BEAUTIFUL SILK Remnants for crazy patchwork. Large, well assorted trial package only 25c.; five lots for $1.00. Embroidery silk, odd lengths, assorted colours, 25c. per ounce. Peoples' Specialties Co., Box 1830, Winnipeg, Man.

BEAUTIFUL FURS BY MAIL—Get catalog showing latest styles Persian Lamb, Mink, etc. Wholesale prices, rare values. Satisfaction guaranteed. McComber's Limited, Manufacturers, 420 B St. Paul West, Montreal.

Eye Relief

AFTER THE MOVIES—Murine is for Tired Eyes—Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favourite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your eyes as much of your loving care as your teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. You cannot buy new eyes! Murine sold at drug and optical stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for free book.

FREE! Princess Mary Toilet Set and Exquisite Bracelet Watch



HERE are the most beautiful and useful presents ever offered to ladies and girls, and you can get them without a single cent of cost. The beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set is just what you need. It contains a large beautifully shaped mirror, a good sturdy bristle hair brush, and a neat strong dressing comb. All are in rich, ebony finish and the brush and mirror have lovely Nickel Silver monogram mounts. The set fits in a nice box and will give you a lifetime of good service.

The exquisite gold finished watch is a beauty, stem wind and set and has a genuine expansion bracelet which fits snugly on any wrist. Bracelet watches are now worn by everybody, to the entire exclusion of every other style of watch and this lovely watch is as beautiful as any you could buy.

Send your name and address to-day, and we will send you all, postage paid, just 32 of our famous Royal Princess Sanitary Soaps to introduce among your friends at only 10c. each. They sell like hot cakes. Everybody uses soap and everybody wants two or three of the wonderful new Royal Princess Soaps the minute you show them. You only have to hand them out and take in the money. It's easy.

Return our $3.00 when the soaps are sold and we will promptly send you this beautiful Princess Mary Toilet Set complete.

Just as soon as sold, and the lovely bracelet watch you can also receive without selling any more soaps, by simply showing your beautiful present to your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Write to-day. Be first to sell this new line in your district. No expense attached. We prepay all charges on your presents right to your door. 12B

You'll be delighted with these exquisite gifts.

Address: GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Dept. T, 4 TORONTO, ONT.

The Magpie's Nest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12)

"Thank you," said Miss Curtis, obviously surprised, and perhaps a little grateful. "I'm free lancing; I don't have to rush off anywhere. Do you live here? You must be a millionaire." They were approaching the hotel.

"Indeed I'm not. It's astonishingly cheap here—but of course I must move. Tell me where I ought to look for a room. I haven't the least idea. Where do you live?"

"You wouldn't care for it," said Miss Curtis. "I pay two dollars for my room—downtown. I have no heat, and the window looks on a blank wall."

"Ugh!" Hope shivered frankly, and unlocked her door. Her own room looked very comfortable, after that. "I can't stand cold—I've had too much of it. Wait till I tell them to send up food." She telephoned, and resumed the conversation. "I suppose you live in Bohemia. I'm not Bohemian; I'm a bourgeois to my marrow."

"No," said Miss Curtis simply, "I'm not Bohemian; I'm just poor," and she smiled again. "Newspapers are useful to keep off the cold; I wear them under my blouse." She put her hand to her meagre breast, and Hope heard a slight rustling to the pressure.

"But—but—oh, no," she stammered. "Not really! I've been poor too, but—"

"Ah, well, I'm one of the unsuccessful ones. But I'd rather starve here than go back—I used to be a schoolteacher," she said.

"But so was I, in a way; it wasn't as bad as that," protested Hope. She did not quite realize that she was, after all, one of the capable ones, born to survive, intellectually independent but economically adaptable, ready to use either her head or her hands, and to make the best of what she had no matter how much she might protest and demand more. She was romantic, indeed; but Evelyn Curtis was a visionary. The story of her life, as she told it in a dozen sentences, was a better thing than she would ever write; it touched the deeps of simple tragedy. Materially she had been very comfortable as a schoolteacher, but the mental drudgery of it had grown more than she could bear; and the Philistinism of her native city was equally intolerable. She loved books, and failed to grasp the fact that an appreciation of literature by no means predicates an ability to write.

IN fact, she could not write. Authors were her demi-gods; she was a hero-worshipper.

So, with all her savings in hand, Evelyn had set out on a pilgrimage. She had sat at the feet of most of the prominent living authors, but even that failed to cure her. And after travelling all over the Old World as cheaply as possible, she had come back content in her own way and hungry in the natural order of things.

"My goodness," said Hope, overcome when the recital closed, "what does anyone want to meet an author for? Or a painter, either, or any famous person? You've got all the best of them, in whatever they create; I'd as soon want to meet the cook because I liked the meal. This is rather good cold beef, isn't it? Of course the cook might be interesting—" Miss Curtis was laughing heartily, rather as if unused to the exercise.

"But isn't it true?" insisted Hope. "The interesting people are quite often just interesting; more likely to be critical than creative. And I am fond of books, but I don't see what one can get out of them without actual experience as a key. Of course I understand you wanting to see the world. But you really went to see certain people whose lives and gifts you envied? Wanted to stand around and live their lives with them, through them. It cannot be done."

"Perhaps," said Evelyn. "You are very clever and cruel. Why are you here?"

"To discipline my soul, I suppose," said Hope, grinning. "I could feel the dry rot creeping over me, doing the little easy things that were nearest. There must be some meaning in those queer old religious terms, don't you think? I came on instinct, hoping to find a fight, I believe. Something in me was trying to turn over in its sleep, having a nightmare. Maybe there is something here for me . . . do you get any meaning at all out of what I'm saying!" Evelyn nodded, her liquid, bright, over-intelligent eyes answering. "If there isn't—I'll go on. I may stub my toe over it—the whatever it is—some day while I'm rushing madly along. Or I may never find it—but not because I didn't try. Or—*quien sabe?* I've come to the end of my poor imagination."

"You are one of the interesting ones," said Evelyn, musingly.

BOOK TWO. CHAPTER XIX.

HOPE wrinkled her nose. "That's what one says of a woman who is neither rich nor beautiful," she said. "But it's better than calling me clever. Thanks. But I warn you, to-morrow I may bore you to death. I do myself, quite often."

"No," insisted Evelyn, laughing, "you are. I can read other people's fortunes because I have none of my own. Now you—you'll marry again—I hope your husband is dead—" She paused, rather overcome by her gaucherie.

"I hope so too," said Hope piously, "but you're talking nonsense. Why should I marry again? Enough is sufficient but too much is plenty. It sounds poseé, but I'm tired of men. I have met millions of them. Since I left home I have walked a long, long road, like a Devonshire lane, between solid hedges and banks of men. Making one's own living means entering a world of men. It was my sad mistake to take them seriously. Since we've followed the men to their lairs, we ought to be good sports and let 'em alone. I intend to. I am an adventuress—no, I am not contradicting myself. I belong to the new order of honorable adventuresses. Unknown continents in life—Madam Columbus looking for the New World — gold and treasure, and much fame, you know, like the Raleighs and the Drakes went after, not a blackbirder out for slaves. There, I'm out of breath. But don't talk husbands to me; I intend to cultivate women only. Tell me instead that I am a great genius and will be hung by the Academy and bought by the Metropolitan Museum."

"Columbus was looking for the Indies," Evelyn reminded her. "But show me your work and I will prophesy." Hope, with good-natured lamentations, dived headforemost into her trunk and emerged with a portfolio of remnants.

Evelyn pored over them attentively for a long time, and Hope suddenly a little tired, took up a book and forgot about her. A quick exclamation roused her.

"What are these?" Evelyn was asking.

"Which?" Hope tumbled off the bed lazily and went to look. "Why—my Moon babies I had forgotten them. Mary Dark and I did them, like Alice in Wonderland, to amuse our landlady's kiddies. They're nothing. Throw them away—no, they were Mary's too." She was suddenly homesick, and wondered when she should see Mary again.

"Let me have one story," said Evelyn, with a rather sly manner.

"Certainly; take what you like. Wait, that one's all torn; I'll make you a new heading." Hope took up her sketching block and busied herself for fifteen minutes. "There, these are your godchildren, 'specially made for you. They're so easy to do! I wish I could say the same of my other work." She yawned, looking suddenly older with the ashen tint of fatigue. Evelyn rose, reluctant, and surveyed the room with a wistful air as she buttoned her shabby jacket.

"You're tired," apologetically. "I shouldn't have stayed so long."

"I wanted you," said Hope. "Don't mind my looks; that's New York. There's something about the air here - it's harsh, like hard water; makes my bones feel old. Will you dine with me to-morrow—no, the next day? To-morrow I have to go out to the races—fashions and society. But please come the next day." She turned her head away suddenly, for there were tears in Evelyn's eyes. It made her feel rather ashamed that she should have thought herself so forlorn. After Evelyn had gone she examined her own case as disinterestedly as she could. After all, life had given her something, and if she had been able to keep but little, what did that matter? At the end, no one could keep anything, save memories. Perhaps even those went also, at the last. And hers were amus-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

Priceless Pointers for Poor Pater

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

the authority cannot be diluted too much.

After these tolerant remarks you will not be surprised to learn that I am now a confessed Suffragette. I was converted by Miss Grace Blackburn and confirmed by Mrs. Pankhurst, herself—had an interesting interview with her—and I have reached a point where I can refer to the matter without bursting. Perhaps that is because I am not so much interested in politics as I used to be. So you can see that it is not the actual exercise of the franchise by women that disturbs me.

What gets me going is the change that is bound to come over the great game of politics. The oldest and most reverend and hoary of masculine bluffs is about to be finally punctured. No more can we say that we are going to a caucus and then look wise and mysterious. You know as well as I do that we never really knew anything about politics except to yell and vote with the gang—though we wouldn't let the women folks know that for worlds.

JUST think of it, Father, there will be no more sly meetings in the back room at Dinty Moore's place where everything was smoky and dirty and free and easy.

No more will we be able to get the last word whispered from the bosses at head-quarters and then go out on the street and bluff ourselves, and everybody else into thinking that we were really doing things, instead of having them done for us by fellows who were leading us by the nose. After the women get the vote, if we want to take part in politics we will have to put on other clothes and attend meetings of the executive in Mrs. Spadina Jones' front parlor. But what I am most afraid of is the questions that women will ask.

There will be high-brows among them who will want to know all about the principles of representative government, and as the former custodians of the inalienable rights of the people we will be expected to explain just how things are worked out when the sovereign voter expresses his will. Gosh, father, we will never dare to tell the truth about it and they'll all find out how much we have bluffed them in the past.

I really think the best thing we can do is to get out of politics altogether for a while—put up the bluff that it is a girl's game now, that no boy wants to play. If we don't we'll be found out and the women will have the laugh on us. What do you think about it?

Well, father, I guess this will be about all for this time. I might give you some good schemes for playing bear with the baby so as to keep him amused, but I think I have tried the patience of the editor quite enough. Possibly she has a fool in her own family and there is a limit to what she can stand.

Wishing you a Merry, Merry and Happy Happy

Peter McArthur

P.S.—As this is meant for a Woman's paper I realize that I must add a postscript to make it look natural, so I take this opportunity of stating that I did not consult with my wife when writing this letter. If I had it might have lacked something of its engaging frankness and candor.

P. McA

Why Do Women Love Bald-Headed Men?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

Can You Judge Character?

IT is not only fascinating to be able to read people, to judge their character, to estimate their capability, but it is a tangible asset. It is a "knack" that all successful business men and leaders generally, acquire and master. The ability has been proven to be based on fundamental science,—psychology, phrenology and human nature in all its phases.

This series of articles by Prof. Farmer has been exciting wide interest. They are based on facts of scientific exactitude, but they are none the less entertaining.

His January article—"Whom Should This Girl Marry?" will have special appeal, while "Does your Signature Look Like You?" in February will eclipse all others as a practical study of character from handwriting.

bald spot appears at the back of his top head the sociable, friendly fellow. The man who early becomes bald across the middle of his top head is the financier, the money-maker. The man whose forehead shows an early tendency to recede is the man who easily remembers every little event or anecdote that comes along, who can carry a multitude of details and appointments in his head without referring to a note book, and rarely makes a mistake.

A man may be lacking in all three of these qualities, and yet be a man of excellent ability in other respects. He may be a remarkably keen observer and reasoner, a man of the strictly scientific type of mind, and yet be unable to carry half a dozen commissions from his wife in his head when he goes down town without forgetting one or two of them.

Prevention of Baldness

OH yes, Alice, there is a chance for your Frederick to save his hair, yet if he really wants to. But he has that well balanced, well rounded head, that is going to make him the success in the business world that you want him to be, and his hat bands are pressing on every one of those four scalp arteries. If he wants to save his hair, he must simply quit wearing hard hats. Fedoras are not so bad, but even a Fedora he should wear as little as possible. A good, vigorous rubbing of the scalp with the fingers every day, at least once, with or without cold water will improve the circulation, and whenever he can get away where it is permissible, he should go without a hat altogether. If he will do this he may, twenty years from now, be one of those beings almost unknown in our cities to-day, a popular and successful business man *with hair.*

NOW a glance at the types displayed in the foregoing section of the article:

Type 1—Mr. Patrick Burns, of Calgary, represents a very successful business man. Notice the full, smoothly rounded forehead and the roundness of the head in front of and above the ears, accounting for the disappearance of the hair from the forehead back.

Type 2—Mr. V. W. Horwood shows an excellent example of the Sociable Bald Spot at the back of the top head. The many societies of which Mr. Horwood is a member bear witness to his strong sociability.

Type 3—Mr. J. L. Englehart is a splendid example of the well balanced, efficient business type who becomes bald almost wherever his hat covers his head.

Type 4—Mr. S. J. Clarke of Banff, represents a vigorous type of man, who has, however, retained his hair. The slight dent across the forehead, and the relative narrowness at the temples which protected the arteries at these points may be observed in the picture.

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knitted on these new machines has the narrow ankle that fits without a wrinkle—something that women have long wanted in Canadian-made hosiery. We get this by fashioning the hose at the sides (see 2 in the picture).

The toe also is perfectly turned and fits without a wrinkle (see 3).

The dotted lines at toe and ankle show how much wider ordinary hosiery is.

No. 1 at the top shows the fashioning here which makes the hosiery more elastic and comfortable at this point.

Made in Black Cashmere, Black Lisle, White Lisle, of the finest finish and quality.

Ask your dealer to show you this new "Mercury" hosiery.

Mercury Mills, Limited, Hamilton, Canada

Also makers of high grade hosiery for men and underwear for men, women and children

51

Stop That Pain in the Back

You Must Not Neglect the Kidneys!

Don't let the Kidneys go from bad to worse. Backache is one of the symptoms of Kidney derangement. If you are a sufferer from painful or scanty urination—look to the Kidneys. Swollen wrists and ankles are warnings, too.

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This confirms the evidence given by many sufferers from Backache in all its forms, and by those who have been cured of various disorders of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary System, such as Lumbago, Stone or Gravel, Brick Dust deposits, and Inflammation of the Bladder or Ureter.

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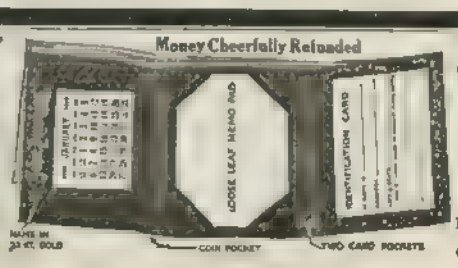

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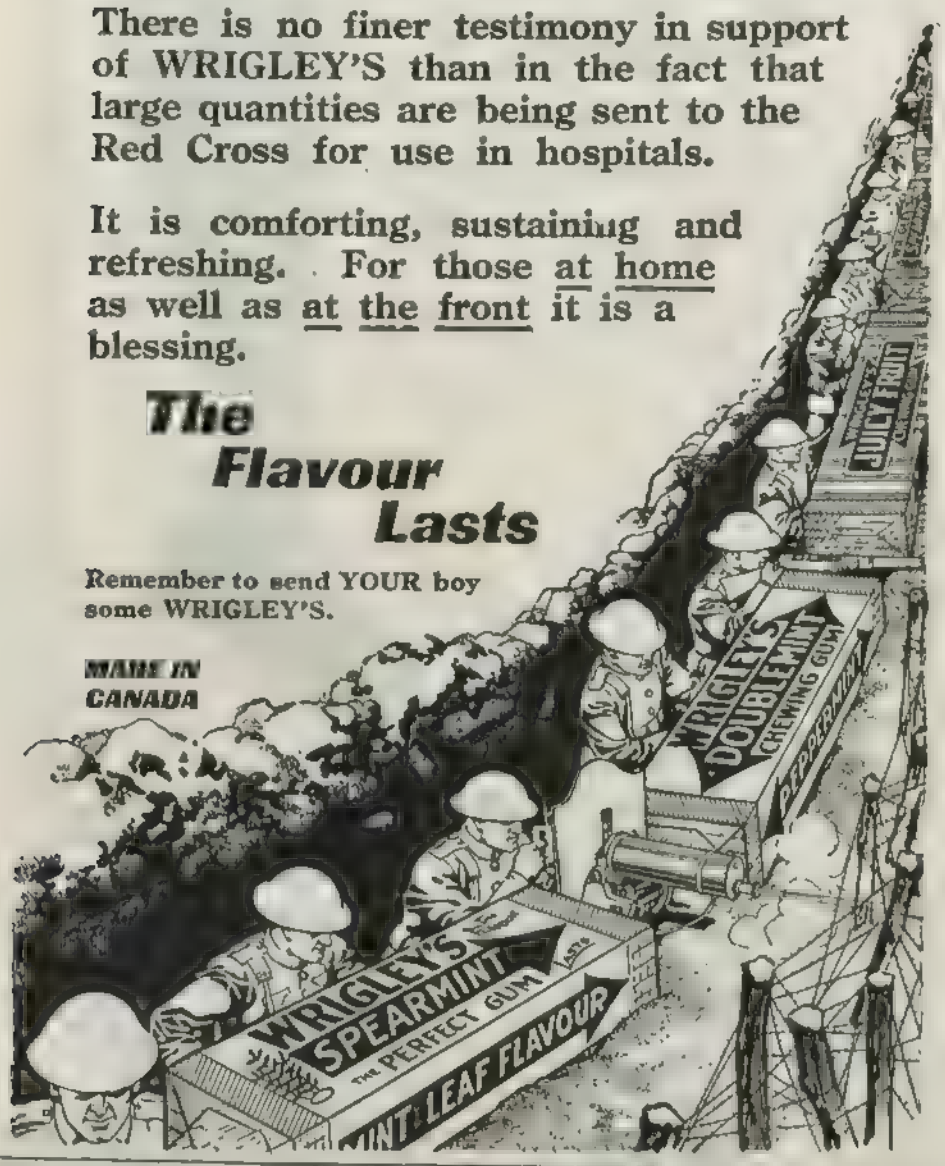

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In the Realm of Books

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28)

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McClelland Goodchild & Stewart.

TAKE a gentle and affectionate old man, whose mind is not wholly balanced and who has been ill-treated by the farmer with whom he lives. Add a poor but noble youth who champions his cause. Mix in a hard and cruel millionaire, his daughter—the heroine—white souled and beautiful, who loves the aforesaid noble youth and is loved by him. Flavor with a villain whose aspect causes a shiver of repulsion to be felt by all virtuous souls with whom he comes in contact. Dash in a few minor characters. Season to taste with moonlight, a river and white muslin dresses. Pour the mixture into a Canadian backwoods village and stir vigorously. This is the recipe upon which H. A. Cody's latest story is based. It is full of incident and adventure and there are, doubtless, many who will find it both exciting and interesting.

The All Canadian Entertainment Series

By Edith Lelean Groves.

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THIS is a series of seven little volumes, containing four playlets and three fancy drills, suitable for reproduction at school, church or Sunday School entertainments. The names of the books are: Britannia (a play); The Wooing of Miss Canada (a play); Santa Claus and the Magic Carpet (a Christmas Comedy); Saluting the Canadian Flag (a patriotic exercise); Holly Drill; Rule Britannia (fancy flag drill); and "We'll fight for the grand Old Flag" (fancy flag drill). Very full directions are given as to the staging, etc., of these plays and drills and the series should prove a useful one to teachers and others looking for material for children's entertainments.

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Practical Arts for Little Girls. By Olive Hyde Foster.

Miss Li'l Tweety. By Louise Clark Pyrnelle.

Something to do, Girls. By Edna A. Foster.

Books for Boys

Sandsby Himself. By Gardner Hunting.

The Boy's Book of Canoeing and Sailing. By Warren H. Miller.

The Venture Boys Afloat. By Howard R. Garis.

The Boys' Life of Mark Twain. By Albert Bigelow Paine.

Masters of Space. By Walter Kellogg Towers.

Books for Young Children

Twenty-two Goblins. By A. W. Ryder.

Bedtime Story Books. By Thornton W. Burgess.

Insect Adventures. By J. Henri Fabre.

Daddy's Bedtime Animal Stories. By Mary G. Bonner.

The Famous Animal Stories. By Howard M. Famous.

Sandman Tales. By Abbie Phillips Walker.

The Adventures of Puss in Boots Junior. By David Cory.

Winter Suggestions for the Juniors

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40)

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Yes, we will send you the New Edison, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of latest Diamond Amberol Records on *free trial without a penny down.* On this offer, you can now have the genuine Edison, the instrument which gives you real, home-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument. *Seize this opportunity!* Send coupon today—now!

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If, after the free trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, send us only $1.00. Pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it! A $1.00 payment, and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all the musical results of the highest price outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for $1.00 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—free trial first. No money down, no C. O. D., not one cent to pay unless you choose to keep the instrument. Send coupon!

COUPON

F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors,
355 Portage Ave., Dept. 139, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your free trial offer on the new model Edison Phonograph.

Name.....

Address.....

Our NEW Edison Catalog Sent Free

Your name and address on a postal or in a letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligation in asking for the catalog. Get this offer—*while this offer lasts!*

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A Happy Home

Happiness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a *real home* I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. Oh, no! A real home is the place where the happy and united family gather together for mutual enjoyment and recreation. And the Edison makes this possible, for it stands supreme as the greatest home entertainer. It will mean more than entertainment and merriment, more than an hour of amusement, yes, it will mean genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—helpful entertainment and culture of the most beneficial kind. It will mean the family united—a new home.

Entertain Your Friends

Get the New Edison in your home on free trial. Entertain your family and friends with the latest up-to-date song hits of the big cities. Laugh until your sides ache at the funniest of funny minstrel shows. Hear the grand old church hymns. Hear the crashing brass bands, the waltzes, the two-steps, the solos, the duets and quartettes. You will sit awe-striken at the wonderful grand operas as sung by the world's greatest singers. You will be moved by the tender, sweet harmony of quartettes singing those old melodies that you have heard all your life. Take your choice of any kind of entertainment. All on free trial. Then, after the trial, send the outfit back at our expense if you choose. Or keep it on our great rock-bottom offer. **Send the coupon today!**

IT IS NECESSARY

THE GREATLY DECREASED PURCHASING POWER OF OUR INCOMES DEMANDS THAT WE CONCENTRATE OUR FOOD PURCHASES UPON SUBSTANCES OF HIGH FOOD VALUE.

PURITY FLOUR

with its stored up wealth of nutriment, the perfectly milled product of the sturdy wheat of Canada's famous wheat lands, furnishes the thrifty housewife with the logical solution of her problems in meeting the expensive living of these days.

With her delicious, even-textured bread; tasty, light, white cakes and crisp, flaky pastry she satisfies the appetites of her family, while economically furnishing them with the nutriment necessary to their health and strength.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Handsomely bound in grey and gold the PURITY FLOUR COOK BOOK offers 186 pages of the latest tried information upon the preparation of all manner of nutritious dishes—from delicious and strength-giving soups to dainty tasty desserts. A work from the pen of Miss E Warner, Specialist on food preparation and Domestic Science Expert, and carries the approval of the famous Macdonald College. Its text is in the easily understood and non-technical language of the home kitchen.

Mailed postpaid on receipt of 20 cents.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY, LIMITED

TORONTO——————WINNIPEG

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FREE Great Racing PEDALMOBILE and World's Champion KNIFE

The great racing Pedalmobile is built exactly like a 6 cylinder 30 horsepower motor car. It has real electric head lights, rubber tires, artillery wheels, long weeping hood, mud guard, wind shield, gasoline tank, three speed lever, steering wheel, radiator, horn, lamps, etc.

HERE IS THE GRANDEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE

BOYS, you can earn this big, handsome racing Pedalmobile and be the pride of the town.

Pedalmobiling is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the speed lever, touch your feet to the pedal and go spinning along to beat the band. Put on your coaster and take the hills without pedalling, turn the sharpest corners without fear of spilling, blow your horn if any one is in the way, or reverse your speed lever and stop. In fact, the Pedalmobile will do everything a real auto will do but burn up gasoline. Beats bicycling all hollow, and just think of it, boys, you can get a racing Pedalmobile absolutely free and a jim dandy World's Champion Knife as well that anybody would be proud to own. It has two strong steel blades, stag horn handles, metal tips, in tin plate and comes to you complete with fine chain so you can close it.

If you are a live go ahead boy and these two grand prizes interest you just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for Fairy Berries the delightful new cream candy coated breath perfume that everybody just loves.

Write today and we'll send you FREE, a big 10c. package of "Fairy Berries" to try yourself and with it just 35 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10c a package. Open your sample package, try "Fairy Berries" yourself and then ask all your friends to try them.

They like them so much that everybody will like to try a package or two and you can sell them very quickly. It is easy. Return our $4.5d when your sales are completed and we promptly send you the magnificent knife, all charges paid, and the big Pedalmobile you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry Boys. Be the first Pedalmobile driver in your town. Other boys are earning these fine knives and great cars, and you can too. You take no risk. If you cannot sell all the "Fairy Berries," you can return them and get prizes or cash for what you do sell. Write today to

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Book with **80** Parlor Games, **5** Comic Recitations, **25** Tricks with cards, **137** Jokes, Riddles and Funny Readings, **72** Toasts, **3** Monologues, **60** Money Making Recipes. All **for 10 Cents. 3 for 20 Cents.** Postpaid.

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Fine Arts Institute, Studio 389 Omaha, Neb.

The Magpie's Nest

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50)

ing memories, all save one or two that she resolutely excluded from the present company.

"It isn't the wicked that are punished; it's the fools." So she reflected "Now what do I want? And I will see what I must do to get it." And there she halted, her mirth slowly evaporating, leaving her very cold and heavy.

"I do not want anything," she said, and rolled her hair into an ugly bun and kicked her clothes onto the floor and crept into bed.

That was the mood that had kept her prisoner within herself for nearly three years now; she had fled from it, and found it in her pack at the end of the journey. It disgusted her. There was something so slack, so puerile and whimpering about it . . . One imagined it as garbed in a kimona, with tousled hair . . . To fight it was the harder because of her heavy handicap of physical listlessness; she felt half ill.

She felt that, despite the most conscientious and unwilling care of her toilette, she looked thirty years old and hopeless of this life and the next, as she sat in the press box at the races the next day. The reaction of having talked herself out with Evelyn left her without two words for anyone; she scowled at the ticket taker, and was barely civil to a well-meaning reporter who found her a chair.

It was a gala day of some sort, perhaps the end of the season; there was a sprinkling of well-dressed women in the boxes, and gilded youths with sticks and boutonnieres. Watching the men, probably because her business was with the women, Hope wondered how on earth they managed to look as if all poured from the same mold; they had small hands, smooth, vacant faces, and slim waists, and their tickets were even as a Jew's phylacteries on a feast day, a something indispensable marking the chosen, of the nature of a religious observance. It was true, however, that she viewed them with a jaundiced, not to say bilious eye; there were other men. Hope intolerantly longed to see just one with large red hands and a number eighteen collar, and found the hostlers singularly refreshing as they appeared occasionally at the paddock entrance, holding the heads of the dainty, high-mettled horses. The horses pleased her; they walked as if there were eggs in the path, and looked coquettishly out of their hoods, pretending to be about to bolt. The women in the boxes were groomed like the horses, but not half so pretty; they were not of the same clean hardness, but were flabby and their eyes were dull.

HOPE knew she was rather outrageously dressed, in a light greenish heather tweed suit, with a white waistcoat and spats and a cloth hat, and she completed the ensemble by sticking a large single glass in her eye and by surveying the whole scene with cold disdain. She had done it on purpose, having determined to "put up a front," and the eye glass was a final personal insolence addressed to New York in general. It was useful, certainly, since she must sketch from a distance, but in Seattle she had found double eye-glasses quite sufficient. She took out her sketching block at last and began, rather savagely, on the well-fed women, making their faces all alike, round and like a French doll, but paying the most careful attention to each detail of their clothes.

(To Be Continued)

The Child's Teeth

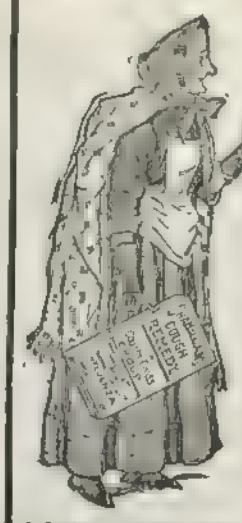
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 44)

of your teeth comes from the rotting or decay of food left about the necks of the teeth and in between them. Since that is so, don't you think it would be better to try and get rid of that food before it decays? I do. If you do not get rid of it but just leave it there, after a while you will have little holes in your teeth and they will grow larger and larger, like the hole in your stocking, until they get so large you will have a toothache. And we agree that nobody wants toothache, especially at Christmas time. So, if you want to be able, little friends, to eat lots of candies, all the sweets old Santa will bring and mother will make, without getting even a *little* toothache, begin NOW to wash your teeth after eating, so they just *can't* decay.

Our Thanks

"No time to read the daily news,"
Said Mrs. J.—— "I'm sorry
To see you lose so many hours;
'E.W.' does it *for* me."

Granny's Talk to Young Mothers



"Granny" Chamberlain

"Few young mothers realize the extent to which a cold lowers the system and makes it susceptible to disease. The majority of diseases arise from germs, but it is not widely known that a healthy system will repel their attacks.

Mothers should never allow a cold to run for 24 hours without attention. If this is made a rule there will be less sickness for young mothers to worry over. A good reliable medicine for coughs, colds, croup and bronchitis should always be kept in the home. You may say that you have no confidence in cough medicines, but that is because you have never tried

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

the medicine that is thoroughly reliable and has stood the test of half a century. There is nothing in it unsuitable for even the baby.

Yours for Health

—Granny Chamberlain

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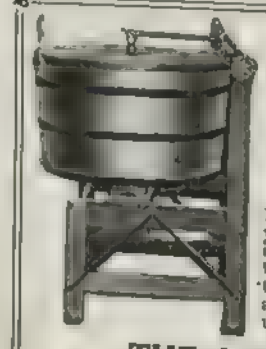


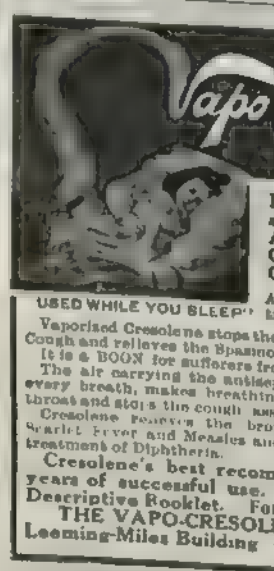
NO Backaches or Headaches

Need result from your weekly washing if you follow the practice of thousands of Canadian women who use

THE CONNOR BALL BEARING WASHER

For big or little washes you need this easy working machine. Your clothes will be pure white—require no hand rubbing and you will be all through in the mornings. Send us a postcard or letter for booklet describing the Connor Ball Bearing Washer

J. H. Connor & Sons, Ottawa, Ont.



USED WHILE YOU SLEEP

For Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup; Asthma; Sore Throat; Coughs; Bronchitis; Colds; Catarrh.

A simple, safe and effective treatment, avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves the Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a BOON for sufferers from asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough assuring restful nights.

Cresolene lessens the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet. For Sale by all Druggists.

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THE HOLIDAY FLAVOURING

Send 4c. in stamps to day for the Mapleine Cook Book. Tells how to make this Golden Flavoured Golden Iced Cake. Also 249 other choice "Golden Flavour" recipes.

2 oz. Bottle

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Crescent Mapleine

"The Golden Flavour"

Few drops go as far as a teaspoon of other flavourings. Pure. Wholesome. No home should be without it. In 1,000,000 homes now. Buy from grocers. Use just enough. Too much makes foods too rich. Dept. C.W. Crescent Mfg. Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ontario.

(M 3)

Jean Blewett's OWN PAGE of Happiness

Philandering Not Always the Fault

"LADY, YOU ARE UNFAIR when you put all the blame of the (unduly) long engagement on the man," writes a correspondent. "He is a philanderer for the simple reason that he is afraid to marry, scared of his life to take the plunge! Why? Because he realizes that marriage is apt to change a charming girl into a jealous, fault-finding woman. If he is discerning at all he knows that many a girl who considers her lover perfect while the courtship is in progress has a way of seeing every fault so soon as the knot is tied. This is an excuse for him, merely an excuse. Mind you, I'm not attempting a vindication. Another is that the extravagance of the average Canadian girl is such that for him to marry on his modest salary would be to commit "economic suicide." She knows nothing about creeping before walking, she wants the earth, and she wants it right away. She must start out in style. I heard the following conversation as I sat behind two girls at "Intolerance." "Yes, poor as Job's turkey, my dear. What a fool a girl is to leave a home like hers for a four roomed flat in a poor locality!" "Yes, if she marries for a home she ought to do her best in that line," came the quick reply," but if she counts in love and happiness neither the size of the rooms, or the locality makes much difference." "Pooh! that kind of love has gone out of fashion," laughed the other. I believe her. I also believe that woman's extravagance is to blame for most of the philandering you shoulder on my sex. Let her learn to be a help-mate, instead of a hindrance, and she will not be left like a gaudy flower to wait and wilt on the stem!

(Signed)—"BENEDICT."

When 'Tis Hard To Grin and Bear It

TO A CERTAIN EXTENT we agree with Benedict. Some of our girls *are* extravagant. They desire to start out in style. Many a young man begins married life hampered and harassed by debt incurred to gratify this desire. One feels a certain amount of sympathy for both. They are young and foolish, and in love and that they have the wrong idea and ideal of marriage, is perhaps more their misfortune than their fault. But it is not the showy, extravagant girl who "waits and wilts" if you notice, Benedict. Oh no! she is a social success, and marries when she pleases, and, generally, whom she pleases. It is the shy girl, the girl who appears just a bit old fashioned because she makes her own clothes, the nice "housekeepery" girl who is famous for nothing unless it be her cooking, and who carries a home atmosphere right with her, whose heart is oftenest hurt and prospects spoiled by the selfish philanderer, who loves and rides away. She is well rid of him, of course, only she does not see it that way.

Viewpoint of Modern Business Woman

"I WISH" exclaimed the business girl who has earned the title of 'Efficiency Eleanor,' "that the people who tell us with the air of getting off something new and noble that woman's place is in the home, could be made to do one of two things, provide the home for her, or hold their tongue about it. They make me tired. If I had a home I'd be proud of it, if I had a husband I'd be proud of him at the least excuse; but as these luxuries are denied me I persist in being proud of the fact that I can earn my living, and am economically independent." When Eleanor is in this mood we let her have her say—she would have it anyway. "I'm not ashamed of being a wage earner," she continued, "nor am I by force of circumstances. It is what I want to be, love to be, what I would be no matter how much of this world's goods I possessed. Can't they give us credit for the good that is in us?" She settled herself back in her chair and fixed us with her deep grey eyes. "When I began the family friend said to me, 'Eleanor, you will lose your charm'—for all the world as though 'charm' was a trinket one wore on a chain." "Anyway, I'll try and retain my pay envelope," I told her, "and so save my poor father from slaving to keep me in idleness." She was shocked. "The fine lady in you will grow weaker as you mingle with the throng," she urged. "And the woman in me, the feminine soul that is the *real me*, stronger and more human," I retorted. She washed her hands of me.

The Last Woman and the Last Horse

BY AND BY we got at the reason of all this earnestness, Eleanor had attended an affair given by the Business Woman's Club, in honor of Miss Florence King, and heard enough about woman's works and worth to make her all in love with herself, her vocation, etc. She had also heard the candid opinions of a candid man (a brave man as well to air them at that woman's gathering) and been incensed by the same. "He told us we would do better to trust to the chivalry of men." "Chivalry!" Her tones were accusatory, her pose tragic, surely, surely our men are not such snobs they refuse to exercise this male attribute toward a woman engaged in earning her daily bread! If so their chivalry would be a broken reed to lean on.

Christmas Laurels

Gray old gardener, what do you bring!
"Laurel and ivy and bay,
With Palms for coming of a King,
The morrow is Christmas Day.

Holly with thorns, and berries like blood
On its shiny greenness flung.
O, the pierced side, and the Thorny Crown,
And the Cross whereon He hung!

Mistletoe meaning all healing
Hang close to the Holly's Thorn,
Lest we forget that on Christmas Day
The Healer of Souls was born.

Bay's for remembrance full and sweet;
It speaks with its fragrant breath
Of Manger, and Cross, and a lowly Tomb,
And of love that conquered death!

O, laurel leaves for the Altar lights,
Laurel, and ivy, and bay,
With palms for the crowning of a King,
The morrow is Christmas Day!"

—*Jean Blewett.*

And oh, his age-old arguments! The new woman wanted to vote—(so she does, and so she will) also to dress like the man, smoke, swear, act the man, Lord love us! and a whole company of the unmanliest women, business women, old and young sitting right there in their *chic* fall finery and freshness. Its enough to vex a saint, and I'm no saint. Its all in the viewpoint. What she said set us "thinking back" to another noted man who deplored the trend of affairs, and the shivers which ran up our spine when, in tunes of finality, he said that he, even he, in the easy chair of old age expected to live to see the last real woman, and the last horse. All wise men are not prophets True the motor has a great vogue, but the rustle of cavalry is a familiar sound at the front. And women—real ones, true and tender as of yore are filling their place in this old workaday world just as faithfully as the women of yesterday filled their's. As Eleanor avers, "Its all in the viewpoint."

The Need of a Saving Sense of Humor

BECAUSE I DON'T laugh at my husband's stories he declares I don't know a joke when I hear one," confided this year's Bride to last year's Bride. "Why don't you laugh at them?" the other wanted to know, "Because they aren't funny, really." My dear," returned the other out of the fullness of her extra year's experience, "it's not a bit truer that beauty is in the eyes of the beholder, than that wit is in the ears of the hearer. If our sense of humor is what it ought to be we can laugh at Hubby's idea of what is funny if at nothing else—this is why it is called the "saving sense," it saves the situation, don't you see?" It certainly does.

The other day Mrs. L—— took her daughter Eve aged five to make a first call on the new baby at the Manse. The baby was the pride of its learned father, happy mother, and of everyone in the house; but Eve saw only its redness and its wrinkles. She gazed so long into the bassinette without speaking that the minister's wife prompted her with. "Well Eve, what do you think of our baby?" "Mebby the back of his head is all right, but his face don't please me," Eve announced judicially. Poor Mrs. L—— tried to apologize, but, bless you! there was no need. The parents were in fits of laughter." The saving sense of humor! "whispered Mrs. L——," thank heaven for it!"

Zangwill Manuscript Sold for War Funds

LAST MONTH, when for the purpose of raising funds for patriotic work, an Italian gentleman put his library on the market, an original manuscript of Israel Zangwill's, containing a brief story of his childhood and the struggles of his early life, sold, after brisk bidding, says the "*Bookmaster*," for so goodly a sum that were it put on one side of the scale and the price in gold on the other the weights would be equal."

It was the story nearest the eminent author's heart, and told by himself would grip one hard. One would see the home with the touch of poverty on it, the dark eyed brothers, Louis signing his sketches "Z.Z.," and Israel studying always in his own dull corner among the faded tapestries. Life's handicap could not hold him back. Although he had no teaching save what he gave himself, he no sooner entered London University, than he proceeded to take the lead. How they would laugh at him, his queer accent, appearance, ways, those well-groomed fellow students of his! Never mind, when he took his degree with triple honors, they would forget to laugh. And only the other day that rugged "Zangwill" of his on a yellowing manuscript netted its weight in gold for the holy cause of Liberty. Good for the little Jew boy!

Mothers and School Teachers Coalesce

MOTHERS AND TEACHERS used to have a way of standing apart. Their attitude toward each other was often frankly critical. "She may be a learned person, but she doesn't understand my child" was the common complaint of one, and "A mother-spoiled pupil is a nuisance" the comment of the other. But the Home and School Clubs are making them acquainted with each other, bringing about a real fellowship. They begin to realize that no matter how diverse their methods their aim is identical. Most of our teachers are overworked, all of them are underpaid. The least we can do for the men and women who have so large a share in the fitting of our children for future usefulness is to give them our loyal support when their wills happen to clash with the wills of our offspring. We are steeped in partiality, we mothers. Like the old lady watching the procession we exclaim (to ourselves) "They are all out of step but our Jock!" Another thing the Home and School Club is accomplishing is the curing of that latent jealousy which lurks in the nature of many a mother, jealousy of the woman who in a way succeeds her, the woman to whom her laddie, usually loses his heart instanter, her younger, prettier, much quoted rival, the school ma'am.

The Woman who knows how to do things

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW speaking before the American Women's Advisory Council, of which she is President remarked: "The woman who will prove a help in this hour of need is the one who knows how to do things." It is the same with us. The showy woman has had her day. So has the woman whose clothes were always an object of wonder and envy. The ambition now is to look as nice as you can on as little as possible. It took a war to teach us that extravagance is a crime. The woman who knows how to do things is the one in demand. Capability counts. We are volunteers in training, members of the Home Guard, and in the passion and stress of the hour we need to be sane thinkers, intelligent workers. What we do not know in connection with our work we must learn. And our first thought must be service—not will this job suit us, but will we suit it, put into it the best we are capable of? This is war time, and war time is our time. With so many patriotic endeavors needing us, and the Food Problem depending largely upon us for solution there is no place for ornamental inefficiency. In the words of a famous woman worker, we must pull, push—or get out of the way.

Your War-Time Christmas Menus

A Few Suggestions That Will Help in Planning the Patriotic Dinner and Attendant Dainties

By MARJORY DALE

WHETHER we practice the strictest economy this Christmas and cut down our dinner to the last degree, or whether we have been scrimping and saving all year to make it the same old festival of abundance, the preparation of the Christmas "goodies" will be as full of joy, and cheer and goodwill, as ever. For those who can afford them, turkeys will still be lords of the feast. For those who cannot, ah!—there's the rub—let us co-operate, by means of a few "mock" creations that will taste and look just as good.

Decorations! They must be as jolly as ever. Baskets of fruit are always effective. Flowers, this year, are a little too expensive. But fruit artistically arranged and adorned with holly brightens up any table.

Candle-light is by far the softest and prettiest illumination that can be used. Let your candles be shaded with red and if you have any red tulle or ribbon, broad strips can be laid from the centre of the table to each plate and sprigs of holly and mistletoe strewn thereon.

The following menus are inexpensive, yet elaborate enough. As we all know, the serving of a "Big Dinner," at the present time is decidedly unpatriotic.

Menu No. 1

SCALLOPED OYSTERS CELERY
MOCK FILLET POTATO CROQUETTES
TURNIP AND SPINACH OR CAULIFLOWER COOKED TOGETHER
DUCHESSE PUDDING SAUCE
HOME MADE CANDIES COFFEE

Menu No. 2

CLEAR BROTH CROUTONS
CHICKEN EN CASSEROLE CREAMED CELERY
CRANBERRY JELLY
FANCY BAKED APPLES YUM YUM SQUARES
SMALL CAKES COFFEE

Menu No. 3

GRAPE FRUIT WITH JELLY
CANNED TOMATO BOUILLON
CURRIED RABBIT EN CASSEROLE
BOILED RICE
GREEN PEAS CREAMED ONIONS
ICE CREAM BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE
SMALL CAKES HOME MADE BON BONS
NUTS
COFFEE

Menu No. 4

Vegetarian Dinner

FRUIT CUP
CREAM OF CORN SOUP
OLIVES CELERY
NUT CROQUETTES BOILED RICE
GLAZED SWEET POTATOES
LETTUCE MAYONNAISE
FRUIT SALAD CEREAL BEVERAGE
BON BONS SMALL CAKES
OR

Menu No. 5

CREAM TOMATO SOUP, BOSTON STYLE
CELERY
SWEET POTATO AND NUT CROQUETTES
LEMON JELLY SALAD
ICE CREAM HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE
CAKE CEREAL BEVERAGE

Christmas Suppers

PEAR SALAD TOAST SQUARES
FRUIT PUDDING TEA
TUNA FISH A LA KING (CHAFING DISH)
CELERY SMALL CAKES
COFFEE

OYSTER COCKTAILS
CREAM TEA BISCUITS RE-HEATED
LEMON SPONGE TARTLETS COCOA
LAMB SALAD CHRISTMAS ROLLS
STRAWBERRY GELATINE
CHRISTMAS TEA CAKES

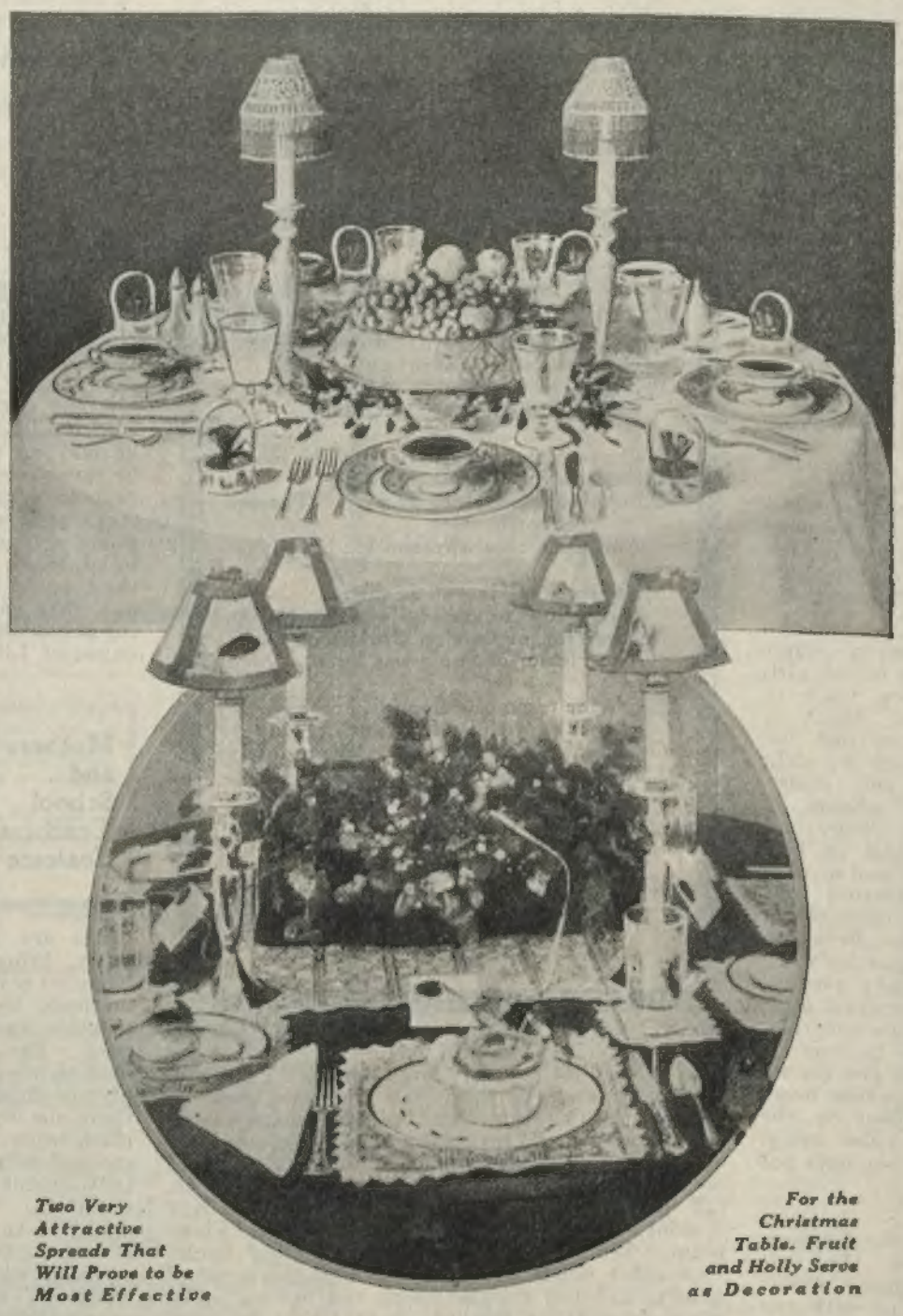
RECIPES

Scalloped Oysters

TAKE medium sized oysters, wash and strain them through a colander Butter a dish. Put in a layer of oysters, sprinkle over some sifted crumbs, a very little salt, pepper, a little powdered mace, small pieces of butter; then add another layer of oysters, crumbs, etc., and repeat until the dish is filled. Be sure the top is well covered with crumbs. Put in a quick oven to brown. These may be served in shells, instead of dish. They must be sent to table in the dish in which they are baked.

Mock Fillet

Remove the muscle from a good sized flank steak and trim into shape.



Two Very Attractive Spreads That Will Prove to be Most Effective

For the Christmas Table. Fruit and Holly Serve as Decoration

Cover with chopped parsley, then with chopped onions and dust lightly with pepper. Roll the steak crosswise, tie in three places, giving it the shape of a fillet. Put it in a pan with a cupful of chopped celery and onions mixed, a bay leaf, ½ pint stock or water and one teaspoonful salt. Bake for one hour in a quick oven, basting frequently. When done, dish and remove string. Put together in pan two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour. Add ½ pint of home canned, strained tomatoes and ½ pint of stock. Stir constantly until smooth, then add one teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoonful of salt, and strain it over the fillet.

Duchesse Pudding

Soak one cupful of breadcrumbs in a cupful of scalded milk for twenty minutes. Add ½ cupful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful salt, ½ cupful preserved ginger, ¼ cupful cocoanut, ½ cupful cocoa. Mix well together; Pour into a well buttered pudding dish and bake forty minutes in a moderate oven. Turn out, decorate with whipped cream and chopped nut meats.

Chicken en Casserole

Singe, wipe and cut chicken into pieces at joints; sauté in butter melted in a frying pan, first on one side and then on the other, until lightly browned. Then transfer to casserole. Add two cupfuls white stock (made from chicken or veal) or boiling water. Put on cover and let cook in a moderate oven for one and one-quarter hours. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and in it fry six washed mushrooms, one sliced carrot, two dozen potato balls and six small peeled onions. As soon as these are browned remove them to casserole, add more stock if required and season to taste. Put on cover and return casserole to oven for another half hour or until vegetables are tender, when the chicken should be cooked.

Sweet Potato and Nut Croquettes

Make these small. They are very satisfying. Boil number of potatoes required, mash, season with salt, pepper and butter. Add an equal quantity of broken walnut meats and moisten with a little sweet cream if necessary. Form into cakes. Dip in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry golden brown. Serve hot with frittered peas.

Fancy Baked Apples

Pare and core well shaped apples. Fill centres with marshmallows, chopped raisins and nut meats, and bake until tender. Put into a saucepan ¼ cupful sugar, ¼ cupful boiling water. Stir until melted; cook five minutes. Cover the apples with this sauce, then roll them in chopped nuts or cocoanut and serve surrounded with grape juice. Top them with marshmallows and candied rose leaves.

Yum Yum Squares

One pound dates, one pound figs, ¾ pounds almonds and walnuts mixed. Stone dates, look over figs, wash together. Put dates, figs and nuts through a food chopper; mix thoroughly together; form into loaf. Let stand for a time. Cut into squares and roll in fruit sugar.

Grape Fruit with Jelly

Cut three grape fruits in half and scoop out pulp with a spoon and shred. Squeeze out juice. Put 1½ packages of gelatine to soak in ½ cupful of cold water. Add one cupful sugar to grapefruit pulp and juice and take two cupfuls boiling water, add gelatine, then grapefruit; stir and pour into individual cups. When set serve with currant jelly on top.

Curried Rabbit en Casserole

Cut a large, skinned rabbit into neat joints and drop each piece into seasoned flour. Fry the rabbit in a casserole containing two heaping tablespoonfuls of well heated butter or dripping. When nicely browned, remove the rabbit; add to the fat in the casserole a chopped onion and a chopped apple and fry this with a tablespoonful of curry powder and a clove of crushed garlic. Fry for a few minutes, then put in the pieces of rabbit, ½ teaspoonful powdered ginger, ½ teaspoonful powdered mace and enough brown stock to cover the meat. Bring to a boil; skim well, add one tablespoonful lemon juice, and simmer with lid on for about half an hour. Serve with boiled rice.

Brazil Nut Croquettes or Cutlets

Four ounces bread crumbs, three ounces skinned and grated Brazil nuts, ½ pint white sauce, two teaspoonfuls mixed herbs, parsley thyme and mace. After preparing bread crumbs and nuts run them both through a nut mill or food chopper, then add herbs. To make sauce for binding put a teaspoonful of butter into a small saucepan to which add gradually ½ teaspoonful of flour; when this boils add one cupful of milk. When boiled and thickened a little add to the nuts and breadcrumbs, allow to cool, form into cutlets, 10 in number, and fry in boiling oil. Serve with bread sauce if desired.

Bread Sauce

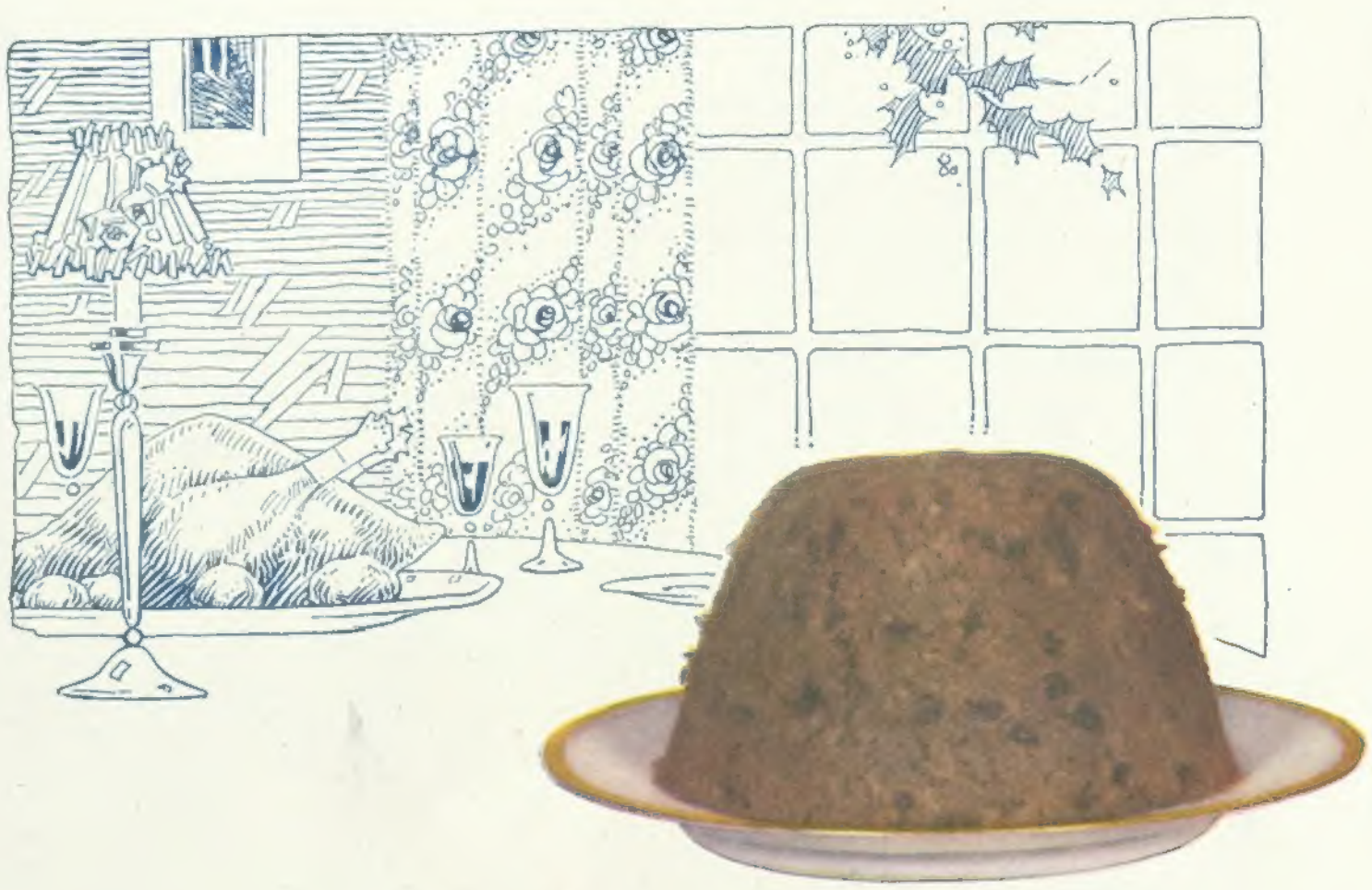
One cupful bread crumbs, ½ pint milk, 1 teaspoonful butter, 1 small onion, 6 pepper corns, salt, pepper. Put milk and an equal quantity of water in a saucepan, with onion, butter, salt and pepper corns. Cook for fifteen minutes, strain, add bread crumbs and simmer another fifteen minutes. If too thick add milk to bring it to proper consistency.

Fruit Pudding

Mix one envelope of gelatine with ½ cup sugar and dissolve in ½ cup of boiling water. Set aside to cool and when beginning to thicken add one cupful of whipped cream. Just before it sets stir in one cupful of grated pineapple (canned). Mix thoroughly and turn into mold. Make a second part just the same as first, but using one cup canned strawberry pulp instead of pineapple. Set aside until cooled but not jellied, then pour on top of pineapple jelly which is already solid and set back in the refrigerator. When ready to serve unmold and slice like ice cream.

Tuna Fish a la King

One pound can of Tuna fish, 3 tablespoonfuls butter, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, ½ tablespoonful dried green pepper, one pint hot cream or milk, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful dried red peppers, ½ bay leaf, few grains cayenne. Melt butter, add peppers and one teaspoonful chopped onion. Cook these in butter until tender, then add the flour and seasonings and gradually the milk, stirring constantly. Put in the bay leaf and let it stand in the sauce until it is ready to be used; flake the tuna fish with a fork, stir carefully into the hot sauce. Arrange on buttered toast. Garnish with parsley. Serve.



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1 cup grated raw carrots, 1 cup grated raw potatoes, 1 cup sifted Five Roses flour, 1 cup white sugar, ½ cup seeded raisins, ½ cup currants, ½ cup butter, ½ teaspoonful cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon soda in ½ cup grated potato saved till last, and added last of all. Flour the fruit well and steam 3 hours.

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